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A

CHILD'S HISTORY

OF

THE UNITED STATES.

BY JOHN BONNER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

I HAVE told you how the people of the Southern Colonies frightened their royal governors away. He of North Carolina, named MARTIN, the successor of the Great Wolf, contrived to delude a number of the old Regulators, and also a number of Scotch Highlanders, into taking the King's part.

These Highlanders were very valiant men; but they were for the most part wrong-headed, and apt, both in their own country and in America, to espouse the wrong side of a question. Governor Martin gave commissions to a host of them, nearly all of whom were either Macleods or Macdonalds, to subdue the American patriots. Among them was the husband of the famous FLORA MACDONALD, who had given shelter to the Pretender STUART, when he was pursued by the King's soldiers; a lady of great virtues, undoubtedly, and much praised in the poetry and prose of the time, but for all that very dimly con-

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scious, if at all, of the great truths for which the Americans were contending.

These Highlanders and the Americans met at a place now called Moore's Creek, after the patriot leader MOORE. They say that Flora Macdonald was there herself encouraging the Highlanders, which is very likely to have been the case. They were beaten nevertheless. At the very first fire, their leader was killed; and more of them falling, the rest fled, leaving many of their officers prisoners in Moore's hands.

A large fleet had sailed from England to cruise on the Southern coast. One of the best of the English generals—General Clinton—was in command. He thought that, though the Highlanders might be beaten, his sailors could not, and he sailed away, full of hope and courage, to attack Charleston.

You know of old the stuff the South Carolinians were made of. When they heard of the threatened attack, every man left his work, and, with what arms he could get, made ready for defense. Some had guns, some swords, some spades, some axes—all had plenty of fight in them. The commander of the fort on Sullivan's Island, which was sure to be first attacked, was WILLIAM MOULTRIE, a very cool and brave man, who never was angry or in a hurry in his life.

When the English ships sailed up and began to bombard the fort, he walked about directing the gunners, smoking his pipe, and mixing grog for the men. The battle lasted all day, and the number of shots fired was tremendous. One shot cut down the flag-

staff on the fort. SERGEANT JASPER seized the flag, fastened it to the rammer of a cannon, and hoisted it again in the middle of the balls. The English vessels were terribly cut up, and by night, more than half their chief officers and a great number of their men were killed.

General Clinton said this would never do; so, after losing one of his ships, he ordered a retreat, and the fleet sailed toward New York.

A very strange event had just taken place there. A dark plot had been formed—it was said the Great Wolf was at the bottom of it — to seize General Washington, and several of his officers, take possession of the arsenals, and set fire to many of the buildings where the Whigs were. The secret having been divulged by one of the conspirators, the others were seized, and some executed. But it soon became known that the plan had been, in case of resistance, to kill General Washington; and if all the English in the city had been executed, the people would not have been pacified.

These things occurred before the Declaration of Independence, but I have related them in this place so that you may understand the story better.

When that Declaration was made known, the people burst into transports of joy. The statue of King George, which stood in the Bowling Green in New York, was torn down and melted into musket-balls. In Boston and Philadelphia every picture or statue of a king was destroyed; even the signs over the doors of the shops on which crowns or kings' heads were painted were pulled down and torn to pieces.

who would lay down their arms, and a great many did so. In New York especially, the respectable people said they saw quite plainly that it was useless to contend any longer, and that the Americans must give up.

Congress, which was sitting at Philadelphia, was so poor that, when a gallant young Frenchman—the MARQUIS OF LAFAYETTE—offered to come to America and fight on the American side, it could not find money to pay his passage.

In that gloomy hour George Washington never once lost hope. Calm and serene in the midst of these cruel trials, he never despaired of his country; and by his strong faith, and noble words, gave confidence to the drooping hearts around him. When the British soldiers appeared on the banks of the Delaware, and only waited till the ice was strong enough to cross over into Pennsylvania, he said he would retreat still further to Philadelphia; if they took Philadelphia, he would retreat beyond the Susquehanna; if they followed him there, he would retreat beyond the Alleghanies. But give up, never!

The British generals, who had no idea of his tenacity and courage, thought the war was over, and that there was nothing more for them to do but to go home again. They soon found out their mistake. On Christmas night Washington collected a part of his army to cross the Delaware. The night was cold; it was snowing heavily; great lumps of ice floated in the river, and almost prevented the boats from crossing. But when Washington had made up

his mind to do any thing, no obstacles stood in his way. You have seen LEUTZE's fine picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware, with the ice-masses floating round the boat, and the Great Man standing erect in the bow, his eagle eye fixed on the opposite shore, and every feature in his face lit up with resolution and unquenchable fire.

At eight o'clock in the morning he fell upon the Hessians, who had been carousing, and arranging among themselves how they should divide the plunder they felt sure of making at Philadelphia. Washington did not give them much time to change their minds. Before they knew what had happened, they were surrounded, and nearly one thousand of them made prisoners. Washington then recrossed the Delaware, with the loss of only ten men.

A day or two afterward he crossed again to Trenton, and the British general, LORD CORNWALLIS, marched down to meet him, with an overwhelming force. But Washington was too good a general to risk a defeat. On the night of the second of January, he silently moved off with his army, leaving his fires burning in order to deceive the enemy. All night the Americans marched, and at daybreak, near Princeton, they came up with two British regiments. It was so dark that at first the English took the Americans for Hessians, and allowed them to approach quite close. When they found out their mistake, the battle began. At first the English, who had slept soundly, and were quite fresh, drove back the Americans, who were tired, and suffering cruelly from cold. But Washington galloped up in the nick

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of time with all his force, and the English were defeated, and three hundred made prisoners.

One of the bravest of the American generals was killed in this battle. This was HUGH MERCER, a Scotchman by birth, who had spent his whole life in fighting. In Scotland he had fought at the head of the Highlanders at Culloden; in America he had fought the Indians, the French, and now lastly the English. He rode to the attack at Princeton, and when the first volley of the English killed his horse, and left him almost alone, he stood up and boldly confronted the enemy. Not a step backward would he take to save his life. And so it was that, when the English charged, one savage soldier knocked him down with the butt of his musket, and half a dozen others ran him through with their bayonets. He was carried to a house near by, bleeding and ghastly, and for ten days lingered in dreadful pain. The house was in the possession of the English at the time; but there were two Quaker women there, whom neither the terror of the brutal soldiery nor the fear of the enemy could drive from the dying man's bedside. They tended him till he died; and the English officers, who were far away from their homes, when they saw how tenderly these two American ladies watched over dying Hugh Mercer, learned to respect them, and bitterly thought how different their fate might be if they fell in battle.

After the victory at Princeton, Washington fell back into the mountains. The people of New Jersey gained courage, and began in many places to rise and harass the English army. I could not tell you

of all the shameful acts which the Hessians had committed in New Jersey. They were, as I have said, brutal fellows, who were sold by their German prince to the King of England, to fight his battles, and they cared neither for God nor man. Wherever they went they robbed, murdered, and insulted the women. Many of the officers were as ruthless as the men; nothing was safe from either. Glad, indeed, were the people of New Jersey when they heard of the defeat of the English at Princeton; and gladder still when the English general began to withdraw his troops from the State.

But nothing enraged the Americans so much as the treatment of the prisoners taken by the English. They were taken to New York and caged in prison-ships and churches, where they were so crowded together that the air soon became foul, and disease broke out among them. They begged that the sick might be confined separately, but the English officers refused. They entreated that their prisons might be kept clean, but the English officers would not hear of any change. They asked for wholesome food, but the English officers said the food was good enough for rebels. The American officers were carried about in carts in the city of New York, while the Tories scoffed and jeered them. It is said that the English general committed these vile acts in order to induce the Americans to desert their generals, and join the King's army; if so, he was woefully mistaken, for they only made the people ten times more fiercely hostile than before.

Early next spring General Howe offered battle to

Washington; but the former, who was strongly intrenched at Middlebrook, refused to accommodate him. After several skirmishes, Howe marched to the sea-shore, took ship, and landed his men on the coast of Maryland, to attack Philadelphia. As quick as thought Washington set his little army in motion, and encamped near Chadsford, on Brandywine Creek, so as to meet General Howe on the way. When the English came up the battle commenced, and at first it looked as though the Americans would have the best of it. But a Tory traitor, named Galloway, showed General Howe a secret ford across the creek, by crossing which he was able to fall on the flank of the American army and defeat it. This gave him the victory, and when night came the Americans fled in all directions to Philadelphia.

One of Washington's generals at this battle was the Marquis of Lafayette, whom I have already mentioned. When Congress sent him word the country was too poor to pay his passage to America, he answered that he was so much the more resolved to go there, and that he would not take any pay. He was not twenty years old at this time, and had left his beautiful young wife, and his rich home in France, to fight the battles of the Americans. At the battle of Brandywine he was severely wounded in the leg, and behaved with such gallantry that Washington saw how great a man he was destined to become.

The English were marching on toward Philadelphia, and the people of that city were in great dismay. They implored Washington to try to save

them by fighting another battle. Though his numbers were far less than those of the English, he consented, and marched to meet them near Goshen. But a furious rain-storm came on, and wet the powder of the soldiers, so that Washington was compelled to give up the idea. Part of his little army, under the brave Colonel Wayne, were surprised by a dexterous movement of the English, and many made prisoners. With the remainder Washington retreated to Pottsgrove. General Howe entered Philadelphia without firing a shot, and, as usual, quartered his soldiers in the houses of the Americans.

Defeats never wearied or disheartened General Washington. Hearing that a part of the English army was encamped in small force at Germantown, he made a descent upon it one October morning, and a fierce battle ensued. But again the English proved the stronger, and the Americans were forced to retreat.

More skirmishes followed till the snow began to fall, and Washington marched into winter quarters. These he selected at the bleak place called Valley Forge. It was already winter when the army marched thither, and the men, who were ill-clad, and many of them without shoes, suffered dreadful misery on the way. Many died of cold, and many, cut and torn by the ice, left a track of blood behind them. Provisions were very scarce that winter, and famine, added to the cold, seemed more than human nature could bear. But during the whole of that long winter no murmurs were heard among

the soldiers. Sick or well, starving or freezing, beaten or victorious, Washington and his officers never flinched.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER the death of the brave Montgomery before the walls of Quebec, every thing went wrong with his army. From post to post they were driven back until they retreated from Canada altogether, and the remains of the army, in a very wretched plight, took refuge with General Arnold at Crown Point. The English general, Carleton—who was also Governor of Canada—pursued them to the borders of Lake Champlain. Both parties set to work to build vessels, and after three months' hard labor, a battle was fought on the lake. The first day the Americans had the advantage, but the end of it was that their general, Arnold, was forced to run his vessels ashore, and to abandon Crown Point, which the English took.

Next year the King sent out a new general, named BURGOYNE, with a large army, to invade the United States by way of Canada. Burgoyne is said to have been a fine soldier, but I make no doubt he was a bullying sort of fellow, who thought hanging was too good for the Americans, and that he could easily frighten them into submission. The first thing he did was to enlist as many Indians as he could find, and then to threaten the Americans that if they did not surrender, he would be obliged to let loose upon them these savages. No one knew better than he

that there was no need of hiring Indians to fight; but he thought the terror of the Indian scalping-knife and tomahawk might induce many of the Americans to desert their own standard and join his.

At first every thing went on well with him. He marched to Ticonderoga, and took possession of the fort there. The very next day one of his officers fell in with a party of Americans near Hubberton, and put them to flight with great loss. Another party, at Skenesborough, fled at the approach of the English, having burnt their works. Then a detachment of Americans, under COLONEL HERKIMER, was attacked in the woods by the English and Indians, and defeated. After every victory the Indians, in their old way, would butcher their prisoners, and commit other horrible cruelties.

Near Fort Edward, where Burgoyne encamped, there lived a beautiful young lady named JENNY M'CREA. She had long loved one of the English officers in Burgoyne's army; and when he sent to her, asking her to join him at the camp and become his wife, she bravely set out on the journey. He had sent two Indians to escort her. On the way, these two quarreled about something or other, probably the reward they were to receive from the officer, and one of them raised his tomahawk and struck Jenny dead. Her lover waited day after day at the camp, expecting to see her arrive, but the first news he received was a letter from the American general describing how her body, stiff and cold, and smeared with blood, had been found in the woods where the Indians had left it.

You might suppose that this horrible deed would have disgusted the British. But it did not. General Burgoyne still fancied that the Indians were a great help to him, and would not allow the murderer of Jenny M'Crea to be punished.

His race was fast drawing to a close. Hearing that the Americans had collected a quantity of stores at Bennington (which is within the present State of Vermont), he sent a party of Germans to seize them. But bold JOHN STARK was there, with his men, and he determined the Germans should not get the stores so easily. When they halted, and entrenched themselves, he attacked them, crying to his soldiers:

"Now, boys, we must win the day, or Molly Stark's a widow."

Molly Stark never wore a widow's cap; for the Germans were completely routed, and forty-five years after that day brave old John Stark was buried on the bank of the Merrimack, where you may still see his grave.

The victory at Bennington gave heart to the Americans. General Gates soon after fought another battle with Burgoyne at a place called Stillwater, where the English were defeated. A day or two afterward, Burgoyne again led his men to the attack at the same place, and was again defeated. At night, when he buried his dead, the American cannon was still roaring, and the balls dashed into the camp, spattering the clergyman who read the funeral service with earth and blood.

The English were now reduced to great straits.

The Indians had deserted them, plundering the camp as they went. Many of the soldiers were in rags, and they were so short of food that in three days they would have starved. General Burgoyne, after consulting his officers, saw there was nothing for it but to surrender, with his whole army, to General Gates. Accordingly, on the seventeenth of October, the English and German soldiers laid down their arms at Saratoga.

This was a great and glorious victory, and nobly did the American generals use it. Gates showed great kindness to the English officers, and would not allow his men to see the soldiers lay down their arms, in order to spare the feelings of the conquered.

The German general, the BARON REIDESEL, had his wife and children with him. After the surrender the Baroness drove to the American camp, and trembled when she saw herself in the power of the people her husband had come to war against. But while she was gazing in a frightened way, a tall, handsome man stepped out of a tent, and took her children in his arms and kissed them. Then turning to their mother, he offered her a home in his house at Albany, and bade her fear nothing. This was GENERAL SCHUYLER, whose country house had just been burned by the Hessians. It is far pleasanter to think of acts of this kind than of all the victories in the world.

When the news of these things reached the King of England and the great lords, they flew into a terrible passion, and at first nothing would satisfy them but to sweep the Americans from the face of the

earth. On second thoughts, however, they relented from this cruel design, which was very good and kind of them to do, and resolved to try to pacify their old colonies. So they sent them Commissioners to say that the King would forgive all that had happened, and would not try to tax them any more without their consent, provided they returned to their allegiance and became good subjects without loss of time.

The Commissioners arrived at Philadelphia in the spring of the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight, and began to write tremendously long papers to Congress, advising it affectionately to give up fighting and return to the arms of good King George. This Congress civilly declined to do. Then the Commissioners began to try the members separately. They sent word to JOSEPH REED, one of the leading statesmen in Congress, that if he would work for the King and against the United States, they would give him ten thousand pounds and any office he might choose to ask. But Reed made answer, that he was not worth buying; but poor as he was, the King of England was not rich enough to buy him.

A little disgusted at this, the Commissioners wrote a letter to the people of America, urging upon them to rebel against Congress and return to the King's protection, and giving them forty days to choose. This, they thought, would surely produce some effect. But day after day passed and no one rebelled against Congress or declared for the King; and at last the whole forty days were gone, and not a word of comfort came to the Commissioners. But

the spirited young Marquis of Lafayette, finding that they had spoken disrespectfully of the French, sent one of them a challenge; every body laughed at them, so they packed up their trunks and went home in high dudgeon.

The British army in Philadelphia had a glorious time while Washington's men were starving and freezing at Valley Forge. They had the best houses in the city; and the Quakers, partly through fear of offending them, and partly from a little sneaking Toryism, did their best to make them enjoy themselves.

On one occasion they gave a grand fête, which was arranged by a young officer, MAJOR ANDRE—of whom you will hear more—to the two Howes, General Howe and his brother the Admiral. Fourteen knights appeared, seven of them calling themselves Knights of the Blended Rose, and seven Knights of the Burning Mountain; they made love to fourteen young ladies in Turkish trowsers. There was a great tilt or tournament, at which the Blended Roses rode furiously at the Burning Mountains, and the ladies in the Turkish trowsers clapped their hands with glee; and finally a grand banquet, at which four-and-twenty black slaves with turbans and silver collars waited upon the Howes; and the trumpets sounded, and rockets and fire-works filled the air with blue and white and red lights. All this while the American army had hardly food or covering; and to add to all, mean calumnies began to be uttered against Washington.

There were many officers who were jealous of him; none so much perhaps as one CONWAY, an Irish-

man, who cared nothing for the American cause, but only sought money and rank for himself. When this fellow found he could not deceive Washington, he abused him in many secret, treacherous ways; and even forged letters in his name in order to injure him with his army and the people. For some time he contrived to delude many persons, and to cause great trouble to Washington and Congress.

At last, he began to speak ill of the American officers, saying—as foreigners never do nowadays of course — that they knew nothing of fighting, and ought to get foreigners to lead them; which coming to the ears of General Cadwallader, a brave and spirited American, he challenged Conway, and shot him through the mouth by way of teaching him to use it better in future. He had like to die of the wound, and, bad coward as he was, wrote a mean letter to Washington begging his pardon for all he had done to injure him, and flattering him as grossly as he had formerly traduced him. Washington took no notice of the letter, and Conway recovering, no one would speak to him or know him afterward, and he slunk away to France, where he soon died.

The King of France, who was always glad of an opportunity of quarreling with the King of England, sent word to the Americans that he would help them with a fleet and an army. When General Howe heard of it, he lost heart, and hastened off to England; and his successor, General Clinton, thinking he would be safer in New York than in Philadelphia, crossed the Delaware with his army into New Jer-

sey. Washington set off in pursuit, and soon came up with the English.

One of Washington's generals at this time was a very strange character, an Englishman named CHARLES LEE. A restless, impatient, fiery spirit, who had been a dozen times within the jaws of death, and who was always ready to head a charge or to fight a friend. Long before, he had fought in the old wars against the French; and the Mohawks, who liked him, had given him the name of the "Sleepless Spirit." After the French had been conquered he went to Spain, and fought the Spaniards; then to Russia, in whose service he fought the Turks; and finally came back to America to fight the English.

Besides this fighting in the regular way of business, the "Sleepless Spirit" was always getting up a duel with a friend, or battering out the brains of a robber, or shooting an assassin. The idea of remaining quiet was perfectly horrible to him. Shortly after the war began, he was taken prisoner by the English, and General Howe thought of having him shot as a deserter; but Washington sent word that whatever was done to Lee would be done to six British officers whom he had taken prisoners, and this saved him.

When he was set at liberty, he joined Washington, and was now asked whether he would like to lead a body of soldiers to harass the flank of the English in their retreat. Oddly enough, Lee answered that he would not, and Lafayette led them instead. But Lafayette had no sooner set out than

Lee changed his mind, and ran after him and took the command.

The English were drawn up at Monmouth Court-house, waiting to be attacked. Washington sent word to Lee, on the twenty-ninth of June, to fall upon them, and moved his own army forward at full speed. I do not think myself that Lee was wanting in courage; but after beginning the attack, for some reason or other he ordered a retreat, and when Washington came up, he met the men of Lee's division running away.

He galloped to the front at once, and angrily ordered Lee to check the English at one place, while he himself led the battle in another. Lee as angrily answered that he would obey, and would be the last to leave the field. The battle then began to rage with great fury. A woman named MOLL PITCHER seeing her husband fall dead, sprang into his place, and fought in the middle of the Americans, loading the cannon, and firing them with her own hand. When night came, the firing ceased; and the English, who had lost a vast number of men, scampered to the sea-coast and embarked on board their ships for New York.

The day after the battle Lee quarreled with Washington, and wrote him a very insulting letter. For this, Congress removed him from his command for a year. Then this "Sleepless Spirit" wrote a more insulting letter still to Congress. And for this he was dismissed the army altogether.

He had the pleasure of fighting a duel with one of Washington's aides-de-camp, and getting wound-

ed, as he usually was in his fights. But he could not persuade a Chief Justice to fight a duel with him; which preyed upon his sleepless spirit, and a short while afterward he was taken ill and died. His last words, as he raised himself up in his bed and waved his arm, were,

"Stand by me, Grenadiers!"

Just after the Battle of Monmouth, a French fleet sailed to help the Americans under the COUNT D'ESTAING. The Count was an exceedingly brave man, and no doubt intended to help the Americans as much as he could; but he was astonishingly unlucky in every thing he tried.

First, he wanted to catch Howe's fleet before it could sail out of the Delaware; but a calm overtook him and they got away safely.

Then he sailed to Sandy Hook, and prepared to give battle there; but the pilots telling him that the water was very shallow at the entrance of the Hook, he gave up that idea, to the inexpressible delight of the English, and anchored outside.

After a time he weighed anchor and sailed away to Rhode Island; and the moment he was gone, several English vessels, which he would have captured had he remained off the Hook, sailed quietly into New York.

The Americans made sure that he would at least take Newport, and he made immense preparations to do so. But just as the time for the attack drew near, he heard that the English fleet had put to sea, and a northeast wind springing up, he started off in search of them. He soon found them, and cleared the

decks for action; but a storm came on, and his fleet was scattered and many of the ships much damaged. D'Estaing himself was very nearly captured by an English frigate.

Then he sailed back to Newport, and the American general, SULLIVAN, got ready once more to attack the place. But just as his preparations were finished, Count D'Estaing changed his mind and sailed off to Boston, in order, as he said, to refit his ships. It took him a wonderfully long time, during which the English ships were ravaging the American coast, and his own sailors were getting into quarrels with the men of Boston.

At last, when his ships were fully repaired and stored with provisions and every thing complete, the Count sailed out of Boston Harbor, and away to the West Indies. And this was the end of the great French fleet, from which such splendid things had been expected!

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE Tories were not idle. Every time they heard the Americans had been beaten, they feasted, and reveled, and made merry; seeming to hate their own countrymen far more than the English did. When I think of their ferocity, I am not sorry that a few of them every now and then got tarred and feathered, and one or two of the worst among them hanged to a tree or a lamp-post.

Such a one was COLONEL JOHN BUTLER, a very savage villain, who undertook to lead the Indians whom the great English lords had won over to their side. They say that a great many of Butler's men were not real Indians, but white men who dressed in the Indian dress, and painted their faces, in order to make their appearance suit the savage deeds they committed. This is quite likely to have been the case.

At all events, a band of Indians and Tories, headed by John Butler, made their minds up to lay waste one of the most beautiful settlements in the United States—the Vale of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania.

It had been peopled by sturdy men from Connecticut, and the land being fertile, it throve wonderfully. When the war broke out, one thousand stout-hearted men marched from Wyoming to fight for their country, leaving their wives and children to till

their lands and tend their cattle in their absence, and five hundred men to guard them. John Butler knew that most of the young men had gone away, and led his band of savages to Wyoming one fine July day.

The chief officer at Wyoming happened to be a cousin of his, named ZEBULON BUTLER. He and the five hundred men, with the women and children and sick people, shut themselves up in a fort they had built, and prepared for defense. John Butler, who had already contrived to waylay and butcher a few of the farmers, laid siege to the fort; but finding he could not take it, he sent word to his cousin that he would like to speak to him outside. You know very well what that meant, and so, I think, did Zebulon. Nevertheless, he went out of the fort, with four hundred men, and marched to meet his cousin.

On and on he marched, meeting no one; but as he went on, he saw at a distance, on the top of a hill, a man waving a flag, and beckoning him to approach. As he approached, the man moved further and further away, till at last Zebulon and his four hundred men found themselves in a dense and desolate forest, and a long way from the fort. While they were wishing themselves back again, all at once the Indian war-whoop rang through the air, and John Butler and his men fell upon them.

Even then Zebulon might have saved his party, if he had made them stand firm; but some one cried, "The Colonel has ordered a retreat" (as I think he had), and they scattered and fled. Of all the four hundred, only sixty—of whom Zebulon was one—escaped, by crossing the Susquehanna.

I can not describe to you the horrors of that night. Rushing to the fort, John Butler threw into it two hundred of the scalps he had torn from the slaughtered men. The people inside sent to know what terms would be granted them if they gave up the fort. The answer was—The hatchet.

They could not defend themselves; the savages broke in, and began the slaughter afresh. As they found it took them too long to kill the men, women, and children separately, they shut them up in their houses, set fire to them, and sat down outside, mocking their cries of agony. Every man was put to death, many with cruel tortures. Women and little children were driven, half-naked, into the woods, to perish of hunger. The houses were burnt, the fields laid waste: the horrible wretches even cut out the tongues of the horses and cattle.

So completely did they do their vile work, that the settlement in the Vale of Wyoming ceased to exist altogether, and there was nothing left to show where it had stood but a few charred logs and heaps of ruin, with here and there a blood-stain fattening the soil around, and attracting birds and beasts of prey.

On this subject a great many pretty tales and poems have been written, some of which I dare say you have read. The poem called Gertrude of Wyoming, by the Scotch poet, CAMPBELL, is one of the finest of these.

I am sorry to say that this was not the only infamy of the kind. One of the English generals named GREY, and the commander-in-chief, General Clinton,

though not so barbarous as John Butler, committed great atrocities. The latter ravaged the coast of Rhode Island and Connecticut, stealing the cattle and corn, and burning the villages; as though acts of this kind could be of any service to the English in the war.

General Grey stole up the Hudson one dark night, and fell upon a troop of light cavalry, commanded by Colonel Baylor, at a place called Old Tappan. The horsemen, surprised in their sleep, could make no resistance, and cried for quarter; but Grey would spare none but the officers. One of his captains—I wish I knew his name—refused to obey his bloodthirsty commander, and forbade his men butchering the Americans; but over half the troop were killed.

You may easily fancy how these horrors enraged the Americans. Washington was not able to do as much as he wished, for want of a strong army. But he sent a few soldiers against the Indians, and they, at all events, received their deserts. Their villages were laid waste, and great numbers of them were killed.

Far away at the South, many of the Tories had fled to Florida, and there, with the Indians, plotted attacks upon the United States. Georgia was at that time the weakest of the States, and they thought they could easily master it. One band marched up to Sunbury, and summoned the garrison to surrender the fort. The commander, whose name was Mackintosh, made answer that they might come and take it. Upon which they marched away.

But General Clinton, being tired of burning and

stealing in the North, sent a large army and a strong fleet to attack Georgia. The Americans were not half as many as the English, but their general, whose name was ROBERT HOWE, a brave and thorough man, encamped his little force in a strong position, surrounded by a swamp, near Savannah, and awaited the attack. On came the English, firm stood Robert Howe, and for a time it seemed he would hold his own; but a wretched negro showed the English a secret path through the swamp, and they fell suddenly on the Americans and defeated them.

After this all Georgia fell into their power. The English commander, COLONEL CAMPBELL, was a humane and sensible man, and made a good use of his victory. He forbade his soldiers to pillage, and very little harm was done.

Most of the Whigs fled to the Carolinas. The chaplain of the troops, MOSES ALLEN, would not fly; but when the English officers asked him to join them and desert the cause of the United States, he sternly refused. They imprisoned him in a prison-ship with the soldiers taken in battle. One day, when no one was looking, this brave man, weary of confinement, and burning to join his countrymen, leaped overboard and swam toward the shore. Unhappily, the distance was too great, his strength failed him, and he was drowned.

When the men of South Carolina heard that Georgia was in the possession of the British, they burned to regain it. It was very hard work raising an army, for there were many Tories in the State, and besides, so much paper money had been created

that it was almost without value, and a pair of shoes cost seven hundred paper dollars. Still the South Carolinians resolved to make an attempt, and a body of men were sent toward Augusta under GENERAL ASHE.

The British were at first disposed to retreat; but hearing that many of the American volunteers under Ashe were unwilling to fight, they gave battle, and put them to flight. Some of the American officers behaved very shamefully, and so did most of the men.

Then the English general, PREVOST—Campbell having gone home—marched into South Carolina against Charleston. GOVERNOR RUTLEDGE, fearing nothing, called upon every man to fight in defense of the city. Moultrie, as cool and quiet as ever, marched after Prevost, and prepared to give the English a second lesson. They did not wait for it, however. After wasting a little time in front of Charleston, Prevost struck his tents, and marched off to the Island of St. Johns. After a while, he again retreated, and did not stop this time till he was once more in Georgia.

But on his way back he committed frightful havoc, burning houses, destroying plantations, and carrying off slaves. The negroes who had joined him even tore open the graves of the dead for the sake of plundering the corpses. All Georgia, and part of South Carolina, was laid waste.

In Virginia the same things were done by a band of Irish, brought over from Ireland for the purpose. They cared for nothing but burning and ravaging;

and when the noble Virginians sent word to the commander to ask if this was the way the English made war, their officers replied, that it was their way, and that the King had ordered it.

The Great Wolf—oh, how I wish that Great Wolf was out of this history!—was ravaging Connecticut in the same fashion. In some places the ladies of the towns sent to him for protection, and he gave them papers which he said the soldiers would respect. But they did not mind them in the least, and I have no doubt but the Great Wolf intended it should be so.

He always treated his prisoners cruelly. On this expedition he took prisoner a venerable old man, the President of Yale College, DR. DAGGETT, who had taken up arms to defend his country, as every brave man should. The soldiers beat him and insulted him in every way. At last some officer asked him, if his life were spared, whether he would again take up arms against the King?

He answered quickly:

"I rather believe I shall, if I have an opportunity."

They would have killed the fearless old man had it not been for the entreaties of an old student of his, who was with the English.

I am glad to say we are done with the Great Wolf. He was a vile robber and murderer, and has left a stain upon the name of Tryon which ages and ages will not wipe out.

There was not much regular fighting in the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine. Wash-

ington had very few soldiers, and the government had very little money. Indeed, if it had not been for the generous help the country received from several patriotic citizens, I do not know what would have happened.

One of the most generous of these great-hearted men was ROBERT MORRIS, of Philadelphia. He was a merchant, and a man of great shrewdness and common sense. Many pleasant stories are told of his efforts to raise money for the army when no one else could raise a dollar.

On one occasion a large sum of money in gold and silver was required, and the only man who had it to lend was an old Quaker, who, you know, thought fighting altogether wrong, and, of course, could not be expected to lend his money to pay or arm soldiers. Robert Morris fell in with him, and put on a countenance full of grief. The Quaker perceiving his downcast looks, asked him what was the matter.

"I am dreadfully in want of such a sum of money in gold or silver," was the answer; "and I do not know where to get it."

The Quaker, I think, knew pretty well what the money was wanted for, though he pretended he didn't. He asked Morris what security he could give. Morris replied that he would be answerable for it himself, never hinting any thing about the Government or the State.

"Cease thy sorrows," then said the good Quaker, "thou shalt have the money: only thou must never say thou hadst it of me."

And it was paid accordingly, and the poor soldiers

got shoes and clothes with it. It is almost impossible to believe that this same Robert Morris, who had so freely given his own for his country, and done so much for American freedom, spent the last years of his life wretchedly, in prison for debt. It was so, however.

Cautious as he was, when Washington heard that the English had taken his fort at Stony Point, on the Hudson, he determined to show them that he was not quite asleep.

So in July he sent a party of men under the brave Pennsylvanian, ANTHONY WAYNE, to retake the fort. It was wonderfully strong, as you may perceive by examining the place to-day: with a river on two sides, and a deep marsh on a third. Wayne drew out his men at about eleven o'clock at night, and marched to the attack. Very soon the British heard their tramp in the woods. The alarm sounded, the soldiers flew to arms. A terrific volley of grape and musketry cut down the foremost of the Americans. Others fell into the morass, and were half drowned.

Wayne himself was knocked over by a ball. He shouted to his men: "Lift me up, and carry me into the fort that I may die at the head of my column!"

And so they did: springing forward through bush and bog, shouting and cheering, with the balls whistling over their heads, and the screams of the dying behind them. Their guns were not loaded, and they did not rest once till they had leaped over the parapet, and were inside the fort.

The English commander found it was useless to resist any longer, and surrendered. This was a

glorious victory for the Americans, and every body praised General Wayne to the skies. He was as modest as he was brave, and gave all the glory to his men.

Another brave man who began to make a great noise in the world at this time was JOHN PAUL JONES, the sailor. He was born in Scotland. When he was only twelve years old he took to the sea, and became a daring and gallant mariner; and when the war broke out, he was the first man to hoist the American flag (it was at first a rattlesnake, but was altered to the stars and stripes about a year after the declaration of independence) and to cruise against British ships.

At first he cruised on the coast of the United States, pouncing on the English ships, big and little, and carrying them off as prizes. But he pined for greater deeds than these. In his ship called the *Ranger* he sailed across to the British coast, and very soon began to make himself known and dreaded. After a time the captains of ships could not sleep for fear of bold John Paul Jones, who was always dashing down upon them like the wind of a stormy night, hailing them in a voice of thunder, and bidding them strike their flag.

Once, in sailing past the harbor of Carrickfergus, in Ireland, he saw an English ship of war called the *Drake* lying there. John Paul Jones hove to outside the harbor, and the *Drake* sailed out. Her captain had heard that the *Ranger* was near, and came out to capture her, crowds of boats following him to see the American vessel made a prize.

Paul Jones lying quiet, one of the *Drake's* boats pulled toward him. When the officer leaped on board, not knowing what ship it was, Paul Jones very quietly told him he was his prisoner. On this, the other boats pulled away as hard as they could into port.

The *Drake* sailed up and hoisted British colors. Paul Jones remained where he was, and hoisted American colors. Then the captain of the *Drake* shouted through his speaking-trumpet, what ship was that?

Paul Jones shouted back in a voice that rang through the decks of the *Drake*, that it was the American Continental ship *Ranger*; that they had lost a great deal of time, and it would soon be dark; and that they had better set to at once.

On this he put the helm up, and gave the *Drake* a broadside. Then the fight began, and before dark, the English captain being killed, the *Drake* struck her flag, and bold Paul Jones carried her off as a prize.

Afterward he made a sudden descent on St. Mary's Isle, where the Earl of Selkirk lived, in order to take the Earl prisoner, and keep him till the war was over. As it happened, the Earl was not at home at the time, and Paul Jones, after landing, and finding he was away, turned again toward his boats.

But his sailors, who knew how much plunder the British cruisers had made on the coasts of America, grumbled, and cried that they must have something to repay them for their pains. Paul Jones finding it impossible to satisfy them, then said that they might

go to the Earl's house, and receive his plate from the servants; but that they were not to disturb any thing or hurt any one. It was so done, and the *Ranger* sailed away, without having done the least harm on St. Mary's Isle, or taken any thing but the Earl's plate.

When the plate was sold, Paul Jones bought it, and sent it back to the Earl's wife, with a very pretty letter, saying that he was not a thief or a pirate, but a sailor, who scorned to gain wealth by such means.

After this Paul Jones tried hard to get the command of a squadron Congress was fitting out in France. He wrote letter after letter without avail; and at last began to despair. But, one day, sitting reading Franklin's little book called Poor Richard—in French, *Le Bonhomme Richard*—he found this passage: "If a man wants to have any business faithfully and quickly performed, let him go himself." Paul Jones put down the book, and went himself. And the consequence was that he got the command he wanted; and, to mark his gratitude, he gave his ship the name of *Le Bonhomme Richard*.

Le Bonhomme sailed with two other vessels, all under bold Paul Jones, and once more the sea-ports of the British Isles were in an agony of terror. Men would start from their beds, and captains from their cabins, with terrified gaze and whitened cheek, at the very name of terrible Paul Jones.

He took a good many small vessels, but this was not what he wanted, as you know.

At last he fell in with a British frigate, the *Serapis*, a stronger and larger vessel than his own. It was close to the British shore, near the cliffs of Scar-

borough; and the moon being up—it was just after nightfall—crowds of people flocked to the shore to see the fight.

The commander of the *Serapis*, a brave sailor, COMMODORE RICHARD PEARSON, shouted through his trumpet: "What ship is that?" He knew very well what ship it was; and a minute after he knew still better, for Paul Jones gave the signal, and poured a terrible broadside into the *Serapis*. Then running the *Bonhomme Richard* into her, he ordered the two vessels to be lashed together, to fight at closer quarters.

For an hour or so the battle raged with great fury on both sides, the decks streamed with blood, and man after man was carried below. Then Pearson, who began to think enough had been done in the way of fighting, called to Jones, to ask if his ship had struck.

"Struck!" roared Paul Jones, "why I am only just beginning to fight."

And for an hour or so longer the battle continued. At last, both ships being on fire, and almost every man on board the *Serapis* being killed, she surrendered. Brave Commodore Pearson had nailed the British flag to the mast to prevent any one hauling it down; and now he was forced to run aloft himself and tear it down with his own hands.

When the sun rose next morning, the stars and stripes floated over the mast-head of the *Serapis*. Almost the first thing Paul Jones saw was his own dear ship the *Bonhomme Richard* sinking to the bottom, from the injuries she had received during the fight. You may fancy how fierce it must have been.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE war went on. Down South, the English held Georgia, the Americans the Carolinas, and small parties of soldiers were constantly crossing from one to the other, ravaging and laying waste. Every day brought some new story of murder and robbery; of women and little children driven from their homes into the wild woods to escape the fierce men of blood.

That unlucky Count D'Estaing had been cruising for some time in the West Indies, when the Americans sent word to him that they thought he might help them a little, as he had made so many promises, and had been furnished with all he wanted at Boston. D'Estaing replied: "Of course." And he up anchor and sailed for Savannah with all his fleet.

Great joy burst forth among the Americans when they heard of it. GENERAL LINCOLN, who was in command at Charleston, raced down to Savannah to assist in besieging the place.

Having landed his men, D'Estaing sent word to the English commander, Prevost, that he had better save trouble and surrender at once. The Englishman, who was cunning as well as brave, answered, would the Count give him twenty-four hours to think about it? And the Count said he would.

By the end of the twenty-four hours, Prevost had

received reinforcements—which was all he wanted—and he told the Count to come on.

So the siege began. Lincoln and D'Estaing dug their trenches, and planted their guns, and neither by day nor by night ceased to pour shell after shell into the town. Half a dozen times a day it was set on fire, and the English had great trouble in extinguishing the flames. For three weeks the siege continued, the French and Americans approaching closer and closer every day, and the English suffering more and more from the dreadful storm of shot that was rained among them from the camp. In a very few days every one saw that Savannah must surrender.

But you know what sort of a man D'Estaing was. After three weeks' work, he told General Lincoln he would give up the siege. The Americans entreated and implored him to wait only a few days more; but he said his vessels were not safe, and he could delay no longer. He would assault the place if they liked; but for his part he had enough of the siege.

There was no help for it, and Lincoln, with a heavy heart, gave orders for the attack. It was made on the ninth of October, an hour or two before daybreak. At the very first start the Americans and French lost their way, got into a bog, and fell into some disorder. When they rallied, and advanced against the town, the English were quite prepared for them, and they were driven back with great slaughter. Again and again they charged, but each time the English drove them back with tre-

mendous volleys of grape. At last, having lost over one thousand men, they retreated altogether.

Of course Count D'Estaing, having fulfilled his destiny by failing once more, embarked on board his ships and sailed away.

One of the bravest and best of Washington's officers was killed in this battle. This was CASIMIR PULASKI, a Pole, who had spent most of his life in fighting against the despots who were trying to divide his native land among them, as they have since done. His father had died in a Russian prison: his brother was killed in battle: Casimir, alone of the family, fought to the last, and only fled when it was hopeless to contend any longer. Hearing afterward that there were men in America who were fighting for liberty, as he had fought, he came over and offered them his services. In many of the battles I have related he was present: at the battle of Savannah, when the Americans began to waver, Pulaski rallied his men, and ordered a furious charge upon the city. At the first fire he was shot down. Carried away by his men he was taken on board an American ship, where he died in a day or two. You may see a monument raised to his memory in the city of Savannah.

This victory encouraged the English greatly. Seeing how easily they had secured Georgia, they thought they could do the same in the Carolinas, and General Clinton sailed accordingly for Charleston with a great army of regulars and Hessians.

At first, ill luck befell him. A storm scattered his fleet. Some were wrecked, some captured by

the Americans. The rest found their way to Georgia, where much time was lost in repairing the damage done by the storm.

Clinton was not superstitious, however, and didn't allow his losses to trouble him. As soon as possible he sailed again toward South Carolina, and besieged Charleston.

General Lincoln was there, and so was Governor Rutledge. They both worked manfully to prepare the place for defense. Night and day the people toiled at building redoubts, and strengthening their lines. When General Clinton sent to summon the city to surrender, Lincoln replied: "No, he would fight it out."

Then the English, who far outnumbered the Americans, dug their trenches and compassed Charleston on every side. The garrison had still hope that a party of patriots who were hovering in the neighborhood would annoy the besiegers, and keep open a passage between the city and the country. But Clinton sent a body of men to attack them; and their colonels, HUGER and BUFORT, were easily surprised and routed. The principal English officer on this expedition was TARLETON, a wonderfully active man, and a good soldier, though cruel and blood-thirsty.

After forty days' siege, the people of Charleston said they could hold out no longer. They had very little food left, most of their fortifications were destroyed, and a great number of houses burnt. So General Lincoln surrendered the city to the English.

Thus they became masters of South Carolina as well as Georgia; and General Clinton wrote home

to the King that the colonies were fast becoming English again. In this he made a little mistake. The South Carolinians had no notion of any thing of the kind. They were beaten in the field but not conquered; man after man began to fly to the woods and form partisan companies to harass the British. Of these we shall have something to say presently.

When Washington heard how the British had overrun South Carolina, he sent GENERAL GATES with as many men as he could spare to its relief. Gates advanced to near Camden, where Lord Cornwallis was with the British army. The battle began in a strange way. Gates had laid a plan to surprise Cornwallis at night, and Cornwallis had laid a precisely similar plan to surprise Gates. On the same night, at the same hour, the two armies moved in silence; and the first thing they knew was the advance-guards on each side running against each other in the dark. After that, of course, the idea of a surprise was given up; both armies waited till morning, and then the battle began.

The Americans were the most numerous; but you will be ashamed to hear that the militia from Virginia and the Carolinas broke shortly after the battle commenced, and basely ran away. The regulars, who were commanded by a very brave and noble-hearted German named the BARON DE KALB, never flinched. To the last they fought, even when the English surrounded them on every side. De Kalb fell pierced with eleven wounds, and so did most of his officers; and at last, the word was given to retreat.

Then followed a dreadful flight: Tarleton and the English chasing, hacking, hewing, and shooting the fugitives. Gates's army was completely destroyed. It looked very much as though the battle of Camden had killed the cause of American Independence.

There were two men who at that time came to its rescue. One was THOMAS SUMTER, who was called the Game Cock from a queer circumstance. When the English overran Carolina, Sumter resolved to raise a partisan or volunteer company to harass them, and cut off small parties whenever they ventured into the country. One day, as he was looking round for recruits, he found several men busy watching a cock-fight.

"What!" he cried, "can you spend your time in this childish way, when your country is trodden under foot? Come with me, and I will teach you how to fight men."

"Bravo!" they shouted; "he is one of the old Blue Hen's chickens. We will go."

And the Blue Hen's chickens being desperate fowls to fight, Sumter was called after that the Game Cock.

He raised a small party of men as bold as himself, and gave the English a world of trouble, cutting off their supplies, seizing their detachments, and, on one occasion, defeating and almost destroying the British force which ravaged the country under Tarleton. Lord Cornwallis never felt himself safe so long as the Game Cock was abroad.

The other man who came to the rescue of the South was FRANCIS MARION—one of the most in-

teresting characters of the revolution. His whole life was full of curious adventures.

When he was a boy, he was so weak and puny that the doctors said he would never grow up to manhood. His parents sent him to sea. The ship was wrecked, and young Marion had just time to leap into a boat with the sailors, and push off, without water or provisions. A little dog swam to the boat as the ship went down, and they killed and ate it; this was all they had for six days. At the end of that time they were picked up; but the sailors died of their sufferings. Poor little pale, weak Marion survived.

When the war broke out, he fought at all the battles of the South; and at last, when the hopes of the country seemed dashed, he fled to the woods and raised a body of partisans, who were called Marion's Brigade. They had no weapons. But many took the saws out of saw-mills, and the knives out of kitchens, and were ready to meet the English even with sticks.

With these men he began to scour the country, and fall upon the English whenever he saw there was a chance of victory. They called him the Swamp Fox, because he usually lived in swamps, where they could not find him; but I think that, to the English, he proved more of a wolf than a fox.

Fox or wolf, he was a very daring, gallant fellow; skillful and humane, as well. Tarleton, the English officer, gave no quarter when he fell upon a party of Americans; Marion never allowed a man to be killed after a surrender. He was still so weak and

feeble in body that he hardly ever carried arms himself, but rode into battle, at the head of his troop, with a switch in his hand, cheering on his men.

As he soon took rifles and swords enough to arm his brigade well, and as they were brave fellows, mounted on fleet horses, dashing hither and thither like the wind, always pouncing on the English when they were least expected, and dashing off with break-neck speed to their fastnesses after they had done what they wanted, you can easily fancy how the British hated the name of Marion. The people loved him, the ladies especially.

A young girl at Charleston once heard a British officer call him some rude name. She took off her shoe, and threw it in his face, crying,

"Go, coward, and meet him!"

There were few, indeed, who dared meet Marion's Brigade. Once a British officer, named M'Ilraith, offered to choose twenty men from his regiment to fight against any twenty that Marion might choose. The offer was accepted. Marion chose his men, and on the day fixed for the combat drew toward the ground. But Major M'Ilraith had changed his mind. As Marion came up, the Englishmen were seen scampering off in an opposite direction. It was well for them they did so, for Marion had so trained his soldiers to fire, that they could hit a man as far off as their rifles would carry, and the enemy would have stood a poor chance.

I like to dwell upon Marion, because he was the man, of all others, who taught the English that though they might take the great cities, and do

a great deal of mischief, they must never hope to conquer the country. Also because, bold and prompt as he was in war, he was humane, just, and generous. He lost all he had in the war, and asked his country for nothing in return. And when, after the peace, some one proposed a law to hold him harmless for any seizure of property made by him during the war, he rose and cried that he would never hear of such a thing; if he had wronged any man, he was ready to make full restitution. Oh, if all soldiers were like Francis Marion!

A story is told of the war in the South, which shows how gloriously the fire of patriotism burned in every heart.

On one occasion an American general wanted to send a message to Sumter. He could not find a man to carry it, as the English scoured the country, and it seemed almost certain that any one who separated from the army would be taken prisoner. While he was thinking how he should manage, a young girl, named EMILY GEIGER, went to him, and said she would carry the message.

He wrote a letter, and told Emily what it contained, in case it should be lost. Then she started alone, on horseback. On the way, as was expected, she fell in with a party of British soldiers, who took her prisoner, and shut her up in a room. She knew that she would be searched, and that the letter would be found, if she did not make away with it; so, having no other means of destroying it, she tore it up, and ate it piece by piece.

A few minutes after she had done so, an old woman

came in and searched her. But finding nothing, she told the officer there was no use in keeping her prisoner. Emily was accordingly set free, and rode off in all haste to Sumter, to whom she delivered the message.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I NOW come to one of the saddest episodes in the Revolution.

You remember that among the many brave men who fought on the American side when the war broke out, no one had more opportunities of proving how daring a soldier he was than General Benedict Arnold. He had been to Ticonderoga with Ethan Allen, to Canada with Montgomery; had fought valiantly against Burgoyne, until, at the battle of Behmus's Heights, his leg was broken, and he was disabled. At this battle, it is said, he lost his reason altogether—rushing into the thick of the fight, laying about him with his sword like a madman, and even wounding one of his own officers. He dashed in among the Hessians as though he could not be killed, crossed through their lines twice, and was the first to fall upon them like a whirlwind when they gave way.

A great deal has been said and written, of late years, about General Arnold. Some have tried to make him out an injured man. I think there is no doubt of his having been always the merest slave to his passions, and at last a black-hearted villain.

When he was wounded, Washington gave him the command of Philadelphia, at its evacuation by the British. He was wonderfully fond of pomp and dis-

play: he took the house of Governor Penn, fitted it up with great magnificence, and began to give splendid parties, and spent immense sums of money. His own fortune was soon exhausted; but he had public money in his hands, and dishonestly used it for his own purposes. Congress soon found it out, and reproached him. He replied in a most insolent strain; accused Congress of ingratitude, and pretended to be the most innocent and injured man in the country.

In society in Philadelphia he had met a beautiful young lady, the daughter of an old Tory. He fell in love with her, and married her. This was his second misfortune. For, when his angry heart was brooding over the reprimand he had received from Congress, his young wife's friends came to him, and asked him why he suffered such an insult. He might, they said cunningly, go over to the English, who would know better than to ill-use so fine an officer. It was just what Arnold was thinking.

Then, again, he was deeply in debt for his balls and his dinners, and the expenses of his fine house; and after Congress had refused to allow him to rob the country any more, he could not find means to pay his creditors. He tried to make money by speculating, and fitting out privateers to capture British vessels; but his ill-luck never deserted him, and he only plunged deeper and deeper into debt. He wrote to the French Minister, begging a loan to relieve him, but the Frenchman declined to lend him a dollar, and advised him to live economically. This Arnold could or would not do.

You remember the dashing young officer in the British army, named André, who had arranged the grand fête given by General Howe, when he held possession of Philadelphia. Mrs. Arnold had been a friend of his, and still wrote him letters from time to time. I am afraid there is no doubt but this pretty young lady had a hand in other letters which began to be written at this time.

They were signed "Gustavus," and addressed to "John Anderson;" and they were all about shipments of goods, and invoices, and ships. But, in reality, the goods meant were the United States, which the letters proposed to sell to the English; Gustavus was Benedict Arnold, and John Anderson was Major André. The wretched traitor offered to desert to the English for a sum of money.

At first, the British general, Clinton, did not think Arnold worth buying at the price. To make himself worth more, Arnold pretended to be quite well again—though he never wholly recovered from his wound—and to be very anxious to serve his country once more. At his earnest request he was appointed to the command of West Point, on the Hudson. This was one of the strongest places which remained to the Americans; and Arnold knew that the British would give almost any thing to gain it.

The moment he arrived there, he sent word to General Clinton that he was ready to give up the Fort at West Point; and that he had divided his army in such a way that each division could be easily beaten by the English. The British General thought so good a chance should not be lost, and as Major

André had already had much to do with the traitor, and was besides a shrewd and able officer, he sent him to meet Arnold, by appointment, near Dobb's Ferry. A British sloop, the *Vulture*, lay near the place. André went on board of her, and waited for a messenger from Arnold.

At the dead of night the sound of oars was heard, and a boat pulled alongside the *Vulture*. André leaped into her, and was soon ashore. In a thick bush, at the foot of the Clove mountain, he met the villain Arnold; who began, trembling and quaking—all his courage had deserted him now—to explain his plans to the British officer. The boat's crew becoming noisy, and anxious to be off, André and Arnold mounted horses and rode a short distance higher up the bank to a house within the American lines.

They tell a very pretty story of André's reluctance to enter the lines, and make out that he was entrapped by Arnold. But I do not think he was so squeamish. He had come to meet Arnold in order to fulfill his plan of treason; and he was not likely to stand upon trifles. It is quite certain that André believed he was only doing his duty and serving his country; though it is a great pity any country should ever need to be served by such means.

When the conference was over, Major André started to return to New York. As he was to pass through the American lines, he took a disguise, and received from Arnold a passport under his old name of John Anderson. The first American posts he passed without trouble: the officers being quite satisfied with the passport signed by Arnold.

But on the morning of the twenty-third of September, as he was galloping along the road near Tarrytown, a man sprang from the wayside, seized the bridle of his horse, and challenged him. Two others appeared at the same time, and asked him who he was. André did not answer the question, but asked them who they were. Suspecting mischief, they replied, "From below;" meaning from the British head-quarters at New York.

André felt quite relieved at this.

"And so am I," said he. "I am an English officer on urgent business; do not detain me."

"Then you are our prisoner," cried one of the men; "get off your horse."

They searched him at once, and found in his stockings full plans of the fort at West Point, and directions, written by Arnold, for the capture of the fort and the destruction of the American army.

André was distracted. He offered the men his watch, his purse, any thing they chose, if they would let him go. But they scorned his offers. They were poor, they said, but not so poor as to sell their country. He must remain their prisoner. The names of these honest men were JOHN PAULDING, DAVID WILLIAMS, and ISAAC VAN WART.

He was taken before COLONEL JAMIESON, who was so astonished at the papers found on André's person that he wrote foolishly to Arnold to say that "Anderson" had been taken, and to ask what the papers meant. The traitor was breakfasting with two of Washington's officers when the letter came. He was so finished a villain, that the quivering of

his lip at the intelligence was so slight that his guests did not notice it. Hastily making some excuse, he rushed off to his wife's room, and exclaimed, "All is discovered. André is a prisoner. Burn all my papers; I fly to New York!"

With a shriek his wife fainted. The wretched man had not time to think of her. In a few hours he knew his treason would be discovered, himself probably torn in pieces by his soldiers. Springing on horseback, he tore to the river. A boat was there; he leaped into it, and waving his handkerchief as a flag of truce to the batteries, he bade the oarsmen pull for their lives to the *Vulture*. He dared not breathe till he stood on her decks, safe under the English flag.

News of what had happened soon reached Washington, who hastened to West Point. As soon as he had made sure of the garrison, he ordered a Court-martial to be held at Tappan to judge the prisoner André. General Greene was the President, and Lafayette and Steuben, both foreign soldiers well acquainted with the rules of war, were members of the Court.

When André heard that Arnold was safe, he threw off his disguise, and openly avowed that he was a British officer. Brought before the Court-martial, he would not deny or conceal any thing, but candidly confessed why he was there, and what he had done. General Greene warned him not to say any thing that could injure himself; but he answered that a soldier should scorn evasion, and that he would tell the truth, be the consequences what they might.

He was so young, so manly, so noble in his bearing, that every one who heard him felt his heart yearn toward him. Some of the members of the Court-martial cried when the sentence was rendered. But the rules of war were clear and plain. It was not possible to mistake the nature of his fault. Major André was condemned to be hanged as a spy.

The moment the news of his arrest reached New York, General Clinton, who loved him as his son, sent messengers in hot haste to Washington, beseeching him to spare his life. He offered any prisoner, or several, in exchange for him. Other British officers also wrote letters with the same object. Even the traitor Arnold sent word to say that André was not a spy, but had entered the lines under a flag of truce.

When the gallant André heard of it, though his life hung on the question, he promptly declared that Arnold had written a falsehood. He said he had not come under a flag of truce.

General Clinton proposed to Washington that his case should be discussed by an officer on each side. Washington agreed, and sent General Greene to the place appointed. The British officer said every thing that could be said in favor of the unfortunate André; but he could not convince Greene. He threatened to have all the Carolina prisoners put to death if André were executed; Greene answered that no one deplored André's fate more than himself, but that even if the English should threaten to butcher every American in the land, the sentence of the Court-martial would nevertheless be carried out.

When the time came, André was prepared to die.

He wrote a very touching letter to General Clinton, entreating him to see that his mother and sisters, who had been dependent on him for support, were not left to starve; and bearing witness that it was not in obeying orders given by his general that he had been taken. This he said, lest people should accuse Clinton of having been the cause of his death; as I can not help thinking he was, in some degree.

Having dispatched this letter, he wrote to the Court-martial begging that he might die the death of a soldier. They had not the heart to reply no; but the rules of war positively declare that a spy must be hanged, and Washington had resolved to carry them out.

On the second of October he was led to the gibbet. "And must I die thus?" he cried, seeing the rope. The soldiers were all in tears, he looked so handsome, so manly a youth. Turning to them, after a short prayer, he said, "Bear witness that I die as a brave man should." The next minute he was writhing in death.

It is said that André became a soldier from disappointment. He had deeply loved a beautiful girl in England, who did not requite his affection; when she married another, he left his native land to serve in the army in America.

If you are sorry for brave young André, as I am sure you are, you must remember what the consequence would have been had his scheme been successful. West Point would have fallen into the hands of the British—the army would have been destroyed—who knows whether the Independence of the United

States would have been gained to this day? War is a very shocking occupation at best; and I hope we may live to see the last soldier's uniform under a glass case at Barnum's. But while nations will fight, the rules of war must be observed; none more strictly than that which says that a spy shall be hanged.

Only a short while before, when the British were on Long Island, and Washington was very anxious to know something about their force and means of attack, a gallant young officer in his army, CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE, volunteered to cross over to the Island and take a look at them. He was caught by the British inside their lines. The general at once ordered him to be executed; and he was put to death the very next morning in a most unfeeling manner. He had asked for a Bible; it was denied him. He had wished to write to his friends, but this favor was not granted. He died like a hero, regretting that he had only one life to give for his country.

That wretched creature, Benedict Arnold, I am happy to say, was very miserable after André's death. His first act when safe inside New York, was to write a mean, pitiful letter to Washington, declaring that he had acted from the best of motives, and begging that his wife and child might be sent to him. He then published a sort of appeal to the American people, advising them to follow his example and become traitors likewise. For their part, they perfectly agreed with Washington, when he said that "Arnold's conduct was so villainously perfidious that no terms could describe the baseness of his heart."

He did not even get the whole of his thirty pieces

of silver. Clinton, always remembering the death of his friend Andre, could not bear the sight of him; and, though he was made a general in the British army, the officers would not associate with him or speak to him. When he passed in the streets, the common soldiers who saluted him, muttered, "There goes traitor Arnold!" As usual in such cases, the British very naturally argued that a man who had been a traitor to his own country would be a traitor to them, if any thing were to be made by it.

In the hope of improving his character with his new friends, Arnold begged to be allowed to lead an expedition against Virginia. He went accordingly. Landing with a strong body of troops, he laid waste the country with fire and sword. Nothing pleased him so much as burning a village, driving the women and children for refuge into the woods, or hanging a "rebel," as he now called the Americans.

After a time, the operations in Virginia becoming important, the British commander would not trust him with their leadership, and he was recalled. He then begged to be sent against Fort Griswold, opposite New London, in Connecticut, his native State.

The fort was defended by stout Connecticut farmers, commanded by a brave officer—COLONEL LEDYARD. For hours they resisted the attack of the English, who far outnumbered them; no man stirring from his post. At length, having lost many lives, the British forced their way into the fort, and the soldiers bayoneted those who still resisted. Arnold, as frantic as he usually was in battle, screamed:

"Who commands this fort?"

"I did," replied Colonel Ledyard, stepping forward and handing his sword to Arnold, "but you do now."

One can hardly believe that this horrible villain seized the brave soldier's sword and plunged it into his breast; but he did. The soldiers, at the sight, fell to butchering their prisoners; and before the work ceased one hundred and twenty out of one hundred and sixty men lay dead in horrid pools of blood.

The story goes that the British having laid a train of gunpowder between the fort and the powder magazine, the last man who left lit the match and scampered off, expecting to see the whole establishment blown into atoms in a minute or two; but that one of these wounded soldiers, seeing his act, crawled over as fast as his wound would let him, and soaked the train with his blood, so that it would not go off. Certain it is that no explosion took place.

Arnold crossed over to New London and set it on fire. The soldiers plundered as much as they pleased; but Arnold would not allow the fire to be stopped till the town was in ashes.

I am very glad we shall hear no more of this abominable scoundrel. Connecticut has done much that is great and praiseworthy; but if it could boast of twice as great glories as it has earned, they would hardly redeem the disgrace of having given birth to such a monster.

When the war ended he went to England, a Brigadier-general. But the Government never paid him the whole price of his treachery; and being as wasteful as ever, he soon fell into poverty, and lived at last on the charity of the King. In his old age, English-

men began to see matters in their true light, and even before he died the name of Arnold became a by-word for a traitor. He could not appear in any public assembly without some sneer being aimed at him. None of his brother officers would acknowledge him. The people of England called him the murderer of André. And his own black heart, I am sure, often and often of a dark night, thrilled with agony and remorse as he thought of what he had been, what he was, and what he would be in another world.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MANY years before the events related in the last chapter took place, a stout young lad, named DANIEL MORGAN, began life as a wagoner in Virginia. Very little thought he, as he cracked his whip over his horses' heads, and rattled over the road with a load of goods or vegetables, that he was destined to be a famous soldier, and one of the saviours of his country.

He was driving his team in Virginia, as usual, when that unlucky General Braddock started on his miserable expedition against Fort Duquesne; and the General, wanting wagons, hired Morgan to carry part of the baggage. On the way a British officer insulted him. Morgan replied with spirit. The Englishman in a rage made a blow at him with his sword; but with his heavy whip the young wagoner broke the sword, and then gave the officer a terrible thrashing.

For this breach of discipline Morgan was condemned to receive five hundred lashes with the cat. You may still see a tree at Wytheville, Virginia, to which, it is said, he was tied. At the four hundred and fiftieth lash, he fainted from loss of blood, and was carried off to the hospital.

You would hardly expect that this wagoner, half killed by the cat, would turn up again as a military leader; but so it came about. Daniel Morgan shoul-

dered his rifle when the revolution broke out, fought gallantly at various battles, was taken prisoner, exchanged, and was now Colonel in the United States service. After the battle of Camden Washington sent him South, to assist in protecting North Carolina from the advance of the British.

When Lord Cornwallis heard of his arrival in South Carolina, he sent his famous ranger, Tarleton, with eleven hundred troops, to take him and bring him a prisoner to Charleston. Tarleton came galloping on, as usual, eager for the fight; but Morgan, who had only about six hundred men, retreated steadily northward till he reached the field called the Cowpens, on a stream running into the Pacolet. There he resolved to make a stand.

Tarleton came up, and was so overjoyed to see Morgan ready for battle that he would not wait to rest his men, but ordered the attack immediately.

At the very first charge of the English, the front rank of the Americans broke. The second stood a short while, but after a time it gave way likewise. Shouting for joy, Tarleton gave the word to pursue the fugitives.

But Morgan had all along expected his first line to break, and had given orders that if it did, it should fall back to such a place, there re-form, and charge again. This was done accordingly; and when Tarleton was wondering whether his troops would be able to catch the flying Americans, to its utter amazement down they came upon him with fixed bayonets.

The English were very much astonished at such a proceeding. They were more disgusted still when

Colonel Washington (George Washington's nephew) rode at them with his dragoons, dashed through and through their line, and scattered them in all directions. Worse than all, in the midst of their confusion, Morgan himself collected a band of his best men and made a furious onslaught on them.

This settled the day, in fact. Tarleton had hard work to make his escape, and he lost nearly all his famous cavalry, and a great number of foot. The British had at last received a fatal blow, and their best officer had been utterly defeated.

Lord Cornwallis vowed he would punish Morgan, and retake the prisoners who were in his hands. To march the faster he burnt nearly all his stores, gave each man just flour enough to support life, and started in chase. Morgan destroyed part of his stores likewise, and began his retreat at the same time.

So the race commenced. If Cornwallis had overtaken Morgan, he would have beaten him, as his forces were at least four to one; Morgan knew this, and marched with inconceivable rapidity for twelve days. Many of his men were barefoot; none had as much food as they required; all needed rest. But they had eight hundred prisoners, and they were determined not to let them be retaken if they could help it.

On the twelfth day, Morgan crossed the ford of the Catawba, just as evening began to fall. It was hardly dark before Cornwallis appeared on the bank he had left. The English general was fearful of crossing at night, and seeing the Americans on the oppo-

site bank, he made sure of catching them by crossing early next morning. So he encamped on the bank, and lay quiet. The Americans also encamped, not without anxiety for the morrow.

But as the night advanced a storm gathered, and rain began to fall in torrents. It poured all night, and when the day dawned the Catawba was swollen to such an extent that the British soldiers could not ford it. Fancy the disappointment of Cornwallis and the joy of Morgan!

It was not till three days after that the former could cross the river. However, he was not discouraged, and the moment his army had crossed, the chase began again.

This time Morgan made for the ford of the Yadkin, and reached it safely. But so swift were the English that they came up with his rear-guard as they were crossing, and they were obliged to leave their baggage behind.

Again the English lit their camp-fires on the banks of the river, and promised themselves to cross early next morning to end the chase. But again, most wonderful to relate, the clouds gathered, rain fell, and the stream swelled during the night to such an extent that in the morning the British dared not trust to the ford. Brave Morgan was safe once more.

This was regarded every where as a visible interposition of Providence in favor of the Americans. Pious men, in Morgan's troop, said that the rain would never have fallen twice so opportunely, if God had not intended that the English should fail.

The race was not over yet. Cornwallis found a

ford higher up the river, and gave chase as hotly as ever. The Americans retreated as rapidly as before toward the upper part of the River Roanoke, which is called the Dan. There is no doubt but they would have been caught this time had it not been for a small band of skirmishers who hovered constantly in front of the English, breaking down the bridges, and throwing all sorts of obstacles in their way. As it was, they had only just crossed the Dan when Cornwallis came up.

General Greene—a very excellent officer, who had once been a blacksmith—was now in command of the Americans, and being in Virginia, he said he would retreat no farther. He drew out his men on the north bank of the Dan, and waited for the English to cross. But Cornwallis did not attempt any thing of the kind.

He had enough of the chase, and found plenty of work to do in North Carolina. Setting up his standard at Hillsborough, he issued a batch of very grand proclamations to the people, telling them it was no use whatever resisting the might of the British arms, and that the best thing they could do was to beg pardon for the past, and become faithful subjects of King George once more. I suspect the people of North Carolina, as a general thing, had their own opinion on what was best for them. But there were some Tories, who were enchanted at the arrival of Cornwallis, and having been kept down with a pretty tight rein by the Whigs, now leaped up with wonderful agility and offered to serve the King in fighting against their fellow-countrymen.

One of these was COLONEL PYLES, a terrible fellow, who raised six hundred men in his neighborhood, and led them to join Tarleton to make an expedition against the Whigs.

It so happened that Greene dispatched COLONEL LEE about the same time, in the same direction, to hover round the English with a party of horse. Pyles, riding up at the head of his six hundred, met Lee, took him for Tarleton, and sent him his compliments. Lee made no answer, but drew out his men and fell upon the Tories.

Pyles roared, "Long live the King!" at the top of his voice; and his men cried as loud as they could,

"We are King George's best friends!"

But the louder they cried, in their blunder, the more fiercely the Americans attacked them, and they were completely routed with great slaughter.

The day after this, General Greene crossed the Dan and marched to Guilford Court-house. His army were far more numerous than the English. But Lord Cornwallis, as brave as steel, marched up without delay to give them battle. His men were all old soldiers; those of Greene were mostly raw recruits.

The fight began at one o'clock and lasted all day. The English fought with great bravery, and so did the Continentals; but the militia once or twice in the course of the battle showed that they were rather anxious to get out of the way of the balls. Both sides claimed the victory. I think the English won it, because they kept the field of battle, and took

several cannon from the Americans. But they lost so many men in killed and wounded that it finished Lord Cornwallis and his army.

Very soon after the battle of Guilford Court-house, they retreated to Wilmington. As usual, Greene's troops were as ready to fight as ever, and marched against Camden, which was held by Lord Rawdon with a British army.

They encamped on a height called Hobkirk's Hill, near Camden, and Greene was laying his plans for attack, when one morning at breakfast the drum beat, and the cry spread, "The enemy is upon us!"

There he was sure enough, advancing to the attack in fine order. As quick as lightning Greene directed his men to form, and the battle began. For a short while it was fought with great courage on both sides. But one of Greene's regiments, being seized by panic, fell into disorder and fled. Another followed, and in a few moments, in spite of tremendous exertions on the part of the General, the whole army fell back, and once more the English won the day.

Defeats, I think, answered Greene better than victories; for he went on winning towns and states as regularly as he lost battles. After the defeat of Hobkirk's Hill, Camden was evacuated by the British, and Greene advanced and laid siege to Ninety-six.

It was a wonderfully strong place, and the garrison were quite prepared to defend it. Greene and his men, however, dug their trenches and planted their batteries, and began to pour shot and shell into the

place with such vigor that the defenders found it very hot work. It was the brave GENERAL KOSCIUSKO, who afterward became Dictator of Poland, and fills so large a place in European history, who directed the siege.

While every thing was going on well, news came to General Greene that Lord Rawdon was marching down with desperate speed to attack him. This was very unwelcome news, and Greene saw that if the place was to be taken at all, it must be taken before Rawdon arrived. He gave orders accordingly for the assault.

Strangely enough, the commandant of the place—CRUGER—decided almost at the same time to surrender to Greene. Luckily for him, one of the British officers had a lady love in the place; he found means to let her know he was coming, and thus Cruger learned that help was on the way. He then resolved to hold out.

The attack was made on the eighteenth of June. Nothing could surpass the bravery of the American soldiers, or of some French who fought with them. But after a fierce struggle, they were again forced to retire, having lost a great number of men. It was one more defeat for Greene to register.

You can hardly conceive the dreadful state of the Carolinas and Georgia at this time. The British had done their best to bring over the people to their side in the war; and many of the richest and most respectable men obeyed the call. You may remember that some of the old Cavaliers of England had settled in those States; their descendants, like their

fathers, fought bravely for the King. And as there is no kind of war in which men seem to acquire more of the nature of wild beasts than a civil war between men of the same country and the same race, these Tories in the Southern States fought with the patriots or Whigs with a ferocity which can hardly be described. There was nothing going on but slaughtering, butchering, burning, and hanging on both sides, until the English were driven out.

In these horrible proceedings many of the best men of the South lost their lives at the hands of their neighbors, who belonged to the opposite party.

I do not know of any case, however, more truly lamentable than that of COLONEL ISAAC HAYNE. He was a South Carolina planter, who, at the commencement of the war, had declared himself in favor of the Whigs, and had fought at several battles, and lastly at the siege of Charleston.

When that city surrendered to the English, as you will remember, most of the Whigs removed to the country parts. Hayne was among the number. Behind him, however, in the city of Charleston, he left his young wife and children, all ill of the small-pox, which was then a much more fatal disease than it is now.

For a few days Hayne bore the separation; but he could not long endure the misery of being parted from those he loved, at a time when they perhaps were dying. He went to Charleston, gave himself up to the British officers, and asked to be allowed to remain with his family.

They said it could not be done unless he would ac-

knowledge himself a British subject. If he would not do this, they told him they must shut him up in prison, away from his dear wife and children.

It was a cruel alternative to offer to a brave man. Hayne struggled long and manfully; but at last hearing that his wife was on the point of death (she died soon afterward), he agreed to call himself a British subject, provided the English would not call upon him to fight against his countrymen. This the British officers promised, and Hayne was allowed to visit the death-bed of his wife and two of his little children.

After a time, the British losing ground, and being short of men, their officers ordered Hayne to take up arms and march with them against the Americans. He reminded them of their promise, and refused to go. They persisted. Just at that moment the people in the neighborhood rose against the English and called upon Hayne to lead them. Forced to choose between fighting for or fighting against his country, and considering himself released from his oath by the perfidy of the British officers, he answered he would, and took the field at once.

A few days afterward, he and a party of his men fell into an ambuscade, and he was carried off a prisoner by the English to Charleston. His captors thrust him into prison, till the commandant, BALFOUR, and Lord Rawdon should decide what was to be done with him.

Their decision was prompt. They said he must be hanged as a deserter.

When it became known, the people of Charleston

flocked in crowds to the commandant's, begging his life. He was so good a man, and so highly esteemed even by his enemies, that the Tories were as much shocked at the idea of his death as the Whigs. But Balfour would not listen to them.

Hayne's children—in deep black for their mother's death—went to Lord Rawdon, and clasping his knees, besought him in childish tones to save their poor father's life. But he cast them aside.

Even the British officers advised their general to try Hayne in a regular way by a Court-martial, as is always the case, even with spies. But Lord Rawdon and Balfour would not give ear to any such suggestion. They said Hayne must die, and it was useless talking any more about it.

Accordingly, on the day fixed, Hayne was told to prepare for death. He was quite cool and collected, and when his eldest son, for whom he had sent, came to the prison—he was a little boy of thirteen—he embraced him tenderly, and said to him:

"Thou wilt come to the place of my execution. Thou will receive my body, and cause it to be deposited in the tomb of our ancestors."

He was then led out. At the foot of the gibbet he met many of his friends, who wept and gnashed their teeth; but Hayne was not moved, and bade them adieu with firmness and fortitude. A few minutes afterward he dangled a corpse.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE Game Cock and the Swamp Fox never ceased to worry the British in South Carolina. The soldiers never felt themselves safe unless they were behind strong walls. It was quite enough to whisper the name of Marion to make every Englishman quake and spring to arms; and in the Tory families, for many and many a year afterward, nurses used to quiet noisy children by threatening to send for terrible Marion.

After the battle of Hobkirk's Hill, as usual, the British marched out of Ninety-six, and in a short time Greene was ready for another fight.

This took place at Eutaw Springs, in South Carolina. Strange to say, it is not quite certain that Greene was beaten. The battle lasted a long time; and at one hour of the day the English were certainly driven back in confusion. But their leader took possession of a very strong stone house, from whence they poured a fierce fire upon the Americans and checked them. The latter had made their way into the British camp, and some of the soldiers had found a quantity of liquor and helped themselves; which, as you know, was not likely to make them fight better. So, in the end, the British regained what they had lost in the early part of the day; and though more of their men were killed than of the

Americans, they would not allow that they had been beaten.

I don't think it mattered much; for the first thing the English did was to withdraw their troops to the sea-ports, thus leaving the whole inland country in the hands of the Americans. Beaten or not, the English always lost ground.

The old King of England, who was a splendid specimen of a virtuous blockhead, thought at this time that the war was very nearly over, and that the Americans were used up. He had heard of the victories of Camden and Guilford Court-house, and took it for granted that the Carolinas and Georgia were conquered. He therefore sent word to Lord Cornwallis to go on northward and secure Virginia. His lordship, who had some sense, which the King in such matters had not, saw very plainly that the Southern States were not conquered, and that trying to conquer them by fighting battles here and there, was like trying to fill with water a tub without a bottom. He had seen enough of the Americans to know that they would never give up.

He marched off, however, to Virginia, joined with the other British troops whom Arnold had led thither, and fortified himself at Yorktown, on the York River. Bands of his men ravaged the country, plundering and laying waste; for General Lafayette, who had been sent to Virginia to watch Cornwallis, was too weak to prevent them.

Washington was still in the north, watching for an opportunity of attacking New York. While he was in great perplexity, thinking what he should do

to save Virginia, he received a message from the COUNT DE GRASSE, the French admiral, to say that he was on the point of sailing to the Chesapeake with a large fleet. This was glorious news for the Americans; for, since that very unlucky Count D'Estaing had tried to do so many things for them and done nothing, their French friends had been rather ornamental than useful.

Washington soon made up his mind. The only thing to be feared was that Clinton would go to the relief of Cornwallis from New York. To keep him at the latter place, Washington gave out that he wanted him to fight a battle in the open field in New Jersey.

"Ah!" said the smart Englishman, "he wants me to fight in the open field, does he? Not so simple as that; no, no."

And he shut himself up closer than ever in New York, and chuckled as he thought how he was disappointing Washington.

Meanwhile the Americans raced across New Jersey and Pennsylvania to Chesapeake Bay, and arrived there just as the Count de Grasse sailed up with his fleet. A large party of French landed and joined the Americans; and both together proceeded to besiege Cornwallis in Yorktown.

He was fairly caught in a trap. The French and Americans—who had more than twice as many men as he—surrounded him by land on every side; and the French fleet locked up the mouth of the river. He sent word, in all haste, to Clinton to come to his assistance; but that general, who had ceased to

chuckle by this time, could not get his ships ready, and wrung his hands in despair.

The siege began with great vigor, and every day the besiegers approached closer to the walls. Two redoubts were taken at the point of the bayonet, COLONEL ALEXANDER HAMILTON leading the Americans with signal bravery. Cornwallis did all he could to save himself. He made a fierce sortie on the American lines, but was driven back. He tried to cross the river in boats, but a storm drove the boats out to sea.

At length, after six weeks' siege, he could hold out no longer, and proposed a parley. Washington would only grant him a truce for two hours. The Englishman demanded that his soldiers should be permitted to return to England. Washington would consent to nothing of the kind.

The end of it was that on the nineteenth of October, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-one, Lord Cornwallis surrendered with all his army; seven thousand soldiers becoming prisoners of war. With all their defeats, the Americans had never suffered such a blow as this.

A story is told of this surrender which I like to believe. Before the British troops marched out of Yorktown to lay down their arms, Washington rode up to the Americans, who were drawn out in line, and said,

"My boys, let there be no insults over a conquered foe. When they lay down their arms, don't huzza. Posterity will huzza for you."

You remember that at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, General Gates showed just as much tenderness of the feelings of the vanquished. Such

events are even more pleasant to think of than victories in the field.

When the people of England heard that Lord Cornwallis had surrendered, they could rest quiet no longer, and great tumults arose. The lords, of course, and the King were ready to go on with the war till the crack of doom, losing army after army, in the hope that weariness and want of money might reduce the Americans in the end. But the people, for once, spoke out their mind in a very plain, straightforward way.

They said that the war was wrong from the beginning; that the King had no right to tax the Americans without their consent (which George himself was ready to admit in a sulky way by this time); that the Americans had done well to take up arms in defense of their liberties; that though the English had won many battles, they had gained nothing; but, on the contrary, had lost two fine armies, had spent immense sums of their money, and were no farther advanced toward the conquest of America than they were six years before; that it was quite plain to them that the Americans were a sturdy race, Anglo-Saxons like themselves, and that they would never give up; finally, that, no matter what the King and the great lords wanted, peace should be made at once.

These were the things the strong-hearted men of England shouted in the ears of the King and the great lords. All the really great Englishmen of the time—Burke, Fox, Pitt, and others, said the same, and their speeches on the subject are, to this

day, the finest specimens of British eloquence on record.

But the King and the lords were as obstinate as Spanish mules, and, as for talking, you might as well have talked to a stone wall.

Then the people began to show signs of something more serious than talking. The men of London assembled, and said plainly that they would have their way, no matter what it cost. And Parliament, which was not much of a Parliament to speak of, and was generally bought up by a few great lords from time to time, found spirit enough at this crisis to threaten the King that, unless he made peace with the United States, they would vote him no more money.

I do not think myself it would have been much of a pity if the great lords had stuck to their point and refused to yield; or if the people, when their blood was up, had used the broom freely, and swept away a few of the old lords, and old laws, and other old rubbish, by means of which England was always doing such foolish things, and getting into foolish and unjust wars.

It fell out differently, however. Lord North, the prime minister, made a grand speech in Parliament, in which he said that he was ready to resign his power into the hands of whomsoever the people chose. He said, besides, that he had done his duty to his King and his country; and wound up his speech in a very affecting manner indeed. This good joke was not much noticed at the time, as the people were engrossed with the pleasant prospect of peace; and the moment Lord North went out, other lords came

in, who were quite ready to make peace with the United States.

HENRY LAURENS, who had once been President of Congress, and had been taken prisoner by the English at sea, and shut up in the Tower of London, now wrote to Parliament begging to be set free, as his health was giving way, and he felt his death was not far distant. His letter was written in pencil on the fly-leaf of a book; the keeper of the Tower having refused to give him pen or paper. Some time before, that excellent and virtuous man, Lord North, had offered him his liberty if he would induce his son, who was then in France, to turn traitor to his country. The old man replied that he was sure his son would lay down his life for his father; but even if he should propose such a thing, he knew Colonel Laurens too well to suppose for a moment that he could tarnish his honor. Now, he was set free, on giving heavy bail.

It would take me too long to relate all the shilly shallying, and trickery, and dodging, which preceded the peace. The fact was, old lords or new lords, peace lords or war lords, it was much the same thing. They one and all tried to cheat the United States in every way they could. I suppose they had been so used to cheating the British people, that they could not have gone to the point in a straightforward, honest manner, if they had tried.

In the end, however, the United States envoys—Franklin, Jay, Laurens, and John Adams—baffled all their efforts; and a satisfactory treaty of peace was made at Paris, in the year one thousand seven hundred

and eighty-three. The King of England acknowledged at length the Independence of the United States.

Before the close of the year, Charleston, New York, Long Island, and Staten Island were evacuated by the British, and the British soldiers taken with Burgoyne and Cornwallis allowed to go home. The evacuation of New York took place on the twenty-fifth of November. The American troops entered the city as the British left it, and great were the shouting, and cheering, and blazing of fire-works, as they marched in with drums beating and colors flying.

At twelve o'clock on that day General Washington took leave of his soldiers at Francis's Tavern in New York. He said a very few words, told them of his love for them and gratitude for their services during the war, and begged them to grasp his hand once more ere they parted. Each did so; and a good many rough, weather-beaten old fellows, who looked as tough as if they had been made of cast iron, cried like children at the parting.

Washington hastened to Annapolis, where Congress was sitting, and there, in the presence of all the members assembled, resigned his commission as Commander-in-chief of the Continental armies. He made a short and very touching speech on the occasion, which you will find in all the large histories; and General Mifflin, the President of Congress, replied, praising and blessing him in very strong language, but not stronger than he deserved.

Washington then returned to his quiet home at Mount Vernon, and prepared to enjoy tranquillity and repose.

We shall hear more of him yet, as you know, and it is too soon to speak of his whole life; but I think it is not possible to reflect on what he had done during the past eight years without already feeling a livelier love, and a deeper respect for him than any other character in history can claim. Not because he had served his country without pay; though that is not by any means a common occurrence either in this or in any other nation. Not because he had fought so well and so skillfully against the best soldiers that England could send against him; though many men whom we are taught to admire and respect were nothing but soldiers, yet not so able in this respect as he. Nor yet because he had been successful in freeing his country; though this alone, as you know, is quite enough to secure for any man immortal fame.

You will love and respect George Washington because of his whole-souled devotion to this country, a feeling into which not one spark of selfishness or ambition ever entered. Because from the day he took the command of the Continental army to that on which he resigned his commission, his great mind never once, even for an instant, swerved from the pursuit of the object he had undertaken to gain. Because good report did not spoil, or bad report irritate him. Because in the darkest hour of distress, when almost every one about him lost heart and hope, he never despaired of his country. Because in success and defeat he was always the same—firm, vigorous, prudent, wise; and all the envious creatures who surrounded him, seeking an opportunity of doing

ing him a mischief, never once found the tiniest loop-hole through which his honor, or his virtue, or his courage, or his sagacity might be assailed.

I do not know any other man in history of whom as much could be said.

It seems quite a pleasant thing for us to-day to think of the battles won by the Americans. We can fancy them charging in high spirits and with great shouts, slashing and shooting, and the English flying before them—as they sometimes did—and at last, when the fight was over, the soldiers returning to their camp with huzzas of victory, and sitting down, begrimed with blood, and dust, and sweat, and powder, but exulting in the full pride of having struck a blow for freedom and you, their children.

But though this picture was realized now and then during the tussle, there was another which might have been seen far more frequently.

That picture was sorrow, poverty, despair. We who live in peace-time have never seen the real horrors of war. We have never gazed on villages blazing in flames, houses sacked, men murdered by the roadside, women and little children driven into the woods to live with foxes and wolves and wild-cats. We have never known what it is to have a foreign army of cut-throats like the Hessians march in among us, take possession of our houses, insult every one, and shoot any man who made complaint. We have never been forced to give our last dollar to pay soldiers.

All these and many worse things were endured in each of the thirteen States at various times, New

Hampshire alone excepted. Often and often in the course of these eight years men said to themselves that it would be better to submit to the English than to suffer such misery; happy it was for them and for you that George Washington and the other leaders did not share these feelings.

When the war broke out, Congress had no money to pay its soldiers. It raised funds by issuing paper bills, which were to be paid at a fixed time afterward; and several of the States did the same thing. For a short while people took these bills instead of money. But as the war went on, people began to fear that England might conquer them, and that the bills would never be paid. Then the bills began to be current for less than their original value—one dollar in coin being worth two and three and four in paper. After a short time they fell again, and men who had gold or silver would not exchange one dollar of it for less than twenty paper dollars. Again after a short while they fell still lower, and continued to fall till one silver dollar was worth one thousand in paper.

The consequence was that the price of every thing rose enormously. In some places a coat was worth more than a thousand dollars in paper. Congress was so poor that when Lafayette went to Virginia to oppose Cornwallis, no one would give him clothes for his men on the credit of the United States: he was forced to buy them himself on his own account.

Before the end of the war, many of the paper bills fell to nothing, and I dare say some of them were sent to the mills to be ground up and made into paper again.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BEFORE the final peace a speck of trouble appeared in the horizon. During the war Congress had been so poor that the soldiers had been badly paid, and many of them had suffered great hardships in consequence. When peace drew near, and they saw they were to be disbanded, they began to clamor, and to demand that Congress should not set them adrift penniless.

Some of them, reading the history of other countries, and fancying it would be quite easy for the army to make its general king (the thing has been done, as you know, at Rome, in France, and elsewhere), laid a plot to crown Washington king of the United States. But it came to nothing.

You have read in Roman history that when the soldiers laid a similar plot to make Julius Cæsar Emperor of Rome, he pushed the crown away, but so gently, that every one saw it was only a sham to make believe he didn't want it. Washington did not push the crown away in any such fashion. But he let the army know so plainly and so energetically that he would suffer nothing of the kind, that the plan was very soon dropped.

Then several of the officers met together and talked over their grievances in a menacing way.

Soldiers have a habit of grumbling. Men who have fought for their country are apt to think they can not be too highly rewarded for doing so. All soldiers have been grumblers, and I dare say this will always be the case. Washington's soldiers had some cause for grumbling, as you know, and they grumbled most lustily. Some of them did more. They marched to Philadelphia and surrounded Congress with threatening cries. But they were quickly overpowered by a detachment dispatched to Philadelphia by Washington. The officers, after a time, were likewise brought to reason. Congress gave them a round sum, and they went quietly to their homes.

This was the first danger which menaced the young Republic. Had it not been for Washington's wisdom and skill, it might have been very serious. It has often happened in other countries that, after a long war, the army has enslaved the nation. Armies are necessary, as you know, in time of war; but in time of peace they are rather a nuisance, and may be very dangerous.

The next danger also had its origin among the officers of the army.

You have read in Roman history of the great patriot Cincinnatus, who left his plow in the field to take the command of the Roman armies, and after fighting the battles of his country, returned once more to his farm to till the earth and lead the life of a simple citizen. Many of the officers of the Continental army bore some resemblance to Cincinnatus, as they, too, had left their plows and their homes to

fight for their country, and were now returning home to be private citizens.

On the strength of this resemblance some one proposed to found a society to be called the Order of the Cincinnati, to which all the officers should belong. The idea seemed good, and was carried into effect. Thus far no harm was done. But the Order of the Cincinnati made a rule by which the eldest sons of the members, or, these failing, some other descendant, should take their place in the Order at their death. Another rule prescribed certain ornaments and badges to be worn by members.

When these rules became known, a great outcry arose. People said that the Order of the Cincinnati was nothing less than an order of nobility; and I have no doubt but it was. They said, moreover, that they intended this country to be a republic; and that they would suffer no nobility or aristocracy to be established here.

The quarrel might have become grave, had not Washington interfered. He persuaded the Order of the Cincinnati to repeal the rule which provided for the descent of the right of members to their sons, and thus the danger was averted.

The third and the greatest danger arose from the poverty of Congress and of the States. Congress owed every body money, at home and abroad, and had no means of paying. A great many plans were proposed to raise money to pay these debts, but for a long time none suited the States. Each State had hard work to pay its own debts.

In Massachusetts, new taxes had been imposed for

the purpose. Most of the farmers and trades-people were poor, and grumbled at these new taxes, and at last some said bluntly they would not pay them.

A number of these, a thousand or more, met together and resolved, in an extremely wrong-headed way, that they would resist the State government in arms. They elected an old soldier named SHAYS to be their leader, and marched to Worcester and Springfield, bullying and swaggering, and putting a stop to business. I suspect myself that Shays and one or two other old soldiers, who were weary of peace and wanted to go on shooting and slashing as they had done during the war, got up the affair in the regular way of business.

The Governor of Massachusetts, whose name was BOWDOIN, was a man of great boldness and energy. He called out the militia at once, appointed General Lincoln to command them, and bade them put down the rebellion.

Shays and his men had marched to Springfield to take possession of the arsenal there. It was guarded by GENERAL SHEPHERD. When Shays approached, Shepherd bade him keep off, or he would fire; and as he still came on, Shepherd sent a few balls among his men, on which they scampered off in a terrible hurry.

Lincoln chased them from place to place; and finally, hearing that they were assembled at Petersham, he came up with them by marching thirty miles without stopping. Shays had had quite enough of rebelling; neither he nor his men made any resistance. A good many of them were taken prisoners,

and a few slightly punished, but no one was executed; and thus the matter ended.

In New Hampshire, a few noisy fellows got up a similar disturbance. But the Governor very quietly told them that he would not be bullied; and some one in the crowd shouting, "Bring up the artillery and have at 'em!" they suddenly discovered that they had pressing business at home, and never came back.

Still the money difficulty lasted, and it was plain that some plan must be found to enable Congress to pay its debts. Virginia proposed that all the States should send delegates to a Convention for the purpose. At first, the States took very little notice of the call; and the first Convention, which was held at Annapolis in September, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six, was only attended by five out of the thirteen States, and nothing was done.

The next spring, however, a new Convention met at Philadelphia. Washington was elected President; and nearly all the best and wisest men of the country were members.

It sat nearly four months, discussing the Constitution to be adopted. You know that at the present day, unhappily, great differences of opinion exist between the North and South; they existed then, though they were not as wide as at present. The members from each State fancied their interests were opposed to those of the others; and thus a great deal of angry discussion and bad feeling arose. It was not possible, I think, to frame a constitution that would have exactly suited all parties. No man, in private

life, can have every thing his own way; and so none of the States could expect to have a constitution framed precisely according to their own wishes. The best that could be done was to follow the example of all wise and prudent people in private life, namely, for each to yield something to the others; and this was finally agreed upon by the members.

When the discussion was over, and the fierce arguments which had been used were rankling in the minds of many of the members, old Benjamin Franklin arose with a written paper in his hand. The venerable patriot—how different now from the runaway apprentice!—was feeble, and unable to read aloud what he had written. Another member read his speech to the Convention; and you might have heard a leaf rustle, so silent were the members while it was read.

It was full of words of kindness and charity. The wise old man implored his friends to silence their disputes for the country's welfare; reminded them that the only danger they had to fear was disunion among themselves; and appealed to each one then there to give a proof of his love for the young republic by yielding something for the common good, and giving his neighbor the right hand of fellowship.

These gentle counsels had a wonderful effect. Members forgot their disputes and shook hands warmly with each other. Very shortly after, the Constitution of the United States was adopted; and the thirteen States were requested to declare whether or no they would abide by it.

The first State to make answer was stout little

Delaware, which said yes at once. Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, and Connecticut, followed.

In every free country, however, people will differ in opinion; and there were a certain number of persons in the other States who thought on the whole that the Constitution was not the best that could have been devised, and made objections to it. It was very easy to do this; but I fancy these cavilers would have been rather puzzled if they had been made to sit down and frame a better one, or one which would have suited as many of the States.

To answer their objections, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and John Jay, wrote a series of articles under the head of "The Federalist," in a New York paper. If you read them, I think you will agree with me that they demolished the objections, and did not leave the objectors a leg to stand on.

At all events, they had such an effect that in a few months all the States except Rhode Island—which was growing a little dull and old-fogyish at this time—ratified the Constitution. North Carolina higgled at it, and some of the other States made amendments; but it was ratified notwithstanding, and became the law of the land.

It is so still, though it has been altered in some points. You will do well to read and study it. I know of no constitution in the world so free, so safe, so wise. There are people still, as there were in the days of "The Federalist," who try to pick all sorts of holes in it, and tell you that this is wrong and that is wrong; that this should be changed, and that that

should be stricken out or put in. I am afraid that these people would make sad work of it if they had their own way, and were allowed to make a new constitution instead of the old one.

It has served this country sixty-seven years, during which time the United States have grown from a poor, feeble, divided nation to be one of the richest and the strongest powers in the world. May it serve them still when other sixty-seven years, and centuries after that, shall have rolled their course, and most of us who live to-day have been long, long since forgotten!

New York was the seat of government. The old Town Hall, which stood where the Custom-house now stands, was set apart for the use of the Congress to be elected under the new Constitution. It was a wretchedly rickety old building, and as the time for the meeting of Congress drew near, the people of New York were rather ashamed of it. A few rich men subscribed a large sum to repair it and furbish it up, so that it should look decent; but it had a shabby appearance notwithstanding.

It is amusing to think that on the fourth of March, the day fixed for the meeting of Congress, only eight senators and thirteen representatives were present. They wrote urgent letters to their missing colleagues, begging them to come to New York as soon as possible. But in those days the roads were bad, and coaches were scarce. Many of the members had to ride to New York on horseback. Others sailed along the coast in boats. In some places the people thought so little about politics that they forgot to

elect members of Congress. How different from our time!

At last, on the sixth of April, the Senate began its sittings. The representatives walked into the Senate Chamber, and the President of the Senate opened the ballot-box to count the votes for President. When he had counted them, he declared that George Washington was unanimously elected first President of the United States. John Adams, who had the next greatest number of votes, was Vice-President.

A messenger was sent off to Mount Vernon to acquaint Washington with his election. He was living quietly in his peaceful home, busy in his fields, and hoping that he had done with public life; but when he heard that he had been elected President, he declared at once that he would obey his country's call, and started for New York.

He wished to travel privately; but this the people would not allow. At every town on the way, the people flocked round him, welcoming him and giving grand fêtes in his honor. When he reached Trenton, in New Jersey, where he had fought a few years before, a very pretty reception was given him. On the bridge over the Assunpink, an arch had been raised, with this inscription:

"The defender of the mothers will be the protector of the daughters."

A band of young girls dressed in white stood under the arch, waiting till Washington came up. When he approached, they strewed the way with flowers, and sang a little song composed for the oc-

casion. You will find it in many books, but still, I copy it here.

Welcome, mighty chief, once more
Welcome to this grateful shore!
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow;
Aims at thee the fatal blow.

Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arm did save,
Build for thee triumphal bowers;
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers!
Strew your hero's way with flowers!

I dare say the poets of New Jersey—you know who they are—have written much finer poetry than this. But still I think it must have been very delightful to hear those pretty girls all in white singing these simple verses as they scattered roses, and violets, and forget-me-nots on Washington's path.

He had, of course, a grand reception at New York, with no end of cheering, and shouting, and firing of cannon, and fire-works.

The carpenters were still hammering, and sawing, and chopping at the old Federal Hall, as it was called, and, on their account, Washington was obliged to wait a week to be inaugurated. In the mean time a great discussion arose in the Senate and the House of Representatives about the title to be given to him. The House said: Call him plain Mr. President. But the Senate answered that would never do. He must have some title, like the chief rulers of other nations. One proposed one title, another another; and for some time the Senate was in great perplexity on the subject. At last they agreed upon

a title which they thought excessively neat and appropriate. It was: "His Highness, the President of the United States, and Protector of their liberties."

It would have sounded funny enough to-day if we had got into the habit of addressing the President as "Your Highness." Happily, there was a little common sense in the House, and they cut the matter short by addressing Washington as "The President."

On the thirtieth of April, Washington, followed by all the leading men in the country, took the oath of office on the balcony of Federal Hall. When he had taken it, Chancellor Livingston turned to the crowds assembled in Wall and Broad streets, and cried,

"Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

In all its riots and its battles New York had never heard such a shout as arose from the multitude when those words were heard. From river to sea, from the forest to the shore, the air rung again and again with the cry, "Long live George Washington!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THERE were, as I said, some persons in the United States who were not satisfied with the Constitution, and thought that a better one might have been framed. On the other hand, most people believed that on the whole it was the best possible, considering the rivalry of the States and great difficulty of hitting upon a plan that suited every one. These two classes of persons became political parties.

Those who approved the Constitution were called Federalists: those who objected to it were called Anti-Federalists or Republicans.

You will see, as we go on, that in politics names mean very little. In every free country politicians usually split into parties, very often without much ground or reason. When they split, each party adopts some distinguishing name; but generally these names are chosen without much thought as to their fitness.

When Washington became President, for instance, there were in reality but very slight differences of opinion between the Federalists and the Republicans. And certainly these names had very little meaning as applied to those who bore them. If the Federalists had changed names with the Republicans, I don't think any one would have noticed it.

Washington paid very little attention to these di-

visions of party. He chose Alexander Hamilton to be his Secretary of the Treasury, and General Knox to be Secretary of War. Both of these belonged to the party of the Federalists. For Secretary of State he chose Thomas Jefferson; and for Attorney-General, Edmund Randolph. Both of these were Republicans.

The first thing needful was to pay the debts created by the war. To this subject Alexander Hamilton gave his whole mind. He had proved himself a good soldier during the war: when it ended, he became a lawyer, and rose to great fame at the bar; and now, he gave proof of equal talent as a statesman. After long discussions in Congress, his plan for paying the debts of the United States was adopted.

Most of those who had received the paper bills of the old Congress had sold them for very little, believing they would never be paid. As soon as Hamilton's plan was made public, the bills suddenly rose in value, and those who had bought them made great fortunes. They were, for the most part, speculators and usurers. I am sorry the poor soldiers and others who first received the bills lost money by them; but it will be a lesson to you not to lose faith in your country's credit, should misfortune hereafter befall her.

At this time the whole population of the United States was less than four millions of souls, not many more than are now contained in the State of New York alone. The value of the goods exported each year was said to be about twenty millions of dollars,

nearly one-tenth of what it is now. It is wonderful to think that in less than three-quarters of a century the people of the United States have multiplied to seven times their original number, and their wealth to more than ten times its former amount.

While the Republicans and Federalists were arguing fiercely about politics, and the people, who did not mind them very much, were busy planting, and sowing, and weaving, and forging, and building, and turning the peace to account in various ways, more wars broke out. This time it was the Indians who took up arms against the Western settlements. They said that the white men had seized their lands.

Many years before, a Scotch trader named M'Gillivray had married the daughter of an Indian chief of the tribe called Creeks. He had a son, whom he sent to school at Charleston, and who grew up a very grave and bold young man. When the war of the Revolution began, M'Gillivray took the part of the King; on which the people confiscated his property, and obliged him to run away from the country.

His son Alexander fled into the woods to his mother's tribe. They were delighted to have him among them, and elected him to be their chief. He was a man of great spirit and talent, and gave the whites a vast deal of trouble.

When the dispute first arose, Washington sent messengers to M'Gillivray to try to arrange matters peaceably. The chief made answer that his tribe would not give up their lands.

Washington sent again to him, and asked him to come to New York and talk the matter over. M'Gil-

livray came accordingly with twenty-eight of his warriors, all in their grand Indian war-dress, and looking as proud as the lords of the forest may. Once in New York, Washington and the other great people treated the Creeks so well, and made them such fine presents, and I am afraid gave them so much wine to drink, that a treaty was very soon made, and they went home in capital humor.

In the North, the whites were not so lucky. An expedition was sent out against the Miami Indians; but it fell into an ambuscade, great numbers were killed, and the rest forced to return home. One of the officers, CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG, was plunged up to his neck in a swamp, and so forced to witness the horrible dance of victory of the Indians, who tortured and mangled their wounded prisoners in their usual fiendish way.

The next year a strong force marched into the Indian country on the borders of the Wabash. It was commanded by GENERAL ST. CLAIR, and was a very unlucky business altogether. In the first place it set out very late in the year, and suffered a good deal from the weather. Many of the militia got tired of soldiering after a few days' march, and deserted. Finally, one November morning, while the army were encamped and suspecting nothing, they were furiously attacked by a large body of Indians. It is not easy to understand the accounts of the battle, and I can not help thinking that the United States troops were very badly led. However this be, they were utterly routed and forced to fly, with a loss of nine hundred men, including fifty-nine officers. So dread-

ful a defeat had never been suffered in any former Indian war.

On the strength of it the Indians grew more bold, and from north to south harassed the backwood settlements, burning, plundering, and murdering the settlers. To put them down, another large force was mustered, and sent into their country under the command of General Wayne. The Indians kept out of the way, however, and two years passed before Wayne could fight a battle.

At last he came up with them on the bank of the Maumee River, where they had very large villages and extensive corn-fields. The battle was fought on the twentieth of August, and the Indians, after a short resistance, were beaten and chased for some distance at the point of the bayonet. Their corn-fields were laid waste, and such a lesson taught them that they were very glad next year to make peace, and sell their lands to the whites.

By this time Rhode Island and North Carolina had joined the Union, and agreed to the Constitution. Little Rhode Island was rather ashamed that she had not come forward before, and sent an address to Congress which will not remind you of Roger Williams or of any other great-hearted man. Thus the thirteen States were united once more.

People used to say that thirteen was an unlucky number, though I do not exactly see why. Whether or no, it was not long the number of the United States.

In the olden time, when only the coasts of America were peopled, and the banks of a few rivers, the

back country was not of much account. If you had asked a man who owned a mile of land fronting on the ocean how far back his farm went, I dare say he would have answered that he claimed back to the Rocky Mountains, or perhaps to the Pacific Ocean. In some cases, where people wanted to be very particular, they put down one hundred miles as the depth of their lands.

As population increased, and settlers went deeper and deeper inland to find fertile soil and pleasant sites for towns or villages, this free-and-easy way of measuring land was given up, of course. But very troublesome disputes about boundaries arose.

A great many settlers had built themselves houses and villages on the beautiful valleys westward of the Connecticut and near the foot of the Green Mountains. In course of time these settlements took the name of VERMONT, which is the French for Green Mountain. The question then arose: To what State did Vermont belong?

New York said it belonged to her. New Hampshire said it was hers. Each State sent a party of men to secure it, and a good deal of quarreling and some little fighting took place. While the dispute was going on, the men of Vermont, who were stout, independent fellows, as they are still, met together and declared that they would belong neither to New York nor New Hampshire, but would become a separate State.

It was long before New York would consent to it. There were many people in that State who thought it a terrible thing to lose so fine a country as Vermont,

and were for keeping it by force of arms. But Alexander Hamilton and other wise statesmen prevailed upon the people to do nothing so foolish; and in course of time the State of Vermont was duly admitted to the Union.

You remember the bold hunter of North Carolina, Daniel Boone, who wandered away alone over the mountains, into the valley of the Kentucky River, and lived nearly a whole summer alone in the wilderness, with no other companions than deer, and foxes, and other wild animals. When Daniel Boone returned to the sea-coast and told how fine a region he had found, and what splendid hunting and farming grounds it contained, many bold men took their guns on their shoulders and followed him thither. Very soon villages reared their heads on pleasant slopes. Settlers flocked in from all parts of the country; and before the war was over, Kentucky, as the new region was called, was quite a populous district.

At first it formed part of Virginia. But before many years were over, the men of Kentucky began to think of forming a separate State. They sent word to Virginia that such was their wish.

Virginia made answer that she was glad to hear it, and would give them every aid in her power. So, no one objecting, Kentucky, the fifteenth State, was duly admitted to the Union.

Soon after the peace, a number of the old Regulators and others who had crossed the Alleghany Mountains and settled on the fertile banks of the Tennessee, thought it was high time for them too to form another State. They met together at Jonesborough,

and declared themselves independent of North Carolina. They were not agreed at first about a name, but after some debate, they christened the new State by the name of Frankland. JOHN SEVIER was elected first Governor.

North Carolina was obstinate, however, and sent word to Jonesborough that she would not give up any part of her territory. Many of the Franklanders taking her part, the new State languished, and made very little progress.

After a time the two parties—those who wanted to stand by North Carolina and those who were for the State of Frankland—came to open blows. The leader of the former, whose name was TIPTON, made a descent on the plantation of Governor Sevier, and seized his slaves.

Sevier, who was a thorough fighting man, collected a party of his friends, got a small piece of cannon, and laid siege to Tipton's house. Tipton would have stood a very poor chance had it not been for a detachment of North Carolinians who marched to his relief. When Sevier's men saw them come, they scampered off into the woods.

Tipton made a sortie, and some fighting took place, in which Sevier's sons were made prisoners. Tipton wanted to hang them, but this was prevented. Their father fled, and after he had gone, no one ever spoke more of the State of Frankland.

North Carolina took quiet possession of her territory, and very wisely agreed to forget all that had past. At first she passed a law against John Sevier, who had tried so hard to deprive her of the region

beyond the mountains; but when the people of the Tennessee districts elected him their member to the North Carolina Assembly next year, he, too, was forgiven, and took his seat.

Sevier was a true American. He never gave up. Six years afterward, it was found that the people of the Tennessee districts numbered sixty-seven thousand, and mainly through his influence they applied to Congress to be admitted as a State of the Union.

This time North Carolina could not object. Since the first movement to separate, great numbers of Carolinians had crossed the mountains, and planted themselves in the rich valleys of Tennessee, and had elected the old patriot John Sevier to be their Governor. Congress made no objection, and thus, TENNESSEE, the sixteenth State, was admitted into the Union.

A rather lively skirmish took place in the first Congress about the seat of Government. At that time people were not as wise as they are now, and each State had the folly to imagine that it would be an advantage to have the seat of government within its borders. You and I know a great deal better than this.

When the question arose, there was a general scramble among the States. All the States voted against New York; but the North voted against the South, New England against Virginia, and each State against its neighbor. It was a very small, selfish quarrel at best. In the end, it was decided that the seat of Government should be located on the Potomac.

Washington chose a tract of land which was to belong to none of the States, and was called the District of Columbia. Surveyors, architects, and masons were set to work to build a federal city in the new District. Meanwhile the seat of Government was transferred to Philadelphia.

George Washington had been elected as President for four years. As the close of his term drew near, he wished to retire to live quietly at Mount Vernon. He was tired of serving the state, and the Republic fairly started, he thought he might withdraw from politics with safety.

But when people heard that he did not wish to be again elected President, a great clamor arose. They loved him so dearly, and trusted him so thoroughly, that they were frightened at the thought of losing him. The Federalists, who regarded him as the chief of their party, were distracted at the thought; and the Republicans, though they did not entirely agree with all he had done, were as anxious that he should not yet leave the government.

Both parties begged him so earnestly to remain that once more he gave up his private wishes to please them. His nephew, Colonel Washington, had just died, and his death had deeply afflicted him. But in him nothing stood in the way of the public welfare.

When the election took place, he was again elected unanimously. There was some difference of opinion in the States as to the Vice-President. Adams was a Federalist. To oppose him, the Republicans ran Clinton of New York as their man. But when

it was put to the vote, Adams triumphed. He was so true and honest a man that many who did not quite like his principles were glad to see him chosen once more. And thus no change was made at the election of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MOST wonderful changes had been taking place in France during the past three or four years. Long and long before America was discovered, the French people had submitted to be trampled under foot by their kings and their lords. Year followed year, generation followed generation, century followed century, and still the trampling went on. It seemed as though the heart of France had been trampled out.

It was not so, however; for when the news of the establishment of the Republic of the United States reached France, the people set up a great cry: "That is what we want!"

And they rose in their strength, and smashed prisons and castles, king and lords, to atoms. This was what is called the French Revolution.

But when it came to founding a Republic like the United States, the French found it no easy matter. The brave Lafayette was there, to be sure, to teach his country what he had learned in America. But very few of the French knew any thing of the Americans, or their ways of managing. They and their ancestors for hundreds and hundreds of years had lived without liberty; and when they got it all at once, they did not know what use to make of it.

The kings of Europe, like wretched cowards, as

they were, clubbed together when they heard of the French Revolution, and conspired to put down young Liberty in France. You know how well they succeeded.

One of the vilest of their many vile acts was their treatment of General Lafayette. In the midst of the trouble he had gone into Germany, and placed himself in their power. They seized him as though he had been a thief, and thrust him into a prison in Prussia, for no better reason than his love of liberty.

When Washington heard of it, he wrote to the King of Prussia, begging that Lafayette might be set free. But before his letter reached the King, Lafayette had been handed over to another tyrant, the Emperor of Austria, who had plunged him into a damp, unwholesome dungeon at Olmutz.

Washington wrote to the Emperor as he had written to the King of Prussia. But I think he ought to have known better; for the Emperor was more likely to have sent Washington to prison to keep Lafayette company, if he had had a chance, than to set the gallant Frenchman free.

Years and years the brave man languished in his damp, dirty cell, breathing foul air, and his great heart almost breaking under the weight of his misfortune. Once, a young man from South Carolina, named HUGER, started from America to endeavor to rescue him. With the aid of a German who joined him, he succeeded in getting Lafayette out of prison; but he was caught directly afterward, and chained up more closely than before.

It was not till the great Napoleon was at the

head of the French that Lafayette once more regained his freedom. Napoleon, as you know, did nothing by halves. He sent word to the Emperor of Austria that Lafayette must be given up at once, or he would go and take him. On which the Emperor made desperate haste to open the doors of the dungeon of Olmutz, and sneakingly pretended that he did so out of regard for the United States.

If France had had no worse enemies than these miserable tyrants, I think she would have succeeded in establishing a Republic, and beating the whole of them. But, as I said, the French people had not been bred to freedom; and at first, they plunged into astonishing follies.

France was at war with England. The French sent over to this country as their agent a very excited and red-hot sort of gentleman, whose name was GENET. The moment he landed, he took it for granted that the United States were on the side of France, and felt quite sure of it, when Governor Moultrie of South Carolina and a number of other citizens gave him a dinner at Charleston. So he fitted out a couple of privateers at Charleston, and sent them to cruise against the British ships; then proceeded to Philadelphia, where the United States government was, flourishing windy speeches and harangues on the way.

President Washington and his cabinet were very cool and cautious. Thinking over the matter, they came to the conclusion that the United States had had enough of war for the present; that they had no cause of quarrel with England, and would be fool-

ish to go to war with her to please the French. So the President issued a proclamation, forbidding the equipment of privateers, and enjoining upon citizens of the United States to keep the peace with Great Britain.

Upon this Citizen Genet (as he called himself) flew into a terrible rage, and said that his pen refused to write, and his mind to think of such conduct as the President's. It didn't matter much what Citizen Genet's pen agreed or refused to do. But there were at that time in this country a host of well-meaning but weak-headed persons, who thought the United States had nothing better to do than to set to work on the spot to fight with the English. There are no such foolish people now, of course.

Most of these curious fellows belonged to the party called Republicans; and as Citizen Genet flourished the word Democrat very often in his flowery speeches and letters, they took that name as well, and called themselves Democratic Republicans.

This was the origin of the great political party known as the Democratic party, which has furnished so many great statesmen to this country. There are very many events in its history to be proud of, as you will see as we go on.

When Citizen Genet found that these persons were willing to support him, he took a very high stand indeed, and openly declared that he would make the President do as he pleased. In spite of the laws and the proclamation, he fitted out privateers at Philadelphia; and when the authorities remonstrated with him, he stormed and raved about

liberty and the rights of man, and abused Washington in a furious manner.

It is shameful to think that so good a man in every way as Washington was should have been vilified, and called coarse names by those for whom he had done so much. But it was so. Citizen Genet spent his whole time in trying to create mischief, and to stir up enmity against the President. And there were thoughtless persons enough in the country to listen to him, and become his tools.

Harassed as he was by this mean annoyance, Washington never deigned to retaliate upon his enemies. At times the persecution became so cruel that he swore in his honest wrath he would rather be in his grave than in his place as President; but even then he never showed any open sign of enmity or desire for revenge. Hamilton wanted him to send Genet home to France without farther delay; but this he would not consent to do.

He wrote, however, to the French Government, to tell them how badly Genet was behaving, and how much trouble he was giving. The answer to this was an order to Genet to return to France immediately. He did not obey it; as, in the midst of his flowery speeches and furious attacks on the President, he had found time to make love to the beautiful Miss Clinton of New York, and had married her. He settled in this State; and having, in course of time, given up the idea of doing the President's work for him, became a quiet, respectable citizen. And this was the end of Citizen Genet.

Washington's next trouble was with the people

of Northern Pennsylvania. I dare say his forbearance toward Genet had led them to suppose that he was a weak sort of man, who could easily be bullied; for, when it was attempted to enforce the law laying a tax on the distilling of whisky, they collected together in large numbers and resolved they would not pay it. A band of them, led by a fellow named HOLCROFT, who took the nickname of Tom the Tinker, besieged the collector's house, drove him from the country, and very soon upset all law and authority together. No one was obeyed but Tom the Tinker, and the tax, of course, was not paid.

When the news reached Washington, he sent for the Governor of Pennsylvania, and advised him to quell the disturbance. But the Governor wasted time, and wrote letters, and doubted, and hummed and hawed, and all the while the rebels—whisky rebels as they were called—were growing more numerous and more insolent.

Washington saw that it was time to act. While Governor Mifflin was still racking his brain to find out what he should do, the President called out fifteen thousand of the militia, and marched them into the revolted districts. This was a cruel disappointment to Tom the Tinker and his friends. If Washington had only sent a thousand men or so, they would have given them battle; but to send fifteen thousand was to leave them not the ghost of a chance.

They made a great many long faces, and held meetings round liberty poles, and thundered astounding speeches about equality and the rights of

man—meaning, of course, his right to pay no tax on his whisky; but as the militia were not overwhelmed by these proceedings, but marched steadily on, they laid down their arms, and agreed to submit to the law. A few prisoners were made, but none were severely punished. After this, however, the Pennsylvanians altered their opinion of Washington, and Tom the Tinker vanished.

There was no end to the trouble with England. The King was still at war with the French. In order to injure them, he and the great lords decided that no nation should trade with them, under pain of their ships being seized by the English cruisers and sold as prizes in England. They pretended that they had a right to act in this absurd way, in virtue of rules laid down in musty old books which were called Treatises on International Law. You and I know very well that if John Smith quarrels with John Brown, and undertakes to say that no man shall deal with John Brown, or have any thing to do with him, people will set John Smith down for a madman, and knock him about the head if he be troublesome. I think it would have done the old King and the great lords some good to have been knocked about the head a little at this time.

Washington sent a very sensible and talented man, John Jay, to England to discuss these matters. He made a treaty with the King, which was not exactly the sort of treaty that ought to have been made, and did not protect the rights of the United States in as thorough a manner as was proper.

When the treaty came home, and the people

heard of it, a great clamor arose. Men said that no such treaty ought to be approved. Washington and his cabinet were much perplexed.

They saw very plainly that the King had no right to seize their ships or their sailors, and that the treaty did not go far enough. But at the same time they saw also that the country needed peace. Business was thriving; the fields were tilled; factories had been built; the people were prosperous and happy. If a war were to break out, the old times of want, and suffering, and poverty, and idleness were sure to recur. So, on the whole, they thought it better to yield some portion of their rights for the moment, and approve the treaty. The Senate thought so too; and it was ratified, very much against the wish of a great number of the people. I dare say it was the best thing that could have been done.

The strife between the Federalists and the Republicans had never ceased; and the latter took the lead in abusing Washington for approving the treaty. Thomas Jefferson, who was one of the chiefs of the Republican party, was no longer Secretary of State, and the Federalists had it pretty much their own way. They were mostly sober, sedate men, who looked always to the main chance, and thought very little of fine speeches or flourishes.

Not a few of the people of the United States acted on the contrary principle, and made a great deal of empty noise about Liberty and Equality. They thought this country should imitate France in every thing.

The French, you know, who are an exceedingly brave and enlightened people, are very fond of fine phrases, and pretty pictures, and stage effects. When the American minister, MR. MONROE, went to Paris, the President of the Convention received him in great state with a tremendously high-flown speech; after which, he threw his arms round his neck and kissed him in the French fashion.

In the same way, the French envoy to the United States, CITIZEN ADET, sent forth a grand proclamation, enjoining upon all Frenchmen in America to wear cockades in their hats. Upon which all the Americans who wanted to show their love for the French wore cockades in their hats likewise.

It didn't matter much, as you know, whom Mr. Monroe kissed in Paris, or what people wore on their hats; but all these things, joined to the red-hot speeches of the French and their American friends, produced a good deal of excitement in this country. Many citizens of the United States, seeing how unruly and noisy the French were in France, thought they ought to imitate their example here.

At Baltimore a band of rioters took offense at a man for having offered some affront to the American flag, and seized and tarred and feathered him in broad daylight. One of the judges, whose name was CHASE, caused two of the rioters to be brought before him, and sentenced them to jail for disturbing the peace.

But the mob assembled, filled the court-house and the ground adjoining, and terrified the Sheriff

to such a degree that he dared not take the two prisoners to jail. He asked Judge Chase what he should do.

"Summon the posse," said the Judge.

"But," replied the Sheriff, "no one will obey the summons."

"Summon me, then," cried this bold judge: "I will take the prisoners to jail."

But when they saw how firm and resolute he was, they very quickly gave bail, according to law.

He ordered that their case should be set down to be heard "to-morrow." Some one observed that the next day was Sunday.

"No day more fit," said he, "on which to vindicate the law."

If they had had a few such men as Judge Chase in France, they would have got on much better, and their mobs would have been much less turbulent. There were many such in this country, and, thanks to them, the people very seldom broke loose from their usual common sense.

After the treaty with England, the most troublesome foreign enemy the United States had was Algiers. The Algerines were pirates. They sailed from their own country into every sea, plundering every vessel that would not pay them tribute, and carrying off the crews to be slaves in Algiers. They had already plundered several American ships, and enslaved over a hundred citizens.

To put a stop to this work, Washington resolved to send an agent to Algiers, to treat with the Dey, as their king was called. The man chosen for this

service was John Paul Jones, the famous sailor. He had fought, as you remember, with wonderful bravery and success during the War of Independence. After that was ended, he had entered the service of foreign princes, and been appointed an admiral by the Empress of Russia.

But he was of a restless disposition, and never could be satisfied any where. A dispute arising between him and the Empress, he went to Paris, and remained there some time, seeking employment. After a while his money was all spent, and he was in great poverty. It was then that Washington appointed him to go to Algiers.

He prepared for the journey, and made up his mind to earn one more claim to the gratitude of the United States. But before he left Paris he fell ill, and soon after died, with very few friends around him. His was a sad history.

The dispute with the Algerines was not settled till a year or two afterward.

Washington's second term as President drawing to a close, he resolved not to allow himself to be elected again. He had served his country all his life, and latterly some people had begun to abuse him. He was growing old, and needed rest. The republic was firmly established, and there was no fear of its being overturned or shaken.

He wrote that beautiful address to the people of the United States, which is called his Farewell Address, and which, I am sure, you have read many times already; told them that they must choose some other President; and added that the brief

space which he had yet to live must be spent in preparation for another world.

History contains nothing so grand or so truly admirable as the single-heartedness of Washington at this time. It is very likely that he could have made himself king of this country had he chosen, or at least President for life, which would have come to the same thing. But the idea never once entered his pure mind. Ambition had no place in his heart. He gave up the chief power as soon as he thought it was safe for the country; and in bidding farewell to the people he had spent his life in serving, and loved with all the warmth of his great heart, he never once remembered the insults and the calumnies which had been heaped upon him. Oh, if every nation had had a Washington!

When it was certain that he intended to retire, the people began to cast about for a new President. The Federalists had their man, John Adams; the Republicans theirs, Thomas Jefferson. When the votes were cast, John Adams had seventy-one, and therefore became President, Thomas Jefferson sixty-nine, and therefore became Vice-President.

The plan was then different from what it now is. Each voter voted for two men. He who had the highest number of votes was chosen President; and the next highest became Vice-President. It was a very inconvenient method, and was soon abolished.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ON the fourth of March, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, John Adams was inaugurated President of the United States. Among the private citizens who witnessed the ceremony was George Washington, who took a seat in front of the judges.

Nowadays, as you know, we are quite used to see the President relinquish his rank and power, and become a mere citizen when his term of office expires. But it was a new thing then. In other countries, men who had raised themselves to the chief power, had usually kept it, on some pretext or other, until they died or it was taken from them by force. Washington surrendered it willingly, being, as he said, the best pleased man in the country at getting rid of it.

He looked so great in his pure patriotism, that when President Adams spoke of the vast services he had rendered to his country, and the huge debt it owed him, every eye turned to the place where he sat, and many a tear was shed over his loss.

It is shocking to think that even then there were persons in the United States who spent their whole time in trying to injure him and malign his character. The particular friends of the French republic hated him because he had not dragged the United States into a war with England, to please them.

One of these miserable creatures, who published a newspaper at Philadelphia, was constantly inventing all sorts of lies about him, and calling him hard names. I am happy to say that this fellow, happening to pay a visit to the frigate *United States*, which was then being built at Philadelphia, was recognized by some of the ship-builders, and was soundly thrashed for his villainy.

I am sure the French did not deserve to have any friends just now in the United States.

They had been in dreadful confusion in their own country, not knowing how to use their newly-gained liberty. That horrible machine, the guillotine, had had no rest. From morning to night it had chopped off heads without ever ceasing, till the soil around it was sodden with blood. In every city and town dreadful strifes had arisen among the inhabitants, and the strongest party had always settled the dispute by killing great numbers of the weaker. The fact was, I think, the French were all a little mad.

President Washington had sent Mr. PINCKNEY to Paris, to try to conciliate the French, and put an end to the seizures of American ships by French cruisers. But the French Directory, as the government happened to be called at the time, would not receive him, or have any thing to do with him.

President Adams was a very prudent, cautious man; before proceeding to strong measures, he sent a new commission to Paris, composed of Mr. Marshall, Mr. Pinckney, and Mr. Gerry. But the Directory refused to see them.

Several persons called on them, however, and

offered to arrange matters for them with the Directory, on certain conditions. These conditions were, that the United States should pay a large sum of money to France, and a smaller sum—only a quarter of a million of dollars—to the famous Talleyrand, who was a member of the French Government. It was rather cool, when the United States envoys asked the French to cease plundering their ships, to answer: We will see about it, but, in the mean time, you must give us so much money. The French were certainly a very funny set of fellows at this time.

Charles C. Pinckney, one of the envoys, was quite ready with his answer:

"Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute!"

So he and John Marshall shook the dust off their feet and set out homeward with all speed. The third envoy, Elbridge Gerry, was a good-natured, simple gentleman, who ate Talleyrand's dinners, drank his wine, flirted with the fine French ladies, and fancied that he could manage matters far better alone in this way than with two colleagues. So he remained in France. Talleyrand twisted him, and played with him like a cat with a mouse for some time, till at last, seeing that nothing could be done with the French Directory, he too left Paris and returned to America.

There was no doubt in any body's mind as to what was to be done. Some of the red-hot Republicans who wore cockades in their hats, and were always shouting Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity! made some sort of excuses for the French to the last.

But by far the greater part of the people did not see that it made any difference whether the French were subjects of a king or democrats, so long as they seized American ships and stole their cargoes. And Congress very willingly agreed to authorize the President to retaliate.

The nation prepared once more for war. Washington was appointed Licutcnant-general, troops were raised, and ships fitted out. President Adams had made up his mind to give the French a lesson.

One of the first ships that sailed was the *Delaware*, commanded by Captain Decatur, since so famous. He fell in with a French schooner called the *Croyable*, took her, and sent into the Delaware a prize. This astonished the French a good deal.

The *Croyable* being fitted out anew, and christened the *Retaliation*, was sent to sea under Lieutenant Bainbridge, in company with two other small vessels. They fell in with three large French frigates off Guadaloupe. Bainbridge mistook them for British ships, and allowed them to sail quite close to the *Retaliation*. Then they hoisted French colors, and he was obliged to surrender.

The French started at once in chase of the other two American vessels. They had no chance of escaping, as the French frigates sailed faster than they, and were much stronger. But the French captain happening to ask Bainbridge, who was his prisoner, what guns they carried, the latter cunningly said twice as many as they really bore. On this the Frenchman—who, I think, was not particularly anxious to fight—said, if that were the case,

there was no use continuing the chase, and the signal to return was hoisted.

One of the French frigates had so nearly caught up with the Americans that the captain had been able to see quite plainly the number of her guns. So Bainbridge's trick was found out as soon as he obeyed the signal and returned. But the French officers, with very great good temper, only laughed at the way they had been deceived.

A few months afterward the tables were turned on the French. The frigate *Insurgente*, which had captured the *Retaliation*, met the United States ship *Constellation*, and both ships cleared the decks for a fight. The *Constellation* sailed down to attack the Frenchman, who waited quietly, every gun loaded. When they came alongside the firing began; and for an hour nothing was heard but the roar of the cannon, and nothing seen but clouds of smoke.

The French ship had had enough of it by this time, and struck her colors. The first lieutenant of the *Constellation*, whose name was RODGERS, was sent on board of her with twelve men. Just as the French crew were about being transferred from their own ship to the *Constellation*, a furious wind set in, and the two vessels separated.

Rodgers found himself in a very ticklish position. He had only twelve men, and the *Insurgente* still contained nearly two hundred French sailors. Happily, however, he was a giant in strength and a lion in courage. He ordered all the French to go below at once, and placed sentries at the hatches, armed to the teeth, with orders to shoot any man dead who

ventured to come on deck without leave. Then he took charge of the vessel to navigate her to port.

She had been badly cut up during the fight, and sailed very slowly. It was three days before she reached St. Kitts. During all this time Rodgers had never slept, and his anxiety about his prisoners and the ship had almost driven him crazy. But he took his prize in safe at last.

The year after, the *Constellation* fought another great battle with a French frigate, the *Vengeance*, much stronger than herself. Her old captain, TRUXTON, still commanded her. After a few broadsides the Frenchman sheered off, and Truxton gave orders to set sail in chase.

But at that very moment the main-mast of the *Constellation* fell with a tremendous crash over the side, carrying with it several sailors. This, of course, put an end to the idea of a chase, and the *Vengeance* escaped.

Several other battles were fought between American and French ships before the war ended. I think the former were oftener victorious than the latter. At all events, a sufficient number of French ships were taken to convince the Government of France that it would not answer to molest the Americans in future; and General Bonaparte, who had knocked the stupid old Directory on the head, made haste to conclude a peace with the United States.

This was the second successful war the United States had waged. It ought to have taught the kings and the people of Europe to respect this country; but

it did not. The English especially, who are a very manly but obstinate nation, did not learn to do so till they had been thrashed a second time.

One of the most troublesome of their queer notions related to seamen. Formerly, as I told you in another chapter, the King of England paid his sailors so poorly that he could never get men to serve in his ships; and the way he managed was to kidnap seamen wherever he could, and force them to serve against their will. This very barbarous and absurd plan could not but breed trouble.

Just about the time the war with the French began, a fleet of British men-of-war fell in with the American sloop *Baltimore*. One of the British captains sent word to the American captain, whose name was PHILLIPS, that he intended to take all the sailors out of the *Baltimore* who had not papers establishing their American citizenship. He might as well have said he would take all the sailors who had long noses. Captain Phillips protested, but the Englishman was firm. So the former, believing it would be useless to fight, struck his colors, and allowed the English captain to carry away five of his men.

When he got home and told the circumstance, every body blamed him, and asked why he didn't fire into the Englishman. Phillips made a vast number of excuses; but the President was so indignant that he was dismissed from the American navy at once.

It was very hard for poor Phillips, who had been wanting in judgment, not in courage. But the example was good. When a British frigate afterward

sent to Captain Tingley, of the American ship *Ganges*, to know whether he had any British subjects serving as sailors on board, Tingley pointed to the stars and stripes, and said: "That flag covers all my men, and I will not surrender one of them." Which was quite enough for the British commander.

Soon after these events George Washington died, on the fourteenth of December, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine. He had not been long ill; but his whole life had been spent in such severe labors for his country that he had grown old almost before his time, and when disease attacked him, it made rapid work.

To the people, the shock was awful. Every one felt as if he had lost a dear relation. He was the man "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." And though every one knew he must die at some time or other, no one had had the courage to look forward to so great an affliction beforehand.

The whole nation mourned him as its father. From Boston to Savannah, nothing but lamentations were heard. Even in foreign countries his memory was honored as no private citizen's had ever been before. The British fleet lowered their flags to half-mast; and the French Consul, Bonaparte, ordered a funeral oration to be pronounced before him. The world felt it had lost one of its greatest glories.

More than half a century has passed since he died, and every year his fame has seemed brighter and purer. Many men have led more eventful lives; there are many whose career is a livelier and pleas-

anter story; but not one can be named who possessed in so high a degree those crowning virtues of humanity —truth, honor, constancy, love of country, self-denial.

There is a lesson in his history which you will do well to bear constantly in mind. He was not a genius. His qualities were those which a great many of you may possess, if you try to foster them. Yet through them alone, he raised himself to a rank among men, which not even Napoleon or the greatest heroes of ancient or modern times have reached.

In the year after his death the seat of government was removed to Washington. It was hardly a village. There was one "tavern" not far from the Capitol, and a few rude houses scattered in the middle of the woods; but people who wanted to live comfortably took lodgings at Georgetown. The President's wife, Mrs. Adams, complained bitterly that she was obliged to keep great fires going all day to guard against fever and ague; and this was the more difficult as fuel could not be had. It was, she said, a wild, desolate place, not fit for civilized persons to live in. How great a change fifty years or so have made!

As the time drew near for a fresh election, people began to take more interest in politics. Although he was a very honest and worthy man, Mr. Adams was not generally liked. He was a Federalist; but the other great Federalist leader, Alexander Hamilton, openly confessed that he distrusted him.

The Republicans perfectly detested him, and told all manner of absurd stories against him. One of these was to the effect that he had made arrange-

ments to marry his daughter to a son of the King of England, who was to be crowned, through his influence, King of the United States; that General Washington (the story was first concocted before his death) hearing of it, had gone to see him, dressed all in white, and had reasoned with him gently; that, finding Adams firm, he had visited him a second time, dressed all in black, and lectured him severely; that, still failing to change his purpose, he had called a third time, dressed in full uniform; and drawing his sword, he had declared he would never sheathe it till the scheme was given up.

This pitiful stuff was believed by many of the Republicans. It seems very ridiculous to-day; but you must not be too sure that stories quite as absurd are not believed in our time.

The real cause of Mr. Adams not being liked was his having instigated Congress to pass two laws, called the Alien and Sedition Laws. These laws gave a great deal of arbitrary power to the President for the getting rid of troublesome foreigners, and the putting down of those who opposed the government. Mr. Adams's enemies said that they were laws only fit for an old despotism like those of Europe, and wholly contrary to the spirit of American liberty. In which view I think you will concur. When the government of this country requires the aid of soldiers and prisons, and decrees of exile to prevent people speaking their minds on public affairs, freedom will be in a bad way.

The Republican leaders were Thomas Jefferson, and a very remarkable man, of whom we shall hear more, named AARON BURR. They wrought with

might and main to convince the people that they were the right men; while the Federalists were as active in trying to prove that Adams was better than either. The latter, however, were much discouraged by Hamilton's distrust of Adams. A great many persons, moreover, thought that, as the Federalists had had it all their own way for twelve years, it might be well to try the Republicans, just to see whether they could manage the government any better. Which was, I think, a very sensible way of looking at the matter.

When the election took place, no one of the candidates had a majority. According to the Constitution, the duty of choosing a President devolved upon Congress, and the question was whether Jefferson or Burr should be President, each having received the same number of votes.

The excitement was intense. Each man had his friends, who went about arguing that the country would certainly be ruined if Congress did not choose their man. At first the chances seemed in favor of Burr, who was a very cunning politician, and could twist people as he chose with wonderful skill. But when the balloting began, he could not obtain the required majority.

Congress sat seven days, and thirty-five ballots were taken without any result. It was then clear that Mr. Burr could not be elected, and Congress resolved to be content with Mr. Jefferson. On the thirty-sixth ballot he received the votes of ten States, and was thus elected President, Mr. Burr becoming Vice-President according to the old rule.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, third President of the United States, began his administration with an Inaugural Address which is one of the most beautiful and eloquent political papers extant. He had his faults, as you have seen; but he was a thorough republican, a true lover of humanity, and a wonderfully sagacious man. His Address fairly broke the backbone of Federalism. One by one, nearly all the old Federalists, charmed with the beauty and warmth of his sentiments, began to think that after all he made as good a President as one of their own party.

Between you and me, I don't think the difference between the two parties could have been seen even with a microscope. It is not so now, of course, by any means.

The first event of Jefferson's administration was the trouble with the Barbary pirates. You will be ashamed to learn that the United States had agreed to do as other nations did, and pay tribute to the Dey of Algiers, instead of hanging the old rascal on the first tree, as they ought to have done. But as England, France, and Spain, had been in the habit of paying tribute in order to purchase security for their ships, President Adams thought it wise to follow their example.

In the last year of his administration Captain Bainbridge was sent to Algiers with the annual tribute in the frigate *George Washington*. While he was at anchor in the port, the Dey took it into his head to order him to sail to Constantinople to carry goods and messages to the Sultan.

Bainbridge refused to do so, saying that the frigates of the United States were not in the service of the Dey.

To which the Dey replied: "You pay me tribute, therefore you are my slaves, and I may order you to go wherever I choose."

A proof, I think, that the Dey was a very sensible sort of man.

In the end, learning that other foreign ships had done the like, Bainbridge agreed to submit to the Dey's orders, and to carry his messages to the Sultan.

The northern coast of Africa swarmed with little pirates, who called themselves Deys, and Beys, and Bashaws, and so on, and lived by robbing foreign ships. No sooner had the Dey of Algiers forced Bainbridge to carry his messages, than the Bey of Tripoli set up a howling because the United States only paid him half as much in the shape of tribute as they paid the Dey. Jefferson saw very plainly that these people would never be quiet until they had been soundly trounced, and accordingly sent a small squadron to the Mediterranean.

War then commenced between Tripoli and the United States, and several Tripolitan cruisers were taken.

One day Bainbridge, who was then commanding the United States frigate *Philadelphia*, saw a small Tripolitan pirate near the shore and gave chase. The pirate hugged the shore. Bainbridge followed for some time in the hope of catching her; but just as they neared the harbor of Tripoli, the *Philadelphia* ran aground upon a shoal. The crew did all they could to get her off. They threw her anchors and her guns overboard, and even cut away her foremast. But she stuck firm on the rock. The Tripolitan gun-boats, meanwhile, came swarming out from the shore, and taking care to attack her in such a way that her guns could not hurt them—she had careened over to one side—succeeded in capturing her, and making all her crew prisoners. With infinite labor they got her off the rock and towed her into the harbor of Tripoli.

When these pirates boarded the *Philadelphia*, the first thing they thought of was robbing the Americans. Every thing that could be carried off was stolen, even to the clothes of the sailors. Bainbridge, almost heart-broken at his misfortune, allowed them to rob him of his watch, his purse, and his epaulets without a word of complaint. But when a greedy rascal thrust his hand into his breast and pulled out a miniature portrait of his young wife, then far away in America, the spirit of the gallant American rose, he drew his sword, and in another second the pirate would have been quivering at his feet. But the menace was enough. The prisoner was not robbed of his only relic of his young love, whom he had left to fight the battles of his country.

Commodore Edward Preble, who commanded the United States Squadron, was furious when he heard of the loss of the *Philadelphia*. He sailed up and down, to and fro, past the harbor, thinking how he could regain her, and punish the pirates of Tripoli. Bainbridge, from the windows of his prison, could see him sail past, and contrived to send him a letter, informing him that the Bey of Tripoli was fitting out the *Philadelphia* to cruise under the Crescent. This was enough for the fiery Preble. He swore that the *Philadelphia* should never sail to sea again.

One of his officers was Lieutenant Decatur, of whom you have heard something already. He was even then, though very young, a good sailor and a prudent officer, full of fire and courage. He and Preble consulted together, and the result was that Decatur was dispatched with seventy-two men to destroy the *Philadelphia*.

He disguised the ketch in which he sailed, so as to make her resemble a Mediterranean craft; then boldly steered for the harbor of Tripoli. It was a beautiful evening in February; there was just enough wind to move the ketch slowly through the water toward the great city of Tripoli and the grand old ship *Philadelphia*, lying proudly in the middle of the harbor. Decatur made all his men but eight or nine lie down on the decks, and stood himself beside the Italian pilot.

Very soon, as the ketch entered the port, one of the Tripolitan sailors on board the *Philadelphia* hailed her:

"What craft is that?"

The pilot had learned his lesson. He answered,

"We belong to Malta, are on a trading voyage, and have lost our anchors in the storm. We want to moor alongside of you."

The Tripolitans saw no objection to this, and even sent a boat with a rope. But as the ketch approached, some one saw her anchor lying outside her bow, and cried that there was foul play somewhere. Another, the trick flashing upon his mind, cried "Americanos!" And the Tripolitan captain gave the word to cut the rope.

But the ketch was athwart the bows of the frigate already, and Decatur and his midshipmen had made her fast.

"Now, boys, board!" shouted Decatur, waving his cutlass. In a twinkling the whole seventy-two sprang on board the *Philadelphia*.

The Tripolitans were so much astonished at this extraordinary proceeding that a great many of them turned quietly round and jumped into the sea. A few tried to resist, but were knocked on the head without delay.

Every thing had been prepared beforehand, and for twenty minutes Decatur's men hardly took time to draw breath. Then, the *Philadelphia* being filled with pitch, and tar, and rosin, and gunpowder, they set fire to her, cut with their swords the ropes which bound the ketch to her bows, and swung off.

The flames rose like lightning, dashing through each hatch and port-hole, hissing along the deck, and creeping up the masts and rigging. It was a

grand and awful spectacle. Every man, woman, and child in Tripoli turned out to see. The blazing ship lit up the port so brightly that the night seemed as clear as day. From their forts the great guns boomed, officers roared their orders, men rushed to and fro, and shot whistled over the little ketch, or splashed the water over her as they fell into the sea by her side. As the fire glowed, the guns of the *Philadelphia* became red hot, and went off with a heavy, sullen sound, sending their balls into the city and the fort. The Bey and his head men swore by the Prophet that they would put the "Americanos" to horrible deaths, if they caught them. And I dare say they would. But they didn't catch them, for the brave Decatur and his gallant little band swept out of the harbor as safely as they had sailed into it, and in a very short time were cheering and huzzaing on board of their own ship, under the dear old stars and stripes.

A few months after this, Commodore Preble sailed with the whole of his squadron to attack Tripoli. The old salt moved in with his own ship, the *Constitution*, as coolly as if he had been entering the Bay of New York, shortened sail, and began to fight. The Tripolitans were far the stronger; but they got a lesson that day which has not yet been forgotten.

The most desperate fighting was on board the gun-boats, three of which were commanded by Decatur. He boarded one of the enemy's boats and took her; then sailed to a second, and boarded her in the same way. She was full of Tripolitans.

Their captain, a man of immense size and strength, made a dash at Decatur with a pike. Decatur tried to parry the thrust with his sword, but it broke short off, and the pike ran into his breast. He tore it out, and clinched his foe. Both fell to the deck together, struggling desperately. The Tripolitan felt for his dagger; Decatur held him by the wrist. Finding that he could not maintain his hold, Decatur let his hand go, with lightning speed drew a small pistol from his pocket, and discharged it into his enemy's body. It was high time. Another Tripolitan had already aimed a blow at Decatur, and the captain's fingers rested on his dagger's hilt. But the little pistol had been true. The pirate's grasp relaxed, and Decatur rose bleeding from the deck.

This sort of thing was going on in every gun-boat. The Tripolitans fought like tigers. As evening came on, the wind changed, and Preble signaled the fleet to put to sea with the prizes they had taken.

Preble was a capital sailor, but very choleric. When Decatur went on board the *Constitution*, begrimed with powder, and covered with blood, he walked up to Preble, and said quietly,

"Well, Commodore, I have brought you three of the gun-boats."

Every body expected old Preble to compliment the gallant young fellow. But instead of this, he grasped him by the collar, shook him, and roared,

"Ay, sir, why did you not bring me more?"

But, a quarter of an hour after, this noble-hearted old man begged Decatur's pardon for his rudeness

with tears in his eyes. I am not surprised the sailors love him.

The last great exploit of this blockade of Tripoli was a very melancholy one. Commodore Preble had conceived the idea of blowing up the Tripolitan fleet inside their harbor by means of a fire-ship. He described his plan to a young officer of known daring and coolness, CAPTAIN RICHARD SOMERS; and the latter, burning to distinguish himself, agreed to lead the desperate expedition.

The old ketch—now called the *Intrepid*—was prepared for the purpose. One hundred barrels of gunpowder were emptied into her hold; and shot, shells, and other missiles were heaped above, on the deck. It was arranged that Somers, with twelve sailors, was to take her in alongside the Tripolitan ships, light the match, and then escape in fast row-boats.

Every thing being complete, as night fell, on the evening chosen, Somers took leave of his friends, telling them that they might make sure he would never be taken prisoner. He then crept into the harbor with the ketch, two or three small American craft remaining outside to pick him up after the work was done.

You may fancy how anxiously the crews of these vessels watched the ketch moving in until the darkness hid her from view. After a few moments silence, a gun boomed; then another; then a great commotion was seen in the city, and more guns were fired. In the midst of the noise, a light was seen moving to and fro in the direction where the ketch was; then a great flash; and then a terrific explosion, which

lit up the whole harbor, and shook the city from end to end; then darkness again, and still solemn silence.

Every one perceived that the fire-ship had been blown up, as was intended. Every eye was on the look-out for Somers and the boats. Hour after hour the sailors watched, listening intently for some sign of their coming. But they came not. Morning dawned and no boats were to be seen.

Somers and all his men had perished. No one knows to this day how it happened. Some suppose that the Tripolitans attacked him in great force as he was going in, and that he blew the ketch up with himself and the men in order to prevent their being made prisoners, as he had said he would. But others believe that the ketch was blown up either by a shot from the forts, or by accident; and this seems the most probable story.

However the disaster occurred, it cost the country one of its bravest men and best sailors. No one in the navy, except perhaps Decatur, had so high a name, or was so thoroughly loved by all who knew him, as young Richard Somers, whose bones lie buried with his twelve companions on the shores of Tripoli.

While all this fighting was going on abroad, the United States were growing prodigiously at home. At the time of the Union, Virginia had granted to the United States all her northwest territory, which was then a wild desert, but is now, as you are aware, one of the richest and happiest regions in the world. A part of this, having grown up rapidly, thought of becoming a State of the Union.

A convention was held at Chillicothe, and a State constitution framed. The new State then applied to Congress for admission to the Union, and it was granted without delay. Thus the seventeenth State was Ohio.

I told you in a former chapter of the first settlements of the French at the mouth of the Mississippi and on its banks. They were made, as you recollect, more than thirty years before the settlement of Georgia. But for some reasons, the chief among which was probably the propensity of the French for fighting instead of working, the colony, which was called Louisiana, did not thrive.

About the time the King of France lost Canada, his affairs were in a very bad way, and he was obliged to give up Louisiana as well to the King of Spain. After a time, the King of Spain gave it back to France again.

There was not much choice between the two. Neither French nor Spanish ever made much of the colony, which continued poor, and thinly peopled, and turbulent.

When General Bonaparte made peace with the United States, Jefferson saw the time had come to make an attempt to acquire Louisiana.

You will find, if you read the histories of Rome, England, France, Russia, Spain, and other great nations, that it was their custom, when they wanted this or that strip of land or territory, just to send a party of soldiers with swords and flags to take it. Sometimes they pretended to pick a quarrel with the owner; as England generally did when she meant to

grab a province or a kingdom in Asia. But very often they wisely dispensed with any farce of the kind. They wanted the place, and they took it because they wanted it, and were strong enough to do so.

For all the examples history contains of this sort of work, I can not see myself that it is any honester than taking a man's hat from his head would be. You know very well that if you take your neighbor's hat, and say you did so because you wanted it, you will most assuredly be sent to the Penitentiary, and serve you right.

There are no penitentiaries for nations, which I think is rather a pity. If there had been, I know several great nations in Europe to which they would have done a vast deal of good.

President Jefferson, being a man of a very original mind, and having the honor of the United States greatly at heart, determined to pursue a new plan with regard to Louisiana. He sent to General Bonaparte, and told him that the United States wanted it very badly; in fact that they were not safe so long as a foreign nation was ensconced behind them on the Mississippi. He then offered to give France a large sum of money in payment for Louisiana.

I dare say Bonaparte, when he received the message, would say to his officers, "What a green-horn that Yankee must be, to talk of paying for the territory he wants! Why doesn't he take it by force, as I take what I want?"

But Jefferson, as I said, was very anxious that the United States should not be accused of robbing

other nations of what belonged to them, and persisted in offering the money. Then Bonaparte, seeing he was in earnest, and being desperately in want of money for his great wars and land robberies, accepted the offer, and Louisiana became part of the territory of the United States.

I suppose England and France are very much ashamed of themselves when they think of this honest act of the United States, and often say to themselves that in future they will follow the example of this country in acquiring territory.

A very melancholy event marked the close of Mr. Jefferson's first term. The Vice-President, Aaron Burr, was, as I told you, a cunning, dark man. He was always plotting and scheming in his dark mind, and winding himself like a snake into places where he ought not to have been. He had been for many years one of the leaders of the Republican party; and as he was an adroit politician, he was at first esteemed by many.

But as time rolled on, his dark practices came to light. People saw that he cared for nothing but himself; that he was not honest in his private dealings; that his word was not to be trusted. So the Republicans withdrew their confidence from him, and resolved, when the election came, to choose George Clinton for Vice-President in his stead.

This was a great blow to Burr's ambition, and he writhed under it. But the Governorship of New York becoming vacant, he set up for Governor, and made sure of success, as he had a great many friends in the city. On election day, however, his

evil genius again awaited him, and he lost the election.

He went home, a darker man than ever, his black heart full of spite, rage, and revenge. He wanted a victim.

One of the many wise men whose good opinion Burr had never been able to win was Alexander Hamilton. From the first Hamilton had seen into the lowest depths of his murky soul, and would have nothing to do with him. As he was as bold as he was wise, when the proper time arrived Hamilton told his friends what he thought of Burr; and every one had so much faith in his wisdom, that his opposition had much to do with Burr's defeats.

Burr said that Hamilton must be his victim. You may have heard that in former days a very ridiculous practice prevailed, which was called dueling. The way of it was this: When a man was insulted he said to him who insulted him,

"Sir, you have done me wrong; to make amends you must shoot at me at such a place, such a time."

This was called a challenge. It was supposed that being shot at was an ample reparation for any injury; and that if a ruffian who insulted an honest man agreed to shoot him afterward, the honest man ought to be quite satisfied. It is very difficult to understand these old customs; but I believe they still exist in a slightly different form in Japan and one or two other barbarous countries.

Burr sent Hamilton a challenge. The latter was very averse to accepting it. He had a large family to support, many clients to defend in the Courts, a

public duty to fulfill to his country. He knew he had been created for something better than to be shot at by an assassin.

But the abominable notions of the time were such that it was very difficult for a man of honor to refuse to fight a duel. Every one said that the challenge was not so much a challenge to Hamilton as to the great Federal party; and Hamilton, viewing it in this light, believed he was bound to accept it.

He sent word to Burr that he would fight him after the term was over, and he had attended to his clients' business.

When the time came, he set his affairs in order, wrote many letters of advice to his friends, and prepared for the duel. He had made up his mind not to shoot Mr. Burr, but to stand as a mark, to be shot at: and he felt an inward presentiment that he should die. Almost his last act before leaving New York for the ground was the writing a letter to excuse Burr's conduct.

At seven o'clock in the morning, on a hot day in July, they met at Weehawk, in New Jersey, opposite New York. The ten paces were marked out; the seconds walked away, and the signal was given. Burr took cool aim, and Hamilton fell.

When the surgeon ran up to him, he was lying on the ground, bleeding from a wound in his side. "Doctor," said he, "this is a mortal wound;" and he fainted.

They hurried him to a boat, rowed across the river, and bore him to a friend's house in New York. His wife and children were sent for in all haste, as

it was plain he was dying. For twenty-four hours he lingered in great pain, but was calm to the last. When his wife gave way to her grief and burst into passionate sobs, he turned to her and said, calmly,

"Remember, Eliza, you are a Christian woman."

So he died—the greatest of the men of the Revolution, save Washington alone. He was great in every thing—as a soldier, as a statesman, as a lawyer, as a writer, as an orator, as a man. There was nothing little in any of his acts or thoughts. Honor was his guide through life, and to his death he was a manly man.

The people of New York were in agony at the news. Almost the whole city attended his funeral in the deepest grief. Trinity Church and the churchyard, and even the street, were crowded with people when GOUVERNEUR MORRIS pronounced his funeral oration; and a thrill shot through the breast of every man as the orator, with hands uplifted, cried,

"I charge you to protect his fame—it is all he has left!"

Burr, the murderer, fled with the curse of Cain on his brow. There was no remorse in his bad heart. Yet a short while, and we shall hear of him again.

The country had not recovered from the shock when election day came round, and Thomas Jefferson was re-elected President, with George Clinton as Vice-President.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE war with the African pirates was not over yet.

Nearly thirty years before, a boy named WILLIAM EATON had run away from his home in Connecticut, and enlisted as a common soldier in the Revolutionary army. He served for several years, and at last became a sergeant. Returning home with some little money he had saved, he studied at Dartmouth College, afterward obtained a commission as a captain in the United States Army, and fought the Indians in the Northwest. When the Indian war was over, he was named Consul to Tunis.

This William Eaton now planned a great scheme against the Bashaw of Tripoli. Some years before, the rightful Bashaw, whose name was HAMET, had been driven from his throne by his brother JESSUF, as often happens in nations of pirates. Eaton found Hamet out, and proposed to him to get up an expedition against his brother. He was in Egypt at the time; but he was very well pleased to leave that country in the hope of regaining his lost rank at home.

He and Eaton started, with about four hundred men, to cross the desert between Alexandria and Tripoli. It was a dreadful journey. They were fifty days on the march, and, toward the end, their provisions gave out, and their water was exhausted.

Many of the Arabs who were among the party were on the point of rebelling and fighting with the Christians under Eaton, when an American ship hove in sight off the coast and relieved their wants.

Eaton and Hamet then marched toward the Tripolitan sea-port Derne, a couple of American vessels accompanying them by sea. When they drew near the town, Hamet sent to the Governor, summoning him to surrender. The Tripolitan made answer,

"Your head or mine!"

The attack then began. After a short cannonade, Eaton mustered his Christians, and charged with the bayonet. The Tripolitans fled after a brief struggle, and Derne fell into Eaton's hands.

He then made ready to attack Tripoli. But for this he wanted money. To get money he sent message after message to the United States without success. The Tripolitans made several attempts to retake Derne, and Eaton had his hands full in defending it. But he did defend it; every time the Tripolitans made their appearance, they were driven back with great slaughter. He could not pursue them, however, without supplies, and he could not get supplies without money.

While he was in great perplexity turning over scheme after scheme in his mind, and waiting day after day for money from home, the United States frigate *Constitution* sailed into the port of Derne with the astonishing news that the United States had made peace with Tripoli, and even paid the Bashaw a large sum of money.

Eaton returned to America very much disgusted, and I don't wonder at it.

This was the last of the wars with the Barbary pirates. It was not till many years afterward that another nation—the French—took them in hand and put an end to their piracies forever. I wish the United States had saved them the trouble, and demolished the whole gang when they were at it, as they might easily have done.

As fast as the United States had settled with one foreign nation, another sprang up in its place to give trouble. Spain, which was at the time in a dreadful state of confusion and anarchy, pretended to object to the purchase of Louisiana, and a real dispute arose between the two countries about boundaries. The Spanish minister at Washington, YRUJO, wrote a foolish letter to the newspapers about the Government; on account of which Mr. Jefferson begged the King of Spain to recall him.

As he did not go away, Mr. Madison, the Secretary of State, wrote to him, desiring him to return to Madrid as soon as convenient. In answer to this, Yrujo, who was an exceedingly tedious person, wrote quite a number of letters in very grand style, explaining what his rights were, and lecturing the United States Government.

The most important result which followed was an intrigue among the Spanish and French settlers in Louisiana, whose object was to separate from the United States. Out of it grew a difficulty which was thought very formidable at the time.

After the murder of Hamilton, Aaron Burr had

wandered over the land like an evil spirit, seeking rest and finding none. He had sailed down the Mississippi, through the Western States and Territories, to New Orleans, and his manner every where had excited notice. He was always throwing out dark hints of some plot he had in view, which he would explain to no one, but which would make the fortune of all who joined in it.

From New Orleans he returned to Philadelphia and Washington, and behaved in the same way there. He made friends with Eaton, and all others whom he supposed to be unfriendly to the Government, and darkly urged them to join him in his plot. Some of them—it is very difficult to know who—agreed to assist him: others said afterward they had spurned his offers. Burr was so very dark and secret a man, that it is very hard to say what he did, what he wanted, or what his scheme really was.

Some believed he was what is now called a filibustero, and desired to get up an expedition against Mexico in order to conquer it. Others accused him of intending to separate the Western States and Louisiana from the United States, and making himself their King. It was even said that England had promised to aid him in the scheme; it is certain that there were a great number of persons in Kentucky and Louisiana who were ready for any wild conspiracy against the United States.

General Wilkinson, the Governor of the Louisiana Territory, who had at first been a friend of Burr, grew alarmed at last, called out a number of militia, proceeded to New Orleans, and arrested several per-

sons whom he suspected of being his accomplices. The prisoners applied to the courts to be set at liberty under the writ which is called the writ of *habeas corpus*.

When the day came for hearing their case, General Wilkinson walked into the court-house in full uniform, and told the judges very plainly that he had made these arrests because he believed the public safety required it, and that he would make as many more as he thought fit. The judges were staggered; but one of them, regaining his courage, actually set one of the prisoners free.

On this, Wilkinson, who was a man of his word, caught his prisoner again, and imprisoned the judge likewise. New Orleans was in a terrible state of commotion, every one expecting the rebellion to explode from day to day. In Ohio and Kentucky, conspirators were active; arms were collected and boats were built.

The Government, however, was not asleep. The President notified the Legislatures of these two States of what was going on; and both at once gave orders to seize the boats, and nip the plot in the bud. Burr himself was arrested and held for trial, but nothing could be proved against him, and he was allowed to depart.

He proceeded down the Mississippi with a band of followers, and encamped finally about thirty miles from Natchez. On the way he had used all his efforts to procure recruits, and to induce the people on the river banks to join him. Very few did so. There were many who were disposed to separate

from the Eastern States; but they did not relish the idea of being led by a murderer.

After a time, the men became restless, and Burr was forced to let them go home. Arrested again in Mississippi, he was again set free for want of evidence; and after this he took great precautions for his safety. He haunted desolate places, dressed badly, and kept out of men's sight. In one of his coats, however, a paper was found which was understood to indicate a plot on his part against the United States, and a party of militia were detailed to capture him. He was soon taken, and sent for trial to Washington.

The trial, which took place in August, lasted nearly a month, and created a tremendous excitement throughout the country. No expense was spared to find out the truth; but Burr managed matters so secretly that it was impossible to discover what his plans had been. The prosecution failed, and he was acquitted.

He made the best of his way to Europe, where he spent several years very miserably. In England he was accused of being a French spy, and driven out of the country. In France he was taken for an English spy and imprisoned, and treated with great harshness. After a time he made his escape, and returned to New York in poverty. He had lost in a shipwreck his only daughter, the only person he seems to have loved. His creditors pressed him severely for payment. Good men scowled upon him in the streets as on an unpunished murderer.

Still, after his return, he lived twenty-four years

in New York in obscurity, as cunning, as dark, as secret as ever. When he died, people hardly knew of it.

You will find in larger histories than this long discussions about Burr, and many different opinions as to what his real plans were. I think myself it is very doubtful whether he knew himself. He was naturally an ambitious, unscrupulous man; and defeat and neglect had soured and imbittered his temper. I have no doubt, if he had seen his way clear, but he would have tried to divide the Union, and make himself King of the West; and, failing this, I dare say he would have been very willing to command an expedition against Mexico. In either case his aim was dishonest, his means infamous: just what might have been expected, in short, from the man who had shed the blood of Alexander Hamilton. Whatever he meant to do, after his trial there was nothing more heard of sedition in the West; for the people's thoughts were thrown into a new channel.

The monarchs of Europe would not allow the United States to rest in peace. France and England were at war as usual, and each country, on the old plan, treated all nations as enemies which traded with its foe.

England went farther than this. She claimed the right of stopping American ships on the high seas, and searching them for British sailors. If any small, weak nation had set up any such claim as this, and tried to enforce it, I think it would have been called piracy; but in speaking of great nations it is custom-

ary to use very civil words. Mr. Jefferson had been constantly employed during the whole of his Presidency in endeavoring to persuade England to give up this claim; but nothing had been effected. The great lords, as haughty as ever, said that they would search any ships they pleased, and the United States might look to it.

They were as good as their word. The United States frigate *Chesapeake* sailed from Hampton Roads to join the squadron in the Mediterranean. When she was about eight miles from land, she was hailed by the British frigate *Leopard*, and a British officer boarded her with a note asking leave to search her for deserters from British ships. Her commander, COMMODORE BARRON, sent an answer to say that he had no British deserters on board.

The British captain then hailed him:

"Commodore Barron must be aware that the orders of the Vice-Admiral must be obeyed."

These orders were to search American ships.

No answer coming from Barron, the *Leopard* fired one gun, then another, and lastly a broadside into the *Chesapeake*. It so happened that, starting on a peaceful cruise, she was unprepared to fight, and had not a single gun ready. Broadside after broadside was poured into her by the *Leopard*, killing three men, and wounding several. At last one of the sailors contrived to carry a coal from the cook's galley to one of the *Chesapeake's* guns, and so fire it. After this Barron hauled down his flag.

The English captain sent a boat alongside, mustered the crew of the *Chesapeake*, and carried off four

men, two of whom were natives of the United States, and a third had always lived here. The fourth, who was a native of England, was afterward hanged as a deserter. The *Leopard* then sailed away.

The *Chesapeake* returned to Norfolk, her officers and crew stifling with rage. When the news of the outrage became known, meetings were held all over the country, and the old hatred of England was revived. British vessels were ordered out of American waters. Congress voted money for defense in anticipation of war. The President issued an indignant proclamation, and sent word to his minister in England to demand atonement for the outrage.

Mr. Canning, who was the master of the great lords at the time, saw that the *Leopard* had gone too far, and offered every apology for what had been done. But Mr. Jefferson answered that this was not enough. Great Britain must not only repair the past mischief, but agree to take such measures as would prevent its recurrence in future. She must give up the right of search altogether.

To this Mr. Canning refused to agree. He gave quite a number of plausible reasons for refusing, the real pith of which was that England fancied she was strong enough to do as she pleased. So no understanding was come to; but the people of the United States, who had almost got over the bad blood created by the old war, began to hate England more than ever.

As the war between Bonaparte and the British King went on, each party trying to prevent the other from trading with the United States, American ships were in great peril. To protect them from seizure,

and to prevent the country from being hurried into a war, President Jefferson proposed to Congress to make a law forbidding any American vessel leaving port. The law was passed; and an embargo, as it was called, was placed upon all American ships, prohibiting them from sailing to sea.

This law created great excitement and a good deal of ill-humor. Ship-owners, as you may fancy, were not well pleased at their ships lying idle in port instead of earning money on foreign voyages. So, after a time, to satisfy them, ships were allowed to sail to all countries except England and France. But, as you will see presently, no precautions could avert the war.

At the close of Mr. Jefferson's second term, he declared that he would not be re-elected President. The country was well satisfied with him. He had administered the Government with great skill and wisdom, and if he had tried to be President a third time, I dare say he would have been chosen. But he felt that it was safer for the Republic to change the President as often as possible; and, like Washington, he would not allow his own ambition to interfere with the public good.

He advised his friends to choose as his successor Mr. Madison, who had been his Secretary of State; and he was elected accordingly.

CHAPTER XL.

JAMES MADISON, the fourth President of the United States, began his work on the fourth of March, one thousand eight hundred and nine. He had a hard task before him. Owing to the wars in Europe, and the slackening of trade between the United States and the greater European nations, business languished, and the merchants were in no very good humor.

By way of proving to them that the United States could do without foreign nations, Mr. Madison appeared before Congress, on Inauguration day, dressed in a suit all the materials of which were made in America. One American had grown the wool out of which his coat was made, and his waistcoat and trowsers were of cloth woven by another.

Still the merchants were not satisfied. In New England especially, they grumbled at not being allowed to trade freely with England, and make fortunes as heretofore. Mr. Madison being a Republican, or a Democrat, as the Republicans now began to be called, those who opposed his administration joined the old Federalist party, and called themselves Federalists. As usual, the name did not mean any thing. The real point in dispute was whether the merchants should go on trading in spite of the unjust rules of England and France, or not.

Between you and me, merchants are very apt to judge all public measures by the test of their own profits. Perhaps they are not more selfish than any other class. But in this dispute with England and France, and perhaps in some other cases which you may hear of, the Northern merchants seemed to think that the national honor and rights were not quite so important as their own traffic.

The dispute with England was growing very warm. A MR. ERSKINE had been appointed by the British Government to settle it, and, after a good deal of argument, a bargain had been made. But when the great lords in England heard of it, they refused to be bound by Erskine's acts, and appointed MR. JACKSON in his stead as their agent in this country.

Jackson, I dare say, had heard of Citizen Genet, and the way in which he blustered and lorded it in the United States, and foolishly thought he might attempt something of the same kind. So, in his first letter to Mr. Madison's Cabinet, he took very high ground indeed; flourished exceedingly about the glory and honor of England; and even went so far as to hint that the United States had tried to cheat the British Government.

This was pretty strong language for a foreign minister to use. Mr. Secretary SMITH wrote to Mr. Jackson to say that the United States were not used to be talked to in such a manner, and that, if he wanted to treat with them, he must be as respectful as he would be to a European monarch.

Jackson was more impertinent than ever in his reply. He said that he would judge for himself what

language he would use, and repeated his nonsense about the dishonesty of the United States.

On this, of course, the President sent word to Jackson that he would have nothing more to say to him. He left Washington, and published a letter to the British consuls, making out that he was a very ill used man, and hoping, no doubt, that, out of dislike to the President, the Federalists would take his part. But he could not succeed, and the British King, being at the time rather afraid of a war with the United States, ordered him to return home.

On the other hand, the French Emperor, Napoleon, though he pretended to be very fond of the United States, gave them just as much trouble by allowing his cruisers to seize their ships at sea, and by decreeing that American vessels should be seized and sold the moment they sailed into French ports.

The fact was, while England and France fought, it was this country which paid the bills. The British lords said to the Americans, "You must not trade with France, or we will seize your ships." And the French Emperor said, in like manner, "You must not trade with England, or I will sell your ships, and put the money in my pocket to carry on my wars." The best of the joke was, that both kept their word, and seized American ships, and American cargoes, and American sailors, whenever they had a chance. I think there must have been a good many Jobs in this country at the time to have borne it all so patiently.

In the mean time, a new trouble arose. Two Indians, brothers, and both men of great courage and

talent, began to stir up the Indians in the West against the United States.

One was named The Prophet. He pretended to have been sent by Heaven to command the Indians and save them from ruin; and said he could make pumpkins grow as big as houses with a single word, and much more stuff of the same kind. If he had said nothing more sensible than this, I don't think he would have given much trouble; but he preached zealously against the use of whisky and the other Indian vices, and the truth of what he said on these subjects gave him great influence.

His brother was the famous TECUMSEH—a man of bright, shining qualities: valiant in war, generous in victory, wise in counsel, heroic in his attachment to his people. Some say that these great merits were tarnished by deceit. But I think, on the whole, that he did nothing but what might have been expected of a brave warrior contending for the rights of his race.

He was one of the greatest enemies this country ever had. His whole life was spent in struggling against the American people. To the hour of his death, his hatred never flagged. But if you recollect that to him the Americans were the despoilers of his race, the persecutors of his fathers, the usurpers of his lands, and too often the cruel foes of his people, I think you will admit that his very enmity to the United States was an honor to him.

These two brothers now declared that no more Indian lands should be sold to the Americans without their consent. GENERAL HARRISON (who afterward

became President of the United States) held a conference with them, and tried to argue the point. But they would not yield an inch. Tecumseh became so excited at last, that all parties sprang to arms, and the meeting very nearly ended in a fight.

The bad feeling grew worse. As usual, little bands of Indians would molest American settlers; and the latter, I dare say, treated Indians as badly. Tecumseh told Harrison very plainly that if the United States would agree to what he wanted—namely, that no more lands should be bought from the Indians without the consent of all the tribes—he would be their firm friend. But if not, that he would take the British side, if a war broke out.

I think it was a pity the Government did not try to arrange matters with this brave Indian. Instead of doing so, however, the people of Vincennes fearing an attack, Harrison resolved to begin the war, and marched against the village of The Prophet. It was situate on the Tippecanoe River, a branch of the Upper Wabash.

When Harrison was within ten miles of the village, he sent messengers to treat with the Prophet. They were driven back with insult. Harrison then marched seven miles nearer. There he met several Indians who offered to treat, and begged Harrison to wait a few days before commencing the war.

But that very night, which was dark and rainy, the Indians fell upon the American camp. The soldiers had only just time to put out their watch-fires, when the enemy was upon them. Harrison, however, was a very good and brave officer: he drew out

his men in a square, and when the Indians charged they were driven back with great loss. When morning came, the American horse charged in their turn, and the Indians fled, leaving many of their dead on the ground.

Harrison then pushed on to the Prophet's village, and utterly destroyed it.

Tecumseh and his tribes thus became the friends of England, and the enemies of the United States.

A great excitement was produced shortly afterward by a man named JOHN HENRY. This fellow was an Irishman, who had come to this country, become a citizen, and served in the war. When the peace came, Mr. Henry found out that republicanism was a very bad thing, and the United States a detestable country. So he crossed over to Canada, and asked the Governor of that Province would he buy him?

The Governor said he had no objection, provided he was not too dear. And as Henry, who knew what he was worth, offered himself very cheap, the Governor bought him, and sent him as a spy to Boston, to pry into the doings of the Americans and report them to him.

But when Henry had spied out all the Governor wanted, and asked to be paid, a dispute arose between them. Henry went to England; but, like Arnold, the British Government would not give him his thirty pieces of silver. So he rushed off in a rage, and returned to America.

He went directly to Mr. Madison, and offered to sell himself and his secrets to him. This time Henry

was cunning enough. He valued his wretched soul at the enormous sum of fifty thousand dollars; and Mr. Madison was so excited by the hints he let drop, that he gave him the money. He and his secrets were dear enough at the price. All that the President learned from them was that England had an eye to a war with this country, and had employed spies to find out all about it: which every sensible person knew already.

In the vain hope of preserving peace, Congress resolved to make one last effort to bring the King and the great lords to their senses. They had tried argument and patience for several years: now they passed the embargo law once more, and cut off the British from all trade with this country. The law was to last sixty days.

Some wise Englishmen, who saw how the trouble must end, tried hard in their country to prevent the war. Henry Brougham (who is now Lord Brougham) argued with great force that England had no right to seize or harass American ships in time of peace. But the great lords and their lackeys in Parliament answered that the interests of the United States were nothing to them; that they intended to put Bonaparte down, and put him down they would, even if they should be obliged to put the United States down with him. They would never consent, they said, to allow the United States to trade with France.

There was nothing for it but to fight. On the eighteenth of June, one thousand eight hundred and twelve, Congress declared war against Great Britain;

one of the most ardent advocates for the war being a young Kentuckian of great talent, named HENRY CLAY.

Some of the members wanted to declare war against France as well; and as Bonaparte and the French had done quite as much mischief as the English, I think it would have served them right. But Congress thought one nation was enough at a time; and France was disregarded for the present. It was not till long afterward that accounts were squared with her.

The population of the United States was at this time a little over seven millions of souls, including slaves. Louisiana had just been admitted to the Union, the eighteenth State. The nation was more than twice as strong as it was at the beginning of the old war; it was richer too, and better able to procure money and pay its soldiers. Though still weaker in point of men and wealth than Great Britain, it was quite strong enough to defend itself; and it had — what is better than millions of men and houses full of gold — the right on its side.

All over the country the news that war had been declared spread like wild-fire, and created intense excitement. Thousands of men offered to fight under the stars and stripes. No end of money was offered to the President by rich merchants and others. There was nothing heard in the large cities but shouts of joy at the intelligence that British insults were no longer to be borne, and that American ships were henceforth to be free.

There were a few well-meaning but short-sighted

persons in some places who opposed the war, and thought the President all wrong. There must always be such people in every free country; it is only under despotisms that men appear to be all of one mind. I wish all the people of the United States had remembered this. Some of them did not; and on several occasions, persons who were suspected of being friendly to England were savagely attacked by mobs.

One of these was ALEXANDER HANSON, an editor at Baltimore. He was a well-meaning, honest man, who in his heart and conscience believed the war to be wrong. He said so in his paper. For this the mob attacked the office, destroyed the types, and obliged him to fly from the State.

A few days after, Hanson, who was an exceedingly bold man, resolved that he would not be put down by the mob. He returned to Baltimore with several friends, and began to publish his paper as before. He knew very well what he had to expect, and prepared for defense, barricading the office, and providing himself and his friends with arms.

The mob assembled as before, and attacked the office with great fury. Hanson and his friends—the brave Generals Lee and Lingan were among them—defended themselves coolly and successfully. The first men who tried to break into the house were shot down.

Then the mob got a cannon and made ready to batter down the walls. The magistrates—who seem to have been very poor creatures indeed, and afraid of doing their duty—came forward, and interceded

between the two parties. At first both were firm; but in the end, Hanson and his friends agreed to give themselves up to the authorities and to be lodged in prison for safety.

They were marched through the streets between files of soldiers, the mob following them and hooting them. Once in prison, they fancied they were safe. But that night the mob gathered afresh, sped to the prison, and broke into it. With waving torches and flashing weapons they rushed from cell to cell seeking their victims, and uttering frightful threats. A few of the unfortunate men, being stout and strong, contrived to break through the crowd and make their escape. But nine, including Hanson, and the brave Generals Lee and Lingan, were caught.

Buffeted and beaten, dragged out of the prison and thrown down the steps into the street, they were huddled together in a heap, and every kind of brutality practiced upon them. General Lingan begged piteously that the mob would spare his life. He reminded them how manfully he had fought for his country in the old war; and besought them to remember that he had a wife and many young children who would starve if they killed him. But the savages would not hear him, and tortured him to death.

The others escaped with their lives, some of them carrying to their graves the marks of the wounds they received that night. It is said that they would all have been killed had it not been for a humane doctor, who told the mob they were dead already, and begged their bodies for dissection.

I hope this shocking story will be a warning to you to be on your guard against giving way to passion in times of popular excitement. We all know very well to-day that Hanson and his friends were wrong in their opinions, and that they might have done a great deal of mischief. But there never was a truer word than that spoken by Thomas Jefferson: "Error ceases to be dangerous when Truth is left free to combat it."

CHAPTER XLI.

WAR may be very pleasant work when a nation is well accustomed to it, and has a good army well trained and used to fire, with good generals to lead it. But without all these advantages, it is generally rather poor sport. And as prosperous and thriving nations have generally something better to do than to fight, or to train armies, they have usually rather a hard time at first when they make war. This was the case with the United States when the last war with England broke out.

The first thing thought of was the invasion of Canada. Orders were sent to GENERAL WILLIAM HULL, who commanded in the Territory (now the State) of Michigan, to march into Canada forthwith.

He collected his troops, regulars and militia, crossed the St. Clair River at Detroit, and raised the stars and stripes on Canadian soil. Having issued a grand proclamation to the Canadians, advising them to keep very quiet, or it would be worse for them, he remained where he was, without trying to march against Malden, where the British were, or doing any other bold act.

On his side the British Governor issued another grand proclamation, and made ready for defense. Tecumseh and his Indians were all on his side, and he had, moreover, a large number of trained soldiers,

who had been taught to fight in the great wars in Europe. With these he advanced to Malden, and waited for General Hull.

After several days spent in this way, the news came to General Hull that the British and Indians had cut off his supplies which were coming from Ohio, and beaten the men who guarded them. Frightened by this intelligence, he crossed the river again, and took up his quarters in Detroit.

On this the British commander, General Brock, a man of great energy and vigor, marched after him as fast as the troops could go. When opposite Detroit, he planted his guns and began to batter the fort. General Hull giving no sign of life, Brock crossed the river, and gave the word for the assault. The Americans were all ready for him. Their batteries were complete, their guns loaded, the men eager to get at the enemy.

But at that moment a white flag was run up on the fort.

The meaning of this was that General Hull surrendered to the English. Dreadful was the rage of his men when they understood what was done: even the women, it is said, cried with fury at the thought of surrendering without firing a shot. But there was no help for it. Hull was the commander, and there was nothing for the soldiers and the militia and the citizens but to obey.

General Hull was taken a prisoner to Montreal. Set free afterward on his parole, he was tried by court-martial in this country, and condemned to be shot for cowardice. The sentence was not exe-

cuted, and I am very glad it was not. It is quite clear that he had no business to surrender as he did; but it is also clear that the Government committed as grave a wrong in ordering him to invade Canada from Detroit without a proper force or proper supplies. It was, as I said, one of the mistakes which peaceful nations like the United States are sure to make at the beginning of every war.

Before Hull's surrender, the bold men of Kentucky were in arms. They were, above all things, fighting men; used to fight the Indians, and hunt wild beasts; and absolutely frantic with delight at the prospect of a tussle with the English. They chose General Harrison to be their leader; and with some Ohio men, and a few troops from Virginia and Pennsylvania, marched westward and northward.

But fighting, as you know, is only a small part of war. The Kentuckians had made very bad arrangements for provisions and transporting their baggage; and very soon they were stopped by swamps, and reduced to great straits for want of food. Great numbers of them returned home in ill temper. The others were forced at last to encamp for the season without striking a blow.

In New York people were wild with fury when the news of Hull's surrender reached them. The Governor had no trouble in raising a large force, which was placed under the command of General Van Rensselaer, and sent forward to the frontier.

A great number of these were foreigners, chiefly Irishmen, who had begged earnestly at New York to be led against the British. Van Rensselaer, burn-

ing to redeem the disgrace of Detroit, planned a scheme for the capture of Queenston, and promised them they should be gratified.

Accordingly on the eleventh of October he prepared to cross the Niagara. But when the troops reached the bank, boats were not to be had. Some blunder had been made, and there was nothing for it but to give up the scheme for that day.

Two days afterward a second attempt was made. A Roman, as you may remember, would have regarded the first failure as a bad omen, and would not have tried the same plan over again. Your countrymen are just the opposite of the Romans in this respect; they don't believe in bad omens. Rensselaer was still short of boats, and the crossing was altogether badly managed. A party crossed nevertheless, charged a British battery with the bayonet, and took it. The British commander, the brave General Brock, was killed in trying to regain it. Thus far all seemed prosperous for the Americans.

But very soon the British began to press them hard. Rensselaer had plenty of men on the American side; he ordered them to cross to the support of their comrades. But the Irish volunteers had been told that if they invaded Canada they would be hanged as traitors, and they refused to stir a step out of the territory of the United States. Some of the other troops, I believe, followed the bad example; and thus the brave men who had been the first to cross were left without support.

Pressed by an overwhelming force of British and Indians, and having lost many men, they were forced

to surrender, and were carried prisoners to Quebec. Among them was a young man who had fought with great gallantry, and whose name was then unknown —Lieutenant-Colonel Winfield Scott.

In the course of the autumn two or three other feints were made, of which nothing came. General Smythe, who succeeded General Rensselaer in command of the troops who would not cross the frontier, issued proclamations grander than any thing yet heard; but when it came to actual work, he did no more than the rest. He never crossed into Canada.

Nor did General Dearborn, who commanded the army in the neighborhood of Lake Champlain. A little skirmishing was carried on between the outposts of the two armies, and on one occasion a British flag was captured by a young soldier named William L. Marcy (who is now Secretary of State), but on the whole it was mere playing at fighting.

Had it not been for the exploits of the navy, the people of the United States would have had great reason for being out of humor with the war that year. It is said that some of the wise men who managed these matters at Washington were for keeping the frigates at home in order to save expense, and prevent their being damaged at sea. But the moment Commodore Rodgers received notice that war was declared, he hoisted the signal for sailing, and dashed out into the ocean with all his fleet.

The first British vessel they met was chased by Rodgers, in the *President*, and might have been captured; but a gun burst on board the *President*, killed and wounded several of her crew, and damaged her

a good deal. The Englishman escaped in this way, and arriving at Halifax, gave the alarm. The whole British squadron then put to sea, and cruised off New York.

In a day or two a little American vessel called the *Nautilus*, in trying to go to sea, fell in with them and was captured. Next the squadron came up with the frigate *Constitution*, commanded by CAPTAIN HULL, and gave chase. Fighting was out of the question; the *Constitution* made sail to escape. When the wind fell, her men launched the boats and towed the ship: when a breeze came, the *Constitution* crowded every stitch of canvas. In this way, sometimes rowing, and sometimes sailing, the *Constitution* remained in sight of the British fleet for four days; and there was not a man on board who did not think she would be taken. But fortune favored her at last. A gale springing up, the British vessels scattered, and the *Constitution* got safe into Boston. So wonderful an escape was thought quite as glorious as a victory.

But the sailors had something better than escapes to talk of before long. The *Essex*, CAPTAIN PORTER, swept the ocean, dashing into British convoys, cutting off a ship, and dashing back again before the rest of the convoy knew what had happened. One British ship of war, the *Alert*, she took by a *ruse*.

When she appeared on the horizon, Captain Porter ordered his crew to disguise the *Essex*. Her ports were shut up, her sails trimmed in a clumsy way, her upper guns hidden, her men kept out of sight; so that when the *Alert* came up, she looked like a lubberly merchantman. Having hoisted the stars and

stripes, she set sail as if to escape. Down came the *Alert*, with British colors flying, and blazing away from her guns.

Porter waited till she was quite close, then gave the word, up rushed the men, out flew the ports, and in a minute such a thundering broadside was poured into the *Alert* that the crew were paralyzed by amazement, and she struck at once. This was the first British ship of war taken.

The wise men at Washington had no sooner heard of the *Constitution's* arrival at Boston than they sent word to Hull to stay there, probably in order to keep his ship warm and comfortable. Captain Hull had no notion of any thing of the kind. Just before the orders arrived, he got a hint of what they might be, and was off to sea in a trice.

After cruising about for a few days, he fell in with one of the British frigates that had chased him, and made sail at once in pursuit. The Englishman—it was the frigate *Guerriere*—was quite willing to fight, and waited for the *Constitution* to come up. When the two ships were within range the battle began. After several broadsides, Hull ran the *Constitution* into the *Guerriere*, in order to board. A fierce fire of musketry prevented this; but the masts of the British ship went overboard, and a few minutes after she lowered her colors.

This was a real victory. Though the *Constitution* had a few more guns than the *Guerriere*, they were nearly a match; and the English had fought with wonderful bravery.

The next thing the people at home heard was that

glorious old Decatur had fought his ship, the *United States*, with the British ship *Macedonian*, and taken her. The latter had tried to escape; but Decatur had managed his ship so well that she was forced to give battle. It did not last long. After an hour or so, the *Macedonian's* masts were knocked overboard, and she struck, having lost over one hundred men in killed and wounded. The *United States* only lost twelve men.

Then the little *Wasp*, which had been away from home when war was declared, fell in, on her return, with a British convoy, guarded by the *Frolic*, a British brig of war. The fight was long and bloody. A shot at last cutting away one of the *Wasp's* top-masts, her commander, JONES, ran her into the *Frolic*, and the men jumped on board through the rigging. So fierce had been the battle that not a man was found on the *Frolic's* deck, which was covered with blood and mangled remains. The only Englishman seen was the helmsman, a grim old tar, who stood at the wheel as cool and as firm as if he had been steering his ship into a friendly port, and never once took his eye off her head.

LIEUTENANT RIDDLE hauled down the Union Jack of England, and the *Frolic* was a prize.

The two vessels were about to make sail when a British seventy-four, the *Poictiers*, came up with them, and, like a whale with a couple of herrings, snapped them both up and carried them off to the Bermudas.

The last naval exploit of the year was performed by the old *Constitution*, now commanded by CAPTAIN

BAINBRIDGE. He fell in with the British frigate *Java*, off St. Salvador, and both ships prepared for battle. It lasted two hours, and was very bloody, the English losing nearly two hundred, the Americans nearly forty men. Bainbridge was twice wounded, but he would not go below, or give up the command of his ship. At last, the *Java*, being dreadfully cut up, struck her flag, and Bainbridge, after vainly trying to refit her, blew her up where she lay.

In this battle the wheel of the *Constitution* was shot away by a shot from the *Java*. Many years afterward, when both nations were at peace, a British naval officer visited the *Constitution*. In reply to a question from her captain, he said she was the finest frigate he had ever seen; but if he must find some fault, he thought her wheel was rather clumsy.

"So do we," said the American with a laugh; "the fact is, we lost our wheel in the battle with the *Java*, and took hers instead; and though it is clumsy, we keep it as a trophy."

This is the last you will hear of that gallant sailor, William Bainbridge. Though he did not die till many years after, and was constantly afloat, this was his last battle. He was a warrior to the end. On his death-bed, when his last hour was approaching, and delirium had destroyed his reason, he sprang up, to the horror of his attendants, called for a cutlass, and shouted feebly,

"All hands on deck to board!"

These naval victories consoled the people for their reverses on land. No man had any doubt of the

final result, though there were a few Federalists who hated the Democrats so bitterly that they almost rejoiced over the defeats of their countrymen. Of course there are no such narrow-minded, mean people now.

As the Presidential election drew near, the country was much agitated. All who were for war agreed to vote for Mr. Madison; indeed, it is said that he made them promise to re-elect him before he consented to the declaration of war. For Vice-President they selected old Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, of whom you have heard before—a worthy man, but rather uninteresting.

The Federalists, and those who were for peace, chose as their men George Clinton, of New York, who had been twice Vice-President, and Jared Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania.

When election day came, it appeared that the war party were the strongest, for Madison had one hundred and twenty-eight votes against eighty-nine for Clinton. Madison and Gerry were thus elected President and Vice-President respectively.

CHAPTER XLII.

GLOOMIER than ever grew the prospects of the war. Into the western end of Lake Erie flows the pretty River Raisin: on its bank, now covered with snow and ice, nine hundred gallant Americans, chiefly from Kentucky and Ohio, were encamped under the command of old GENERAL WINCHESTER. Up came the English and Indians to fight them on the twenty-second of January.

The battle began at daybreak, and raged fiercely until the powder of one division of the Americans gave out. These Winchester ordered to move round to shelter; but in doing so they fell into confusion, the Indians pressed them hotly, and the movement soon became a retreat. Scattering in the woods, great numbers were tomahawked by the savages, and General Winchester, with several others, was taken prisoner.

When he was taken to the British commander, PROCTOR, the latter told him the best thing he could do was to send word to the other division of his army to surrender likewise. If they did not, said Proctor, the results might be horrible, as it would be impossible to restrain the Indians.

Winchester accordingly wrote to MAJOR MADISON, who led the other section of the army, and notified him that he had surrendered to the British.

Madison replied to the officer who bore the letter that he would yield provided his men were guaranteed against the Indians; but that, without this, he would hold out to the last, and sell his men's lives as dearly as he could.

A promise being given by General Proctor that the Indians would not be suffered to molest the prisoners, Madison surrendered. All the prisoners who could walk were marched off to the British fort at Malden: the wounded were left at Frenchtown, on the Raisin, Proctor promising to send sleighs for them next day.

But before the next day had fully dawned, bands of savage Indians began to gather round the houses where the wounded were collected. First one wounded soldier, then another, was knocked down and murdered. One horrible wretch seized a burning log and set fire to the houses. The poor wounded men, half stifled by the smoke, tried to crawl out; but many had not strength to reach the door, and died where they were, in pools of their own blood. Those who did gain the open air were furiously attacked by the Indians, and tortured in every fiendish way. Some were scalped, some hewn to pieces, some tomahawked; nearly all were killed. Even their bodies were left unburied, to be eaten by dogs and swine.

This was the way this British general kept his promise. Bitter was the mourning in Kentucky and Ohio when the news of the horrible massacre reached the homes of the unfortunate victims. Many and many a man shouldered his rifle, and buckled on his belt with the firm resolution not to

go back to his farm till he had avenged the murdered men at Frenchtown.

General Harrison was on the Miami, where he had fortified himself. Him too, Proctor and his Indians marched over the snow to attack. But General Clay, hastening to his support with a strong band of bold Kentuckians, the British, after a sharp battle, retreated and recrossed into their own country.

After this, I think, Dame Fortune changed sides, and the British began to have their share of defeats. The fact was, as the war went on, the wise men at Washington began to learn their business, and succeeded better than before.

An expedition was fitted out against York (which is now called Toronto), on Lake Ontario, a very important place, and the capital of Upper Canada. The commander-in-chief, General Dearborn, went with it; but as he was always sick, and never did any thing in person, he gave the real command to General Pike.

He landed in the teeth of a pretty hot fire, and soon drove the English and Indians into their defenses. Then forming his men, he advanced; and as he approached, the enemy ran away. Pike supposed, of course, that they were going to surrender the place, and halted his men. But he had hardly done so, when a powder magazine exploded close to where he was, and killed nearly two hundred of his troops.

He was mortally wounded himself. They carried him into the fort, and some one asked him if any thing could be done for him.

"Let me die," he answered, "with the captured British flag for a pillow."

They took the flag which had floated over the fort, rolled it up, and laid the dying soldier's head upon it; on which he smiled faintly, and closed his eyes in death.

York taken, and a vast quantity of stores with it, the expedition turned about as fast as possible to attack Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara. It was held by a strong force of British soldiers. But when Winfield Scott landed at the head of his light infantry, and the American troops followed, the British made but a very slight resistance, and the fort was surrendered. Other forts followed the example, and the mouth of the river was once more secured.

I am afraid General Dearborn was a very unlucky commander. The first thing he did after their successes was to send a part of his army, under Generals Winder and Chandler, in pursuit of the British who had fled. The British general hearing of their approach, resolved to surprise them at night. This attack of his was altogether a rather ludicrous affair, though serious enough to the poor fellows who were killed.

It was so dark, and the British had advanced so quietly and cautiously, that all was in confusion when the first fighting took place. The American generals ran about wildly in the dark in search of their troops, and never could find out where they were till they were safely secured as prisoners by the British soldiers. Strange to say, the very same thing happened to the English general, who could not find his men either, and only turned up four days afterward

in a field without hat or horse. The end of it was, that the British withdrew to their intrenchments, and General Dearborn recalled the Americans.

Next Dearborn sent out another party under COLONEL BOERSTLER to attack a British post. But he was surrounded, and forced to surrender with all his men; and the British crowed tremendously over his capture.

While Dearborn was away at Fort George, the Governor of Canada thought he would make a dash at Sackett's Harbor, where only a few men had been left. He had intended to surprise the place, but the wind proving contrary, the little garrison got notice of his coming, and prepared for defense. They were commanded by old JACOB BROWN, a Quaker schoolmaster, who, though not a soldier by trade, seems to have known more about the rules of war than many of the regular army, and afterward became Commander-in-Chief.

For when the English attacked the place, he received them with so fierce and steady a fire that they reeled under it. Even when many of the militia took fright and ran away like cowards, as they were, the brave Brown fought so well with those who remained, that the British commander said he felt that his Majesty's interests would be best promoted by his retreat. And he retreated accordingly.

General Proctor fared no better in an attack he made on Fort Meigs. It was defended by a gallant young soldier named CROGHAN, who had only one cannon, and about one hundred and sixty men, whereas Proctor had excellent batteries of artillery and

twelve hundred men. But Croghan fought so gallantly, and managed his one gun with such skill, that, after a bombardment which lasted two nights and a day, Proctor scampered off, leaving the Americans to bury the British dead.

These were the beginnings of a series of victories which gave heart to the people of the United States, and much discouraged the British.

The war went on as usual at sea. CAPTAIN LAWRENCE, in his little vessel, the *Hornet*, found a British ship, the *Bonne Citoyenne*, in the port of Salvador, and sent the captain a challenge to come out and fight him. The Englishman declined the pleasure; and another British vessel, the *Peacock*, sailing that way, Lawrence fought her instead.

The battle lasted just a quarter of an hour; at the end of which time the *Peacock* made a signal of distress. She was sinking; and though every one of the *Hornet's* boats were sent to her relief, she went down, with several of her men on board. Three of the *Hornet's* sailors who had gone to her assistance were drowned in her.

When Lawrence returned to the United States he was made captain of a larger ship, the *Chesapeake*, in which he sailed from Boston on the first of June. Two British men-of-war—the *Shannon* and the *Tenedos*—had been cruising off the coast for some time, waiting for somebody to fight. When the *Chesapeake* sailed, the *Shannon* stood off to meet her.

Lawrence was so straightforward a man that his sailors used to say there was "no more dodge about him than about the main-mast." He dashed straight

at the *Shannon*, steering his ship squarely alongside. For a few minutes both ships were wrapped in smoke and flame: the guns roared, and both decks were torn and ripped up by the shot. But the *Chesapeake* becoming entangled in some way in the fore-rigging of the *Shannon*, the latter got a great advantage, and poured tremendous volleys into her, sweeping the decks and killing almost all her officers.

Lawrence, seeing the danger, gave the word to board! But, unhappily, the man whose duty it was to sound the bugle, which was the signal for boarding, was a wretched negro, who had run away to hide himself through fear. Before the crew received the order, the captain of the *Shannon* had ordered his men to board, and they came pouring like a torrent into the *Chesapeake*. In less time than you take to read this, they were masters of the deck—the United States flag was torn down, and the *Chesapeake* was a British prize.

It was a dreadful blow to the people of this country, though the battle had been well and gloriously fought; but a greater blow still was the loss of the gallant Lawrence, who was shot in the action. They carried him below when he was struck, and asked him whether they should surrender.

"No, no," he answered, over and over again; "don't strike the flag!"

Four days afterward, when he was dying, his lips still repeated the words,

"Don't give up the ship!"

He never knew that she was a prize, and that he was dying under the British flag. The English

buried him at Halifax with great honors; but his bones were afterward removed to this country by a patriotic citizen of Salem.

The most wonderful, however, of all the cruises of this period, was that of the *Essex*, under her brave commander, Captain Porter. Having been too late to join Bainbridge, Porter resolved to do something on his own account. Very shortly after sailing he fell in with a British vessel carrying specie, captured her, and took care of the money.

Thus provided with funds, he sailed round Cape Horn into the Pacific, and remained a whole year there, cruising where no American ship of war had cruised before, seizing British whalers, and spreading the fame of the United States throughout the great Pacific ocean. One of the vessels he took he fitted out as a consort to the *Essex*, and christened her the *Essex Junior;* and as he roamed the sea with her and a squadron of prizes, he seemed more like a commodore in command of a fleet than a captain of a small frigate.

So great was the terror of his name that the British Government sent two vessels, the *Phebe* and the *Cherub*, to look after him. The *Phebe* was stronger than the *Essex*, but Porter offered to fight her notwithstanding; but the British admirals had heard so much of him that they forbade the *Phebe* to engage the *Essex* without the *Cherub* to help her. Porter then lay quiet in the harbor of Valparaiso.

The British sent for more ships to keep watch over him. Unwilling to be caught in a trap, the brave fellow resolved to sail out in the teeth of the

two vessels. Just as he was moving out, however, a squall struck his maintop-mast and carried it overboard.

Down came the British ships and pounced upon the *Essex*. The battle began at about four o'clock in the afternoon. Besides being crippled, the *Essex* had to fight with two vessels, one of which was stronger than herself, the other only a little weaker. Still Porter fought desperately until over one hundred and fifty of his two hundred and fifty men were killed or wounded, and the *Essex* was on fire.

Then telling his men they might swim for shore if they liked, he summoned his officers to consult about what was to be done. There was only one officer left!

There was nothing for it but to strike the colors, and the *Essex* surrendered to the English after one of the most desperate battles on record.

All this time a powerful British fleet blockaded the coasts of the United States. British ships lay in Delaware and Chesapeake Bay, and snapped up every American craft which tried to sail in or out. The people who lived on the coast had a dreadful time.

Sometimes a boat's crew of British sailors would land and plunder a village, knocking every body they met on the head, and insulting the women; or a party would dash ashore near a flourishing place, set it on fire, carry off all they could, and dash away again, leaving nothing but columns of fire and smoke, and heaps of ashes to mark where they had been.

Now and then, when the people had notice be-

forehand, they would club together with what arms they could get, and beat off the English. But, for the most part, the villages were too weak to resist, and the British Admiral, COCKBURN, sailed so swiftly down to a place he intended to plunder, and so swiftly back again, that defense was impossible. Many and many a man living in North Carolina and Virginia still remembers the terrors of that year, and the misery inflicted by the cruel Cockburn.

Even Congress got a terrible fright one day, some one reporting that the British were coming up the Potomac, and the members flew to arms for defense. But the British did not come this time.

It is not considered proper nowadays, when two nations are at war, for one of them to send a fleet to ravage defenseless farms or villages in the territory of the other. Armies and fleets may invade the enemy's country, and attack forts and fortified places without invasion. But to attack the dwellings of private citizens, for no other purpose than to destroy them, is, at the present time, considered useless and cruel.

I suppose the English had no idea of any thing of this kind when they ravaged and laid waste the shores of Virginia and North Carolina in the war of eighteen hundred and twelve.

CHAPTER XLIII.

FOR many months there had been a race between the Americans and the English on the lakes. There was no running, but the race was in the building of ships and boats. On all the lakes each nation had set to work as hard as possible to build vessels of war, so as to command these inland waters.

At first, as usual, the English had the advantage. The American builders were slower and less expert. Sometimes, before their craft were finished, the English would descend upon them like birds of prey, drive the workmen from the yards, and burn the half-finished vessels. And sometimes the first time they ventured on the lake they would be snapped up by British cruisers, and carried off before they knew where they were.

Luckily the wise men of Washington bethought themselves of sending to the lakes a young man named OLIVER H. PERRY, very little known at that time, though a sailor almost from his cradle. He set to work at Erie (then called Presque Isle), on Lake Erie, to build an inland navy. So vigorously did he go about it, that before the autumn of the year (one thousand eight hundred and thirteen) he had quite a respectable squadron, nearly as strong as that of the English, ready for service.

The British naval commander knew all that was going on. One day in September he dined with a large party of Englishmen at a place called Dover, in Canada, and his health was drunk with great noise and many fine compliments. He rose to reply, and said quietly that he was going next day to take the American fleet, under Perry, which was about to sail from Erie. He knew where to find them, he said; they would be stuck fast on the bar of Erie, a bank outside that port.

When the next day came, however, this gallant Englishman found himself quite mistaken: the American vessels were not stuck on the bar, but were free and at large on the lake, on the look out for the British squadron. Perry even sailed up to Malden, where the British were, and offered them battle, but they would not come out yet.

On the tenth of September, however, their preparations were made, and out they came. The moment Perry saw them he ordered his ships to prepare for action, and sailed to meet the enemy. He hoisted, as a signal, Lawrence's last words—"Don't give up the ship!"

The Americans were to windward, and it was for them therefore to sail down to attack the British, who were lying still, waiting for them. Perry led the advance in his vessel, the *Lawrence*, and steered straight at the British line.

The whole British fleet assailed her. For nearly two hours every British shot was aimed at this one vessel, and, as you may easily imagine, at the end of the time she was pretty well riddled and quite un-

manageable. It was a very trying moment. The shot came tearing into her as she drifted about. It is said that the poor fellows who were shot down at the guns all died with their faces turned up and their eyes fixed on Perry; so great was their faith and trust in him.

He determined to deserve it. Jumping into a boat with his little brother, a midshipman, he ordered the sailors to row for their lives to the *Niagara*, the second vessel of his squadron. It was rather dangerous work for a small boat, which a single shot might have sunk, thus to pick her way through the fight from one ship to another. But Perry was a lucky man. He reached the *Niagara* in safety, and made the signal for close action.

It was obeyed. The other American ships sailed up, and bore down on the British line, cutting it in two. As they passed, each vessel poured in its broadside with such effect, that one by one all the Englishmen hauled down their flags. Two small British craft tried to escape, but were very soon overhauled and forced to surrender.

Thus the battle was won. It was a glorious exploit in many ways. The British had so long held the command of the lakes that many people supposed they could not be beaten. They had in this battle more guns than Perry, though fewer vessels. It is but fair to say that their guns were not so heavy as those of the Americans, but their men were more numerous. The commander, BARCLAY, was the same man who had made so sure of catching Perry on the bar of Erie.

The brave Perry himself was very ill at the time the battle was fought. He had been attacked by fever some time before, and was hardly fit to leave his bed on the day of the battle. The sight of the enemy cured him, however; and after the battle was won, he sat down and wrote the following account of it to General Harrison:

"We have met the enemy and they are ours; two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop."

He was not, you see, a man of many words, or given to boasting or flourishing.

Perry took the ships he had captured to the American side of the lake, shipped all Harrison's soldiers on board, and sailed across to Malden to meet Proctor and the British army which had taken Detroit. But they had fled already. Malden was deserted and burnt. Proctor had hurried away up the Thames River, carrying with him all the horses, cattle, and provisions in the neighborhood.

Harrison had made up his mind not to go home without giving Proctor a lesson. COLONEL JOHNSON coming up with his Kentucky horse at the time, he pursued the British along the banks of the Thames for two days. Proctor, finding at last that escape was impossible, turned about and gave battle near the Moravian town on the Thames.

The battle did not last long. Proctor himself was the first to give the signal to fly; and most of his officers followed him. The Indians fought more steadily, until their brave chief, Tecumseh, was struck dead on the place where he stood. Then

they too scattered, and the whole British force was routed.

Thus the Americans regained the territory they had lost at the beginning of the war.

This victory showed the people what might be done by men of vigor and spirit. A great outcry arose against old General Dearborn, the commander-in-chief, who, as I said before, was always ill, and would have been far better in an hospital than a camp. The President consented at last to send Generals Wilkinson and Hampton to command in the north in his stead. The plan was for Wilkinson to descend from Lake Ontario by the River St. Lawrence, and Hampton to advance northward from Lake Champlain until they met: then to attack Montreal together, and take it.

But somehow every thing was badly managed and unlucky. Wilkinson fell ill; Hampton's men were short of provisions; Wilkinson's men were ill equipped; the two generals hated each other; winter was close at hand; so, after a sharp skirmish between a party of Wilkinson's force and the British at a place called Chrystler's Farm, it was decided to give up the expedition for this year. The people were a good deal disgusted at this ending of the scheme, and I am not at all surprised at it.

The British were never idle for a moment. No sooner had Harrison recrossed from Malden after defeating Proctor, than they swarmed to the head of the lake, took Fort George in a trice, and overran the whole shore. The Indians who fought with them

spread like wild beasts through the woods, and burnt every village and every house for many miles around, as far as Buffalo.

You may fancy how tired the poor people who lived on the lake shore must have been of the war, and how angry they must have felt when they thought of Wilkinson, Hampton, and other generals quietly snoozing in their winter quarters, while their houses were being burnt over their heads, and they themselves, with their wives and families, were driven into the woods, in the midst of the snow-drifts, by the fierce Indians of the West.

Nothing, however, enraged the people generally more than the conduct of the British toward some of the prisoners they had taken in the war. The great lords, as you must have perceived already, were famous for hunting up absurd old rules and laws which had not the smallest sense in them, and sticking to them as though they had been as wise and as sound as any thing Solomon himself ever said. One of these ridiculous old rules was, that a subject of the King of England could never, by any possibility, become the subject of any other king or citizen of any free state; but that no matter where he went, or where he lived, if he was born a British subject, he could never be any thing else. This would have been a capital rule for the great lords if they could have made every one observe it, as the more British subjects there were, the stronger and richer were the great lords; but it was pretty hard on the poor Englishmen and Scotchmen and Irishmen, who, being unable to make a living in their

native land, went abroad, and chiefly to America, to seek a new home.

Among the first prisoners taken in the war were several Irishmen. These the British officers, acting on the rule I have just mentioned, refused to consider prisoners of war, but sent to England to be tried as traitors.

The Irishmen said they were not traitors. They had left Ireland, had nothing more to do with their native land or Great Britain, and were now citizens of the United States. They demanded to be treated as such.

As the British officers refused to listen to any thing they said, the President set apart as many of his British prisoners as there had been Irishmen sent to England, and ordered that they should be held as hostages for the Irishmen.

Then the British officers held double the number of American officers as hostages for these British soldiers. And the President, when he heard of it, set apart a second lot of British officers to answer for the American officers imprisoned as hostages.

If both parties had gone on in this way, all the prisoners would soon have been hostages one for the other, and the death of one would have been the signal of a general slaughter. But you will notice that, though the great lords of England are firm and obstinate when opposed to an adversary who shows any readiness to yield to them, they are wonderfully easy-going and manageable old gentlemen when firmly and resolutely met. There were a great many letters written, and a vast deal of nonsense talked and

quoted out of musty old books on International Law; but the President was not in the least scared either by the arguments or the quotations of the great lords, and in the end they gave up their point.

Thus the great principle—that a man has a right to choose his country—was established for all time.

While these things were being done in the North, the South and West were in great commotion. I have told you how Tecumseh and his brother the Prophet had stirred the Indians far and wide against the American people. Those of the North joined the British troops, as you know. Those of the South began a war on their own account. They were chiefly Creeks and Seminoles, old enemies of the white men, and very fierce, cruel, and blood-thirsty races.

They began, as usual, by murdering stray white men, burning solitary houses, and such acts. But gaining courage as they went on, and growing more ravenous for blood and plunder, they soon perpetrated more terrible deeds.

On the west side of the Alabama, a short distance above its junction with the Tombigbee, stood the largest of the forts which the white men had built in that region. It was called Fort Mimms; and when the Indians first began to be troublesome, about four hundred persons flocked thither for safety. It stood in the midst of a beautiful country, was surrounded on every side by fertile fields and rich plantations, and promised to be one of the most flourishing places in the South.

One day in August a negro ran hastily into this fort, and said that the Indians intended to attack it.

It was so strong, and the Indians chiefs had of late seemed so friendly, that the white men did not believe him. The next day a half-breed Indian came in and gave the same alarm. But he was not believed any more than the negro.

After a time other negroes came in from the fields and said they had actually seen Indians hovering in the distance. You know how often it happens in circumstances like these that men seem blinded by some extraordinary power, and act like madmen. Instead of being heard attentively, one of the negroes was punished for telling what the white people called lies.

Even when the trusty watch-dogs, trained to Indian warfare, began to bay and bark in a low, growling manner, as was their wont when they detected the Indians afar off by the scent, their masters would not trust them, and paid no attention to the warning.

So unspeakably careless was the commander, that the Indians walked up to the fort at mid-day, and rushed in at the gate before the sentinel could close it. Then the whites began to fight. But it was too late. The Indians were led by a fierce chief named WEATHERSFORD, who fought like a demon, shooting and stabbing and tomahawking every one opposed to him. His men followed his example, and in a very short space of time all the men were killed but some twenty or so who fled across the fields.

The women and children were left in the fort. It was set on fire, and nearly all of them perished in the flames. The few who forced their way out were

brutally murdered, and their bodies hacked to pieces by the savages. It would be impossible to describe to you the horrible scene presented by the fort when the Indians left it: corpses half burnt lying in the ashes—here a leg, there a scalped head, here a woman cut to pieces, there a poor little child suffocated in its own blood.

Terrible was the cry which arose from the people of Tennessee and Kentucky, and the Carolinas and Georgia, when the news of the massacre of Fort Mimms reached them. There was no talk of sending to Washington for help. They were men who helped themselves always. A great meeting was held at Nashville, and with one voice the people chose for their general, to lead them against the Indians, one of their bravest citizens—ANDREW JACKSON.

Over three thousand men flocked round his banner, and he took the field at once, and marched into the Indian country.

The Creeks were very brave. They would not retreat an inch, and neither gave nor received quarter. In four successive battles Jackson and his officers routed them completely, killing great numbers of them, destroying their villages and forts, and carrying off their women and children into captivity. Jackson, like Perry on Lake Erie, had risen from a sick bed to lead his troops: once on his horse, he seemed to have lost all thought of fatigue, illness, hunger, or sleep. No matter where the Creeks ensconced themselves, he ferreted them out: no matter how bravely they fought, he defeated them.

At last, after the fourth battle, the might of the tribe was broken. Most of the warriors had been killed; those who remained sued for peace. Jackson demanded that Weathersford, who had led the attack on Fort Mimms, should be given up to be tried for the massacre, and punished.

The men of Tennessee and the Carolinas had tried hard to take Weathersford. But he was so active, so watchful, and so lucky, that he had always baffled their efforts. Even now, in the day of their ruin, the Creeks could hardly be brought to give up their bold chieftain; so much had they loved him, and so often had he led them.

While they were thinking of it, and Jackson was sitting in his tent one afternoon, Weathersford suddenly appeared at the door of the tent, stepped in, and stood before Jackson.

"General," said the Indian, "I have fought you with all my might, and done all the harm I could. But you have conquered. I have no warriors now; their bones are at Tallahatchie, Talladega, Emuckraw, and Tolopeka. I am now in your power. Do with me what you please. I too am a warrior."

Jackson listened to this bold speech from the savage chief with perfect coolness. When it was ended, the General made up his mind that Weathersford's life must be spared. It was not easy to convince the men that this was right; they could not quickly forgive the massacre of Fort Mimms; but Jackson, or Old Hickory, as he began to be called, had a terrible will of his own, and Weathersford was pardoned.

There is another story of this Creek war which I must tell you; it is so pleasant to find a ray of gentleness and humanity in the heart of so stern a warrior as Old Hickory. At the last battle, many of the Indian women had rushed to the attack with the men; some were made prisoners, some killed. One of the latter had a new-born baby with her; when its mother fell, the infant rolled to the ground, and cried piteously. When the battle was over, the baby was brought to Jackson, who asked whether some one among the squaw prisoners would not nurse it. You know the Indians are a very sullen race, inhuman in some things.

The squaws answered,

"No; its mother is dead: let it die too."

But Old Hickory's will was as strong in the matter of a child's life as when the safety of a nation was concerned. He took the baby in his arms, carried it to his tent, and finding some sugar in his baggage, the old chief actually fed the little crying thing himself. And so its life was saved.

It is as pleasant, I think, to fancy General Jackson in his soldier's uniform, and in the midst of his cares and his troubles, mixing sugar and water to feed that poor orphan baby, as at the head of the most glorious charge he ever led against the foe.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LONG before the snow had begun to melt the soldiers were astir in the North. Every body in the large cities was grumbling at the poor results of the two last campaigns: if the commanding generals had heard the way they were spoken of, they would not have felt much flattered. As it was, they heard quite enough to spur them to exertion.

General Wilkinson, who, like Dearborn, was always unwell, and hardly able to move, made a dash at a mill at a place called Lacolle, between Lake Champlain and Montreal. But the roads were bad, and had besides been blocked up by trees and other obstacles; and the British soldiers who garrisoned the mill were quite prepared for an attack. So, when Wilkinson's men advanced, they were received more hotly than they had expected, and, after a sharp conflict, they returned home in bad humor.

They said that luck was with the British; but it was not luck but generalship the Americans had needed, as you will soon see.

Old Jacob Brown had been appointed a major-general. As soon as the army he was given to command had been drilled, and taught to fight in an orderly, soldier-like manner, he gave orders to cross the river Niagara to Fort Erie. Several of his officers were much opposed to invading Canada again;

but Brown swore that nothing but thunder and lightning should prevent his carrying out his plan.

Over he crossed on the third of July. On the fourth, while the people of the United States were keeping their national holiday, he came in sight of the British army on the Chippewa River. That night both armies lay quiet; but next morning, as soon as day broke, the fighting began.

It lasted all day. The roar of the cannon and the musketry mingled with the roar of Niagara; it was not till the sun went down that the voice of the cataract seemed to grow louder and louder, and the thunder of the battle waved fainter and fainter. The British were defeated. They had chosen their own ground, counted more men than the Americans, fought under good generals; but they were defeated, and lost twice as many men as their enemy. That night one thousand men, dead and wounded, English and Americans, lay groaning for water on the field of battle; the night wind carried their moans over the plain until, like the cannon's roar, they too were lost in the hoarse rumble of the torrent.

The British fell back; and for several days the two armies marched and countermarched near the falls and the river, each watching for an opportunity to begin the fight anew.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth, as General Scott was marching with his brigade to Queenston, he fell quite unexpectedly on the whole British army. Most officers, in such a position, knowing that the British far outnumbered their force, would

have hesitated or drawn back. But Winfield Scott, then in the youth of his valor and spirit, gave the word of attack at once, and the battle of Niagara began.

Brown and Ripley, with the other American troops, were at some distance. When they heard of the attack, they hastened up and arrived at Scott's quarters about nightfall. Then the battle raged more fiercely than before. The sun had gone down, and the moon was hidden from time to time by passing clouds; but neither in light nor in darkness, by day nor by night, did the firing, and the charging, and the killing ever cease.

On a height, near a lane called Lundy's Lane, the British had planted a battery of heavy guns, which poured a hail of shot and grape into the ranks of the Americans. The gunners stood ready at their guns with matches lighted, until a flash in the plain below showed them where the Americans were; then they fired, and every volley laid low some brave fellows.

General Ripley, a cool, cautious soldier, who was never excited in his life, rode up to COLONEL MILLER and asked him if he thought he could take that battery?

"I'll try, sir," was the answer.

And he did try, and took it, too, at the point of the bayonet, many of the gunners being killed in the very act of loading and pointing their guns.

When the British general heard that the battery had been taken, he ordered more troops to charge it and retake it from the Americans. But Brown had

also brought up more men to defend it, and when the British charged they were driven back with great loss.

At the foot of the height they formed a second time, and charged again more furiously than before. But again the Americans stood the shock firmly, and the British were repulsed.

A third time they formed, and, led forward with desperate valor by their officers, rushed toward the batteries. But again the Americans held their ground, and, for the last time, the English retreated.

It was past midnight, and the enemy fell back for the night. The battle-field was once more silent; nothing was heard but the gloomy roar of the falls, and the groans of the wounded, many and many of whom never saw the morning light. Sixteen hundred brave men had been killed or wounded in the fight, including all the generals engaged, except General Ripley, whose hat was riddled with balls, though his head was safe.

The British claimed the victory, and so did the Americans. But the former lost their position and more men than their enemies; so that it appears the Americans had the best ground for their claim.

It was this battle which made Winfield Scott a hero. He began it by attacking the British with a vastly inferior force; and his valor was one of the chief causes of the victory. Those who saw him say that nothing could be grander or more heroic than his headlong charges at the head of his men, his tall figure soaring above all others like a giant

among pigmies, and his face lit up with the fire of battle.

The American army quartered itself in Fort Erie, and the British besieged it there. One of the British officers, and a namesake of the commander's, COLONEL DRUMMOND, was a ferocious fellow, more like a pirate than a soldier. He was named to lead the assault of the place, and his order was that no quarter should be given. The British watchword was "Steel!" the meaning of which was that the stormers should use the bayonet in preference to the musket, and stab as many as they could.

On the night appointed the British came on, in total darkness, and the assault began. GENERAL GAINES, who commanded at Fort Erie (Brown and Scott being both disabled by their wounds), was ready for them, and a desperate struggle took place. The English approached quite close to the fort, planted their ladders, and even took one bastion; but the Americans fought so stoutly, knocking down every man as fast as he showed himself, that the attack failed.

Drummond, the leader, was killed. He had fought single-handed with a young American officer, named M'DONOUGH, and overcome him. M'Donough begged his life; but Drummond, like a brutal murderer as he was, struck him dead with a blow.

He turned round to his men and began to cry,

"No quart—"

But at that instant a soldier shot him dead, and he never finished the wicked sentence.

After this, General Brown got well enough to re-

turn to the fort. He planned a sortie on the British, which fairly crushed their army. It was arranged and done just in old Brown's way. When he asked his officers their opinion about it beforehand, they all said it would be too perilous; but Brown took one of his friends aside, and, telling him quietly to "keep dark," assured him that "as sure as there was a God in heaven, he would attack the enemy in his lines, and beat him."

And so he did. And so thoroughly were the British beaten, losing all their heavy guns and one thousand men, that the general gave the siege up, and marched away—which was the end of the war on the peninsula between the lakes.

Before the siege of Fort Erie was raised, however, the eyes of the people were all turned to a different point. The wars in Europe were ended, and the great lords had no work for their multitude of soldiers, except on the American coasts. Powerful squadrons, carrying large armies, were sent out to America. The troops were told, it would seem, to cease, on arrival here, to be soldiers, and to become pirates. The most savage of these pirates was Admiral Cockburn, of whose piracies on the coasts of Virginia and Carolina you have heard already.

This Cockburn had long been tired of plundering farm-houses and villages, and insulting women: he longed for greater game. After cruising some time on the coast, he suddenly dashed into the Chesapeake, sailed past the mouth of the Potomac into the Patuxent, and landed a large band of British soldiers near the village of Benedict, in Maryland.

The moment the landing was effected, the troops marched toward Washington.

I know of nothing in American history so deplorable as the attitude of the Government, and those who were at Washington at that time. They had known for some time that the British might be expected at any moment to attack the Capitol; and yet, when the news of the landing reached them, they were quite taken aback. Such a scene of confusion as Washington presented you can hardly conceive. The President seemed to have lost his wits; gave an order at one moment, and revoked it the next; hurried here, and there, and every where, and was, in plain English, a pitiable spectacle of indecision. His advisers and the generals were scarcely more useful. Some took that opportunity of quarreling with each other. Others seemed to have lost their senses altogether. The clerks in the public offices were as absurd as such people always are on occasions of great emergency. Even the people, in the general dismay, appeared paralyzed, and knew not what to do or how to act.

The British marched from Benedict across the country toward Washington. On the way they were met by a small band of volunteers—a mere handful—from the District of Columbia. A skirmish ensued, which showed what might have been done had there been any head at all in Washington at the time.

The volunteers driven back, the British advanced to Bladensburg, where they met the American army under GENERAL WINDER. You may fancy how wretchedly the whole defense was managed,

from the fact that six hundred Virginians, who had marched with all haste to Washington to fight the invader, were delayed so long by the clerk who furnished them flints for their guns that they were too late to take part in the battle.

It was the twenty-fourth of August, and so fearfully hot a day, that when the British soldiers arrived at Bladensburg they were ready to drop from fatigue. Yet, when the battle began, after a very few shots, the militia broke and scattered, and the British drove their opponents back on every side. The only Americans who made any decent sort of fight at all were the sailors and marines under the brave COMMODORE BARNEY. They kept up a steady fire while the rest of the army was running away, and did not yield until Barney had been shot down and they were surrounded on all sides.

A feeble attempt was made by one or two of the officers to rally the flying troops. But it was impossible. Soldiers never fight well, as you know, unless they have confidence in their leader; here they had no confidence in any of their leaders, and I am not surprised at it. ARMSTRONG, the Secretary of War, proposed to defend the Capitol at all events; but nobody seemed willing to do any thing but fly; and the whole population, with the President, the Secretaries, and the remains of the militia, left Washington to its fate.

On came the British in the cool of the evening, the pirate Cockburn at their head. There was no one to resist them; they took possession of the Capitol, and began to burn and destroy. They set fire

to the President's house, and the offices of the State Departments, to the Capitol, to the Arsenal, to several newspapers offices and private houses. Splendid buildings, rich libraries, noble works of art, valuable records were all burnt:- the vile pirate Cockburn boasting that he would eat his supper by the light of the flames.

He was the man who did the deed. The general of the invading army, whose name was Ross, is said to have been at first opposed to the wanton destruction of so much valuable property, though I think he could not have cared much on the subject, or he would have prevented it. But there is no doubt that the order to set fire to the Capitol and the other buildings was given by Cockburn; that he saw it done himself, and rejoiced over it, just as Nero is said to have done when another great capital—Rome —was burning.

All next day the work of devastation went on, while the President and the other government people watched the flames, wringing their hands at a distance. Cockburn found out the office of the *National Intelligencer*, a newspaper then, as now, accustomed to call things by their right names, and which had often called Cockburn a pirate and a robber. The pirate said his turn was come: he made the soldiers knock the whole establishment to atoms, and destroy the types, ordering them to take especial care to break every C in the office, so that they should never be able to print his name again.

There is no saying where these bandits and pi-

rates might have stopped, but for an accident which appalled them. A furious hurricane began to blow, and raged with such fury, that roofs were blown off houses, and whisked about in the air like sheets of paper. Chimneys fell in every direction. Cottages were blown down, and trees were torn up by the roots and dashed into the air. Nothing was heard but the crashing of falling timbers and stones and bricks, and the sky was darkened by the clouds of dust driven hither and thither by the tornado.

I dare say a great many of the British soldiers—who knew very well they had no right to burn down the public buildings as armies of savages would have done—were smitten with terror at the sight of the awful affects of the hurricane. Some of them were wounded by the falling roofs and flying stones and timbers; and a report spreading that the Americans had plucked up courage and were about to pounce upon them, they started up in desperate haste, and marched off by night to their ships, leaving their wounded, as usual, to the mercy of the Americans.

This was the end of the invasion in this quarter. It is one of the most disgraceful events in history —as full of disgrace for the Americans as for the British.

No one but a pirate like Cockburn would ever have thought of burning the President's house and the Library of Congress by way of carrying on the war. Even the English, when they heard of it, said openly that nothing worse could have been done by those famous old pirates the Danes, who lived by

rapine and plunder, and used to burn down houses and villages and towns just for the fun of the thing.

But the infamy of Cockburn does not excuse the woeful helplessness of the United States Government and the people. A single man of nerve and spirit might have driven all the British back to their ships long before they reached Bladensburg. If Andrew Jackson had been there, not half of them would ever have reached the sea-side. It is not easy to understand how the President or any of the other leading men who were at Washington at the time ever dared to look the people in the face afterward.

CHAPTER XLV.

PIRATE COCKBURN had succeeded so well in his foray at Washington that he was impatient to repeat the operation. A few days after the troops had re-embarked, he sailed up the bay a second time, anchored off the Patapsco, and landed his men at North Point to attack Baltimore.

Happily there was some head among the people of Baltimore: the moment the enemy landed, a body of militia marched down and gave him battle. They were beaten; but the victory cost the British more men than they could spare.

The next day they marched to attack the city. But the people bore themselves so resolutely, and were so well prepared for defense, that pirate Cockburn, after a long affectionate look at the houses and the batteries, bade them good-by, and re-embarked his men.

There was an American gentleman on board the British fleet that day, named FRANCIS S. KEY. He had gone on board to beg that a prisoner whom he knew might be exchanged, and was carried off when the ships set sail. He was on the deck when the ships opened fire on the forts on the Patapsco, and heard the British officers and sailors boasting of what they would do when they had "hauled that flag down"—meaning the stars and stripes which

floated over the forts. It was in the excitement of that moment that he composed that stirring song which you have heard so often—the "Star-spangled Banner," composing verse after verse while, as the song says,

"The rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag still was there."

On the very day that pirate Cockburn came to plunder Baltimore, the British suffered one of the most terrible defeats in the war. It was on Lake Champlain. There, as on the other lakes, there had been a great race between the Americans and the enemy in ship-building; and at first the British had had the upper hand, always contriving to launch their vessels before the Americans, and so keep the command of the lake. But at last the Americans succeeded in getting a little squadron to sea, and prepared to fight one great battle for the victory.

At the very same time the British general in Canada, Prevost, invaded the United States, from Montreal, with an excellent army, twelve thousand strong. He marched as far as Plattsburg, when the American army, chiefly composed of militia, met him, and made ready for battle. The fleet was in the bay, commanded by a young sailor, CAPTAIN M'DONOUGH, and the British fleet, under CAPTAIN DOWNIE, sailed down to attack it at the same time.

On the morning of the day of battle, it being Sunday, M'Donough solemnly read the prayers of the Episcopal Church, and prepared for the fight. Shortly after daybreak the British fleet was seen sailing down in order of battle. Almost at the

same moment a cock flew out of one of the hen-coops on board M'Donough's vessel, the *Saratoga*, and lighting on a gun-slide, set up a tremendous crowing. You know that sailors are usually superstitious: they all declared that this was an omen of victory, and gave three hearty cheers.

As the British ships approached, the battle began. The English ships were more numerous, and carried more guns than the American, and in a very short time the *Saratoga* was almost knocked to pieces. The storm of grape and shot was so terrible, that every man on board was either killed or wounded, and many of the other American ships suffered nearly as much.

They say that while the sailors were falling on every side a shot struck the hen-coop and knocked it to pieces; and that the same cock which had crowed before the battle, flew up into the rigging, and began to crow again in the midst of the balls—which you may believe, if you like. Whether or no, M'Donough did not lose courage, and contriving to wear round his ship by the help of an anchor, he poured so terrible a broadside into the largest of the British vessels that she struck her flag. A few moré broadsides, and all the others followed the example, so that by ten o'clock there was not a British flag floating on the lake.

So terrible had been the battle that the victorious ships were almost as much cut up as the vanquished, and several small craft escaped because none of the American fleet could sail after them.

The land battle began about the same time as the

battle on the lake. But nothing of any importance was attempted until the cheers of the American sailors announced their victory, and the British flags were hauled down one by one. Then the Americans pressed forward.

But the British leader had lost heart. He gave the signal to retreat, and fled in such a desperate hurry with his splendid army, that he left most of his baggage and guns behind him.

This glorious victory consoled the people for the bitter disgrace at Washington. A better spirit began to prevail, and all over the country men offered to fight if the President would give them leaders.

I am afraid there was very little energy in the Government. It seemed as though the shock they had received at Washington had shattered the nerves of the President and his friends. They were in want of money, and not being skillful financiers, could not get any; and they mourned, and worried, and whined in a feeble way that was very lamentable to witness. When you think of the condition of the United States in the old war, and remember how Washington carried it through in spite of obstacles a hundred times more grievous than Mr. Madison had to contend with, you will probably conclude that there was a sad lack of vigor and resource in the latter.

He had trouble enough, poor man. A storm was brewing in New England. The New Englanders, who, as you know, are a bold, sturdy race of men, are apt to be extremely obstinate at times. When they take an idea into their heads, all the trip-hammers in America can not beat it out.

It so happened at this time that they had taken quite a number of strange ideas into their heads. One was that the war was wrong, and that it was better to let the merchants of Boston trade in peace than defend the rights of American sailors. Another was that the Union was wrongly built, and that New England had too little, and the South too much power. Another was that the General Government should pay the militia of Massachusetts for fighting, but that Massachusetts should not be bound to furnish troops for the defense of other States. There were many other ideas of the same kind, which the men of Boston—who began about this time to be called solid men, to distinguish them from the men of the South and of New York, who are, as you know, light, airy, volatile creatures—turned over in their minds in a very sulky way.

The better to digest them, several New England States appointed delegates to meet in convention at Hartford, in Connecticut. Nowadays, you know, we have conventions almost once a week, and nobody minds them the least bit in the world. But forty years ago, people thought a convention a tremendously dangerous affair. Mr. Madison was worried out of his life by the Convention at Hartford, and when he heard that it was to sit with closed doors, and no one was to be admitted but the delegates, he made up his mind that it would, at the very least, blow up the Union.

The Convention met on the day fixed, and the doors were duly shut, and each member growled and grumbled in his particular way. What they

said, no one knew precisely at the time; but a great many fiery Southerners thought the members ought to be hanged without a moment's loss of time, and no questions asked.

As it fell out, nobody tried to blow up the Union, and nobody was hanged. The Convention made a long report, proving that almost every thing in the Constitution was wrong, and that the New Englanders were the men to set it right. It was much flourished at the time, and you will still hear old gentlemen with pig-tails speak of it in a very respectful way. But there are many persons who consider it a narrow-minded performance, and it is certain that not one of the changes it proposed has ever been carried into effect.

The people of New England were still talking about it when news came, so startling and so glorious, that the Convention excitement died out in a second. This news was of General Jackson.

A few months before, he had gone down to Louisiana, which was menaced by the English fleet. Hearing that the Spaniards of Florida were giving help to the English, he marched over to Pensacola, knocked the Spaniards about a little, and advised them to beware for the future for fear of worse.

Very soon he had more serious work to do. The British fleet sailed along the coast and landed an army to attack New Orleans. Jackson had but few men in comparison with their numbers: the British were tried soldiers, who had fought all over Europe; Jackson's men were mostly militia. Worse than all,

there were at New Orleans, and in the neighborhood, numbers of vagabonds of every nation under the sun, who did not care a straw for the United States, and were quite ready to welcome the British invaders.

Not discouraged in the least, however, Jackson marched to meet the enemy, and fought a couple of battles in a week, doing considerable damage, and checking the advance of the British. After a day or two they pressed on, notwithstanding, and Jackson fell back to New Orleans.

Every thing was in confusion there. Some of the citizens were for surrendering; some for running away; some for fighting. Jackson knew perfectly well that nothing would help the British so much as confusion or division of counsels among the Americans. So he quietly took the supreme authority into his own hands, proclaimed martial law, put sentinels over the Legislature, and ordered every man to turn out and fight under penalty of being shot. People very soon saw that he was not to be trifled with, and the works of defense went on with wonderful vigor.

On the eighth of January the British advanced to the attack, under the command of General Pakenham. Their countersign was "Booty and Beauty," from which you may guess what sort of ruffians there must have been in that army.

Jackson had posted his men skillfully behind entrenchments partly built with cotton-bales. They were mostly Tennesseans and Kentuckians, dead shots with their rifles. As the British advanced, each man took good aim and brought down a soldier. Behind each rifleman Jackson had stationed

a man to load while the former fired: by this means the volleys were incessant, and the slaughter of the British tremendous.

Pakenham was killed; the two other generals were wounded; heaps of officers lay on the field. After a short struggle, the fire from behind the entrenchments became unbearable, and the British general ordered a retreat. He had lost two thousand men; Jackson only seventy-one.

The British moved sullenly back to their ships, embarked, and sailed away. New Orleans was safe; the "booty and beauty" were postponed to a future day.

The moment the British were gone, hosts of people in New Orleans began, as usual in such cases, to clamor against Jackson. One of the newspapers called him a tyrant and a despot, and hinted pretty plainly that the people ought to rise up and drive him away.

Jackson knew very well that the British might return, and that divided or weakened authority might still be the ruin of the place. So he sent to the newspaper-office to ask

"Who wrote that article?"

The editor refused for a while to tell; but as Jackson's messenger said he must know, he mentioned the name.

Then Jackson very quietly sent a file of soldiers, seized the person mentioned, and locked him up.

On this one of the Louisiana judges issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, requiring that the man who was imprisoned should be set free.

Whereupon Jackson sent another file of soldiers and shut the judge up likewise, and with him the lawyer who had applied for the writ.

While these things were going on, a ship sailed into the port of New York with news that peace had been made. The ship arrived at night, but the news spread like wildfire; people rushed out of their houses to hear it, and the whole city was in a blaze of excitement. Messengers were sent all over the country in hot haste, to say that the war was over, and that trade was once more going to revive.

The treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent on Christmas eve, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fourteen. It said nothing whatever about the rights of American ships or sailors, but simply declared that both nations should stand in the position they held before the war. Perhaps it might have been better if the British had formally yielded their claims to impress American sailors; but, in reality, it mattered very little what the treaty said. The great lords said privately to themselves, after the news of the battles of Plattsburg and New Orleans arrived in England, that they would never again trouble United States vessels. And they have kept their word.

How oppressive and abominable the old British claims were, and how much reason the United States had to go to war, you may learn from the story of HIRAM THAYER.

He was the son of a farmer in Massachusetts, and, many years before the war, he, like many others,

had been seized by a British press-gang, and forced against his will to serve on board a British frigate. He refused to receive any pay or bounty from the officers of the frigate, and said he was an American citizen, and demanded to be put ashore. But they only laughed at him, and bade him work if he did not want to make acquaintance with the cat.

As he was a steady, prudent young man, and had no chance of escape, he wrought, and very soon rose to be a boatswain's mate on board the British vessel. Year after year he sailed over the seas in her, always thinking of home, and refusing to take a penny of his pay from the British.

At last the war broke out, and his ship was ordered to the coast of America. Hiram Thayer went to the captain, and said to him bluntly and honestly,

"Sir, I am an American; I will never fight against my country."

"Then," said the captain, "if we fall in with an American ship, and you refuse duty, I will have you tied to the mast, and shot at like a dog."

The frigate sailing to the American coast, Thayer's old father, who had been anxiously hoping for his return all these unhappy years, obtained leave to go on board to see him. As the boat pulled off toward the frigate, Hiram Thayer was on deck, and from a long distance he recognized the old man.

"Good God, sir," he cried to the British officer, "there comes my father!"

And the moment the white-haired old farmer stepped on the deck, he was clasped in his son's arms.

You might fancy that this was quite enough to prove to the British officers that Hiram Thayer was an American, as he said. But no. They pretended that certain papers were necessary—as though papers could prove any thing half so well as that embrace of father and son; and they refused to let him go.

There were plenty of Hiram Thayers at the time serving against their will in British vessels, whose trials and adventures you will find related in many books. If every city in the United States had been burnt, and every State plundered in the war, it would have been very shocking and lamentable, but it would have been a cheap price to pay for securing freedom and safety to every American citizen for all time.

When peace was made there were three national ships at sea—the *Constitution*, the *Hornet*, and the *Peacock*. It was some time before the news reached them: meanwhile they went on fighting and capturing British ships. The *Constitution* fought two sloops—the *Cyane* and the *Levant*—together, and made both prizes. The *Hornet* fell in with the *Penguin*, just her own size, and captured her, after a tough fight. The *Peacock* met the *Nautilus*, a cruiser like herself, and cleared the deck for action. Some one sent word to the captain of the former vessel that peace had been made; but he pretended not to hear the message, and made sure of the *Nautilus* by capturing her.

These were the last British ships taken by Americans. The little *Wasp* had gone to sea some time

before the peace, had fought gloriously, and made quite a fleet of prizes; but after setting sail homeward she was never heard of more.

You may fancy how fiercely the war had raged by sea from the fact that, during the two years and a half it lasted, seventeen hundred and fifty British vessels were taken by American cruisers, and sixteen hundred and eighty-three American vessels by British cruisers.

CHAPTER XLVI.

WHEN the news of the peace reached new Orleans, General Jackson laid down his authority as Military Governor, and the persons he had put in jail were set free.

The judge, whose name was HALL, was a very high-spirited man, and he had made his mind up to vindicate the law. Accordingly, as soon as he found himself at liberty he summoned General Jackson to appear before him, to answer for having set the civil authority at naught.

On the day appointed Jackson appeared with several of his aides-de-camp. A vast crowd assembled, fearful lest some mischief had been plotted against the hero who had said he would "smāsh the redcoats," and who had kept his word.

The case was very soon settled. The judge put some questions, a few of which Jackson answered: and then Hall condemned him to pay one thousand dollars fine. The General drew the money from his pocket, handed it to the clerk, and walked out of court.

The crowd was waiting for him in the street. As soon as he appeared they seized him, hoisted him in the air, and carried him round the city in triumph. There was no end, that night, to the cheering and the speech-making, and the lighting of bonfires in

honor of Old Hickory. As to the fine, it was soon made up by subscriptions, no man being allowed to subscribe more than a dollar.

Now that the United States had done with Great Britain, the President was able to turn his thoughts to smaller foes. For several years, as you remember, the United States had paid tribute to the Dey of Algiers. When the war with England broke out, the Dey thought it was a fine time to do a little business on his own account; so he drove away the American Consul, began to plunder American ships, and reduced their crews to slavery in the old way. While the war lasted, no notice was taken of the Dey, but when peace was restored, Mr. Madison determined to teach him a lesson.

Commodore Decatur was sent to the Mediterranean with a respectable squadron, and was directed to settle the account with the Dey. On his way he fell in with a large Algerine frigate and a brig. He took them both with a rush. The fact was, the Americans having been several years absent from the Mediterranean, the Algerines had almost forgotten all about them, and when Decatur attacked them they pulled down their flags in a trice.

Then Decatur sailed to Algiers and came to anchor off the port. The Dey was in the last agonies of terror. He sent word to Decatur that he would make peace on any terms, if the American Commodore would only come on shore and meet him, and give up the Algerine vessels that had been taken.

Decatur made answer that he would neither go

on shore nor give up his prizes. If the Dey wanted to make peace, let him come on board the American flag-ship.

I believe if Decatur had proposed to the Dey to come riding on a broomstick, or in any other ridiculous manner, he would have done it at once, so terribly was he frightened. The treaty was signed as Decatur dictated without a moment's delay. The American tribute was forever abolished, and the miserable Dey promised never to reduce any future captives to slavery. Decatur then made him a present of the two vessels that had been captured, and left him vastly impressed with respect for the United States of America.

From Algiers Decatur sailed to Tunis and Tripoli, and had a little talk with the Deys and Beys and Bashaws of the nations of pirates who inhabited those regions. He told them in a very plain way that they must pay him so much as indemnity for certain American vessels which had been seized under the guns of their forts during the war. It was something new for them to pay tribute, who had so long levied tribute on other nations. But when they hesitated, Decatur gave orders to clear the decks for action, and they rushed frantically to him to say they would do any thing he wanted.

The Bashaw or Bey of Tunis being short of cash could not pay the whole amount demanded. Whereupon Decatur agreed to let him off, provided he would set free several Christians (Neapolitans and Danes) whom he held in slavery. To this the frightened Bashaw agreed at once; and thus ended

the war between the United States and the African Corsairs.

It would have been well for the poor wretches if all their enemies had been as easily satisfied as Decatur. But many years afterward, the Algerines quarreling with the French, the King of France sent a fleet across the Mediterranean, blew up their forts, drove off the whole crew of Deys, and Beys, and Bashaws, and took care of the country himself.

You will hear no more of the gallant Decatur. He returned home after setting the Barbary pirates straight, and prepared to enjoy the fruits of his toils in a life of honor and rest. But happening to quarrel with a brother officer, they fought a duel, according to the barbarous custom of the age, and the gallant Decatur was shot dead by his adversary. It was left for an American bullet to put an end to the life of him who had so often been a mark for foreign balls in serving his country.

Peace being at length firmly established, the President and Congress turned their attention to the people at home. During the war great distress had prevailed among the merchants and people of the large cities. There were no great canals then, and no railroads; nor was there any trade of consequence in the country except on the sea-coast. In consequence, when the British had blockaded the sea-ports, all commerce ceased, and the merchants were forced to take to other callings.

Before the war the people of the United States had always been in the habit of sending to England for their cloth and their cutlery, and almost all

their manufactured goods. When the war broke out they could no longer procure any of these things from England, and a number of persons set to work to make them at home.

They did not make them quite as well as the English did, as they were new to the business; nor yet as cheaply, as wages were always higher in this country than in England. But, while the war lasted, they were sure of selling what they made, and in this way several important manufactures were established.

When the peace came, the English began, as before, to send over large quantities of cottons, and spades, and saws, and cloth, and such things, for sale in America. And as, for the reasons I have just mentioned, these articles were better and cheaper than those made in this country, every one preferred the English goods to the American, and the manufacturers were nearly ruined.

They ran to Congress for help.

One man said,

"I have set up a cotton-factory, and make cotton goods. While the war lasted I was able to work my factory and sell cottons; but now, if you do not find some plan to keep out the English cottons, I shall not be able to sell any more of mine, and I shall be ruined, and the country will have no cotton factories."

Another said,

"I have set up a foundry. During the war people were obliged to buy my iron-wares and castings, because they could get no others. But now, if the

English are allowed to send their iron-wares and castings here, which are so much cheaper than mine, I shall be ruined, and the country will have no foundries."

Other manufacturers of many sorts of goods made the same complaints, and besought Congress to save them from ruin by making a law to prevent British manufactures being sold here cheaper than the same could be made in the country.

On the other hand, a great many people said it would be a most absurd plan to shut out cheap goods for the sake of having dear ones.

Farmers said they saw no reason why they should give a dollar for a spade that was made in America, if they could get as good a one, made in England, for fifty cents.

Clergymen and lawyers said it was ridiculous to make them pay thirty dollars for a coat made of American cloth, when they could have a good coat of British cloth for twenty.

Poor men's wives, if they had been asked, would have laughed at the idea of giving five dollars for a dress of American cotton, when they could buy the same dress of foreign stuff for three.

These things were said at the time, but only by a few of those who thought them. And most of the people, being quite convinced that the ruin of the manufacturers would be the ruin of the country, were for agreeing to what they asked, and making a law to keep out foreign goods. It was accordingly passed by Congress.

It was called a Protective Tariff, because it laid

certain heavy taxes on foreign goods brought into this country, in order to protect the same description of goods made here. You will see, as we go on, how important a law it was, and to what grave debates and strifes it gave rise.

For the time, it satisfied the manufacturers, who were able to make their goods and sell them more cheaply than the foreigners who had to pay the heavy taxes laid on their goods by the tariff.

This, however, was only one of the difficulties arising out of the peace. In time of war, you know, people can not easily earn money; when the peace came there was no money any where. The Government especially was in great straits, owing much, and having little or no means of paying its debts.

Said DALLAS, the Secretary of the Treasury,

"Suppose we set up a great bank, as Hamilton did when he wanted money."

And Congress replied,

"Suppose we do."

They set up a bank accordingly, with a capital of ever so many millions. And as it helped them to pay their debts for the time, and made every body feel rich—though they weren't a bit richer than before, as you know—it passed for an excellent idea, and the merchants and the government flattered themselves they had got finely over their trouble.

These points settled, government, merchants, and manufacturers were in high spirits.

What with the tariff, and what with the bank, people said that nothing had ever been seen since

the world began like the good time that was coming. Every body began to buy, and to build, and to live splendidly, and to spend money, as if dollars were as plentiful as mosquitoes in August.

In the midst of the excitement very little notice was taken of Indiana, which had grown very rapidly of late, and now asked to be admitted to the Union. It formed part, like Ohio, of the northwest territory which the mother of States, Virginia, had long ago ceded to the United States. No objection was made to its request, and it entered the Union at once.

Mr. Madison's second term was drawing to a close. To succeed him as President, he and his friends proposed JAMES MONROE, of Virginia, who had been Secretary of State for several years. At that time the members of Congress used to meet in caucus and nominate candidates for the Presidency; the caucus met, as usual, and named Mr. Monroe. He was in politics a Democrat.

The Federalists were a good deal broken up, and out of sorts. A second candidate was named, the venerable RUFUS KING, and three States voted for him. But Monroe received one hundred and eighty-three votes out of two hundred and seventeen, and accordingly became President. DANIEL D. TOMPKINS, of New York, received the same number of votes for Vice-President, and was thus elected likewise.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ON the fourth of March, one thousand eight hundred and seventeen, JAMES MONROE was inaugurated, in the usual way, President of the United States. His principal advisers were JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, the Secretary of State, JOHN C. CALHOUN, Secretary of War, and WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD, Secretary of the Treasury.

About this time the Spanish colonies in America began to rebel against the tyranny of the Spanish King, as the North American colonies had rebelled against King George the Third. Obstinate as George the Third was, and pig-headed, and unjust, the King of Spain was a much worse man in every way—a robber, a murderer, a liar, and a cheat. And his colonies had even better reasons for rising up to throw off his yoke than the British colonies to declare themselves independent of England.

So when the news came that the Spaniards of America were every where in arms, the people of the United States rejoiced exceedingly. Henry Clay, who was Speaker of the House of Representatives, was for giving the Spanish rebels comfort in some way or other; if not openly with arms, at least morally, by approving what they had done, and receiving with honor the agents they sent to Washington.

It has always been the custom of the kings of Europe to help each other when the people have put any one of them to trouble. In this way, as you know, the King of England and the Emperor of Russia helped the King of France back to his throne when the French people kicked him and his family out of the country; and the King of France, in his turn, helped the King of Spain with an army when the Spanish people were trying to make him behave himself honestly. Just in the same way the Emperor of Russia the other day helped the Emperor of Austria with an army to put down the Hungarians, who were fighting for their liberties.

A great many warm-hearted Americans thought at this time that as the kings stuck by each other so firmly, the republics ought to do the same, and were for standing up for the Sons of Liberty in South America.

But it came to nothing. President Monroe was a very cool and cautious man. He thought the United States had had enough of war, and that it was wiser to stand aloof, and let the republicans of the Spanish colonies fight their own battles. And Congress, not being by any means in a fighting humor, took the same view.

While the excitement lasted, however, a filibustero, named GREGOR M'GREGOR, collected a band of vagabonds and seized Amelia Island, on the coast of Florida. Gregor M'Gregor pretended to be a thorough Democrat, and to be always in a deadly rage with the kings and despots of Europe. According to him, he seized the island from pure love

of liberty, least it should by any accident prove a help to the King of Spain. But it turned out in the end that this valorous champion of liberty was nothing better than a pirate, and that the island served as the station for his pirate ships.

President Monroe did not seem to think that a pirate was any the better for hating kings; so he sent a few ships and a few soldiers down to Amelia Island, and brushed away bold Gregor M'Gregor and his men without any ceremony at all.

The best joke in the whole business was the way the King of Spain treated it. He sent to Washington to demand an apology for the insult which he said the United States had offered to Spain by driving M'Gregor away. This was just as if a man who had caught a thief plundering his neighbor's house and beaten him off were called to account for doing so by the neighbor whose property he had saved.

The King of Spain and his counselors had, in fact, very little sense indeed. They say the present rulers of Spain have improved in this respect, and I hope they have. But between you and me, I think there is a little room for further improvement still.

The next trouble was with the Indians. A tribe called the Seminoles, whose warriors were very numerous and fierce, had begun to molest the Southern settlements of the United States in the old way. Every body said the man to settle them was Old Hickory.

So they called him out once more, and he took the field with his Tennesseans, and marched against the

Seminole villages, near the present town of Tallahassee, in Florida. They were very soon demolished, and the Indians severely and, I am afraid, in some cases, cruelly punished.

Among the prisoners taken on this occasion were two British subjects named ARBUTHNOT and AMBRISTER, who had led the Indians, and supplied them with powder and other materials of war. Jackson knew very well that the United States would have had very little trouble with the Indians had it not been for Englishmen like these two, who mischievously stirred up the poor savages to molest the American settlements. And he believed that if the Indians were guilty, these white men, who, knowing so much better, instigated them to do wrong, were much more guilty.

So he called a court-martial, and bade them try Arbuthnot and Ambrister. General Gaines was the President of the Court, and, after a long trial, both the prisoners were found guilty of stirring up the Indians to make war on the United States. Some people supposed that General Jackson would never dare to carry out the sentence of the Court. But he did not hesitate a moment. Both the unfortunate men were hanged.

A great deal of noise was afterward made about the execution, and many very well meaning persons blamed General Jackson. But you will notice that ever since that time foreigners have been particularly careful not to stir up the Indians to make war on the United States.

With almost all the other Indian tribes the United

States were at peace. It is pleasant to think that for some years the Government had been dealing honestly with the red men, and paying them for their lands. It was not so at first, as you remember.

You will find a great deal written in books, both of prose and poetry, about the wrongs of the Indians. There are some people who think the United States had no right to take their lands from them, whether they paid for them or not; and every body laments the ruin which rum has wrought among the children of the forest. I do not think it was the design of our Creator that this great and beautiful country should always be a hunting-ground, or that its only tenants should be men who scalped and ate each other, lived under branches of trees and in mud huts, and used their wives like beasts of burden. That some of the Indian tribes formerly suffered great wrongs at the hands of the white men is but too certain; and undying shame rests on their names who dealt thus with the poor savages. But, for the most part, these stories of Indian wrongs are about as authentic as Jack the Giant Killer.

People began to find out about this time that the great bank which was to make every body rich was not such a capital idea after all. In the first place, it had made no end of paper dollars, which were very pretty to look at, and very convenient to carry in the pocket; but, after a time, when you went to one of the offices of the bank, and said to the clerk, "I will trouble you to change me this paper dollar into silver, if you please," ten to one he would

turn his head the other way, and say he had no change.

Now, as you know, paper dollars are only bits of paper worth nothing more in themselves than any other scraps which are thrown away into the dust-heap; they pass for money, and serve to pay for beef and bread and clothes, only because every one expects that the bank which made them will change them for gold or silver whenever required. When, therefore, the clerks of the great bank said they had no change, their paper dollars were worth very little indeed, and people began to see they had made a rather bad bargain in taking them.

This was not the worst, however. When the great bank was set on foot, and poured its paper dollars over the country, several smart fellows in the various States said to themselves,

"Why shouldn't we set up banks as well, and make paper dollars?"

And as there didn't seem to be any particular reason why they shouldn't, if they could get people to take them, a good many banks were founded, and the manufacturing of paper dollars went on at a furious rate. If these paper dollars had really been worth any thing, the plan would have been excellent; but as they were in reality worth less than so much writing-paper (the banks having no gold or silver to give in exchange for them), the people who made them had far better have spent their time in making boots or bread.

For, in a very short while, every body began to distrust the banks, and to ask for silver and gold in

exchange for their paper dollars. Hardly any of the banks had any to give, and the poor people who had sold their corn, and their cotton, and their goods, and received pay in paper dollars, were thrown into great distress.

They rushed to Congress for help. People said it was all the fault of the great bank, and it was as much abused as it had been praised before. Congress promised to look into the matter, and it was very soon found that the chief officers of the bank had been helping themselves. They were turned out and new men put in their places.

The manufacturers said that, for their part, they had no objection to the great bank, if Congress would only make the taxes on foreign goods a little heavier, so as to shut them out more thoroughly. Some people thought they ought to be satisfied with the protection they had. But the manufacturers replied that this was all a mistake. The taxes ought to be much heavier, far.

They got nothing more at this time in consequence of the excitement which arose in Congress on another subject.

Three new States had been admitted into the Union in the three first years of Mr. Monroe's Presidency—Mississippi, Illinois, and Alabama. The country lying west of the Mississippi River being rich and fertile, settlers had thronged thither, and now, according to custom, the people of the territory of Missouri asked leave to frame a State Constitution in order to be admitted to the Union.

This gave rise to the most dangerous quarrel that ever broke out in this country.

It had so happened that since the adoption of the Constitution, free and slave States had been admitted alternately into the Union. The order had been, first Vermont, free, then Kentucky, slave; Tennessee, slave, then Ohio, free; Louisiana, slave, then Indiana, free; Mississippi, slave, then Illinois, free; and lastly Alabama, slave. When Missouri, in which there were slaves already, prepared for admission, some Northern members of Congress objected that it was the turn of a free not a slave State.

This awoke a sleeping demon. Even before the Constitution was adopted, the Northern and Southern men had quarreled about slavery: the one saying that slavery was inhuman and should be abolished, the others that it was no such thing, and that the negroes were far better off as slaves than they would be if free. For thirty years the quarrel had slept. Now it burst forth afresh more fiercely than ever.

The Northern men said they would not admit Missouri at all, unless it were a free State.

The Southern men replied that Congress had no business to meddle with the private concerns of the States, of which slavery was one. Some Southerners even threatened to secede from the Union if Missouri were not admitted.

The excitement was terrible. All over the North meetings were held, and slavery was attacked in the most savage manner. At the South the planters were quite as much enraged at what they considered

an attack on their institutions and their rights. On both sides the speakers were full of wrath and fury.

In the midst of the turmoil, the people of Maine, who had once had a separate government, and had been swallowed up by Massachusetts, as you remember, came to the country's help by asking to be admitted as a separate State. As it would, of course, be a free State, the men of the South argued that, if they voted for its admission, it would only be fair that the men of the North should vote for that of Missouri.

It was not a very easy matter to settle. The feeling against slavery was very bitter in the North, and many members of Congress and senators had been instructed to oppose to the death any extension of slavery to new States. But when they tried to pass a motion prohibiting slavery in Missouri, they were defeated over and over again.

Senator Thomas of Illinois then proposed a plan which he hoped would satisfy both parties. It was to admit Maine free, and Missouri slave; but to enact that all the remaining territory acquired from France north of the line of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes north latitude should be free forever.

This plan was at first much opposed by the violent men on both sides. But Mr. Clay, and other leading statesmen, thought it the best that could be proposed, and by their influence it passed, and became a law. Missouri was not admitted until the following year, and there was yet a battle to be fought, but the end of it was the same as that reached on this occasion.

This law is commonly called the Missouri Compromise. You have heard much of it lately in consequence of the recent laws establishing territorial governments in Kansas and Nebraska. The effect of these last laws is to annul that clause in the Missouri Compromise which prohibits slavery in the territory north of 36° 30′.

There is a party, as you know, in the North, and a very large one, which believes that Congress had no right to repeal or annul that Compromise. They say that it was a bargain between the North and the South, not by any means, or on any account, to be broken. And they say that if, as seems likely to be the case, the future State of Kansas be a slave State, the South will have gained an unfair advantage over the North by breaking its plighted faith.

On the other hand, all the South, and a very respectable party in the North, answer that Congress had no right to pass the Missouri Compromise at all. That the Constitution gave to Congress no power to interfere with the institutions of the States, old or new, or to plant slavery here or forbid it there. That the people of each State are the best judges themselves whether they will allow slaves among them or not. And that, the Missouri Compromise having been altogether a mistake, the only sensible course is to say so, and go on as if it had never been passed.

In deciding which of these two opinions is right, you can not imitate a better model than Henry Clay. He earned imperishable fame by his conduct at the time the Missouri Compromise was passed.

Whether it was a mistake or not, his motives were pure, his purpose noble. He saw discord spreading throughout the country, and the men of one State ready to take up arms against the men of another. He heard the fierce disputes, the bitter taunts, the galling reproaches that each faction heaped upon the other. He knew that this nation had but one real peril to fear, and that was internal dissensions and strife. He felt that if the quarrel went on much longer, this peril would approach with giant strides, and he registered a vow that it must be stopped. His voice it was, his eloquent voice, which calmed the stormy debate in Congress: he threw himself between the angry North and South, and implored them—not to establish or to forbid slavery; not to make this or that law for Missouri or the new territory—these were trifles—but simply to save the Union.

You know how well he succeeded, and how thirty years of peace followed his gallant act. He is gone, and you do not often hear his name mentioned now in conversation, or read of him in the newspapers. But in history and in every American heart he still lives; and years and years and ages after you are gone, and your children after you, the world will be proud to do him honor, and to celebrate the fame of him who saved this Union in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty.

As Mr. Monroe's four years drew to a close, a few politicians began to talk about the election of his successor. But the Federalists said they were quite satisfied with him; and the Democrats, of

course, had no fault to find. So, for the last time in the history of this country, no rival candidates were nominated; and Mr. Monroe and Mr. Tompkins were re-elected President and Vice-President, almost without adverse votes.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

I HAVE very little to say in this Child's History about the second term of Mr. Monroe's Presidency. All was quiet at home and abroad. Every man minded his own business, and let politics alone. Oh, how happy a time that was!

The first important event was the execution of the treaty which had just been made with the King of Spain, by which Florida was given up to the United States. It was high time. The King of Spain, who was an abominable tyrant at home, had no strength or power abroad: his dominions were nests of robbers and pirates, shunned and dreaded by all good men.

A happy day it was for Florida when the President sent General Jackson thither to take possession of the country in the name of the United States. He had at first a good deal of trouble with the robbers and pirates, who knew that they would find the United States Government a rather tougher customer than the weak old King of Spain; but he broke up their nests with an iron hand, and scattered them without pity.

The old Spanish governors, or at least many of them, were as bad as the King their master. The last of the batch, whose name was CALLAVA, had

plotted with others like himself to rob some poor orphan girls of their inheritance. He had got hold of the papers which established their claim, and handed them to an accomplice of his named SOUSA.

So long as he was Governor, of course, the poor orphans had no chance of obtaining justice. But when Jackson came, their friends went to him, and besought him to protect them. He sent to Sousa and demanded the orphans' papers. Sousa was so terribly frightened at this demand that he was on the point of giving them up; but, on second thoughts, believing that General Jackson would never dare to attack so great a man as the late Spanish governor, he sent them to him instead.

If Governor Callava had been Emperor instead of Governor it would have been all the same to Jackson. He sent him word he must have those papers. The Spaniard said he would not give them up. Then Jackson sent a file of soldiers and took him prisoner.

The old Governor was so madly enraged at this treatment that he called Jackson all the hard names in the Spanish language—they say there are a good many—and spluttered and harangued in sentences of such a prodigious length that a page of this book would not contain one of them. Jackson called him no names, and his sentences were very short indeed: he said only,

"Take him to jail."

When he was safe under lock and key, Jackson sent to his house and got the box in which the papers were. It was opened by officers appointed for

the purpose, the orphans' papers were taken out, and thus at last they obtained their inheritance.

When the Spaniards saw the way he had treated their old Governor, they said to themselves that it would never do to try to bully him. So they became quiet, orderly citizens; and ever since that time Florida has been a very peaceable country.

Treaties were made during these four years with other European nations. Not many years before, the kings and great men of Europe hardly knew there was such a nation as the United States, and seldom thought it worth while to make treaties with this country. But the last war had made such a noise in the world, and the American ships, especially, had fought so gallantly, that foreign states began to respect the people of America, and hastened to covenant for their friendship. In this way treaties were made with Russia and France as well as Spain, and new arrangements respecting many important matters were made with Great Britain.

At home the people were very much distressed. The country had been covered with vile paper dollars which had passed for money, and, proving afterward to be mere rubbish, had caused a vast deal of suffering and ruin. Besides, as always happens in great trading nations, when the merchants had a good year, they would launch out, and live wastefully, and spend immense sums of money, as though all future years were to be good likewise; and thus, when hard times came round, these foolish people would find themselves taken aback, and very often went to pieces altogether. It has always been so,

and I suppose always will be the case until mankind become more sensible.

But the manufacturers, and a great many of the politicians, thought the distress was owing to the taxes on foreign goods being too light. They said the thing that was wanted was protection to native industry.

Many persons doubted this very much, and believed that it was not protection to native industry that was wanted, so much as protection against bad banks and extravagance in living.

But the manufacturers and their friends, who were called Protectionists, argued so long and so well, and brought so many long rows of figures to prove the truth of what they said, that most people began to believe they were right. A great number of the best statesmen of the country were persuaded, and as for the merchants and others who were half ruined by the distress, they were eager for any change.

So Congress said,

"Suppose we try more protection to native industry!"

And they tried it. A new tariff law was made, laying still heavier taxes on foreign goods, in order to protect the American makers of the same classes of goods. Some few thought it a little hard to be obliged to pay more for their cottons, and their cloth, and their saws, and their knives; but for the most part, people believed that it would be for their good in the end, and waited patiently.

In the last year of Mr. Monroe's Presidency a

great man came to this country. This was General Lafayette, the glorious old hero, whose cheek was now wrinkled, and whose hair was gray. The boys who were at school when he left this country, after helping Washington to defeat the British, were old men, almost as gray as himself; very few, indeed, of the thousands and thousands who flocked to meet him, and do him honor wherever he went, were born when his blood was shed for American freedom.

He was welcomed every where with joy, and honored as no man ever was before or since by a free people. Congress gave him a township of land, and a couple of hundred thousand dollars, as a trifling token of the nation's gratitude. If they had made it a dozen townships, and a million of dollars, it would still have been too little to repay the man who had said, when the old Continental Congress sent him word he had better not come to fight for them, as they were too poor to pay the expenses of his voyage hither,

"If that is the case, I will go at once, and take money with me."

He lived long enough to lead the people of France once more, when they rose up in their old sturdy way and drove the driveling tyrant, CHARLES THE TENTH, out of their country. When LOUIS PHILIPPE offered to be their King, they would not have him until Lafayette answered for him. You will see, if you read the history of France, how this treacherous King no sooner felt himself firmly seated on his throne than he turned his back on the staunch old

friend of the People, and began to rule unjustly and corruptly. And how the disappointment so weighed on good Lafayette's mind that his heart almost broke, and he died, begging pardon of God and of the French for having had any part in raising Louis Philippe to the throne.

When the time came to elect a new President, politicians became much excited, and to hear them, one might have supposed that the safety of the country depended on the choice of the right man. There were four candidates, General Jackson, John Quincy Adams (the son of President Adams), William H. Crawford, and Henry Clay. They were all of the same way of thinking, so far as the Government was concerned; and it was very clear that whoever was elected the policy of the President would be the same.

For this reason, I don't think the people cared much who won the day: the politicians had all the excitement to themselves.

When the votes were counted, it was found that General Jackson had 99, Mr. Adams 84, Mr. Crawford 41, Mr. Clay 37. Thus, as no one candidate had a majority, it was left to Congress to choose between the three highest, namely, General Jackson, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Crawford. Congress very soon decided. General Jackson had many enemies, as every bold, fearless man must have, Mr. Adams very few; and so Mr. Adams was chosen President. The Vice-President elected was Mr. John C. Calhoun.

CHAPTER XLIX.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, the sixth President of the United States, was the son of old John Adams, who, as you remember, succeeded Washington as President. In the days of old John Adams's Presidency, the Republicans, who were not much in love with him, accused him of wishing to change the form of government, and make himself King, and his son John Quincy after him. I don't think John Adams was ever simple enough to have thought seriously of such a foolish scheme, and I am sure he was too true a friend to American liberty to wish to sacrifice it for the sake of raising his own family. The will of the people, however, effected in a certain way what he was accused of trying to bring about by treasonable plots: he lived to see his son installed as chief magistrate of the United States.

John Quincy Adams was a man of fine talents and great political experience. He had spent a great part of his life abroad as minister for the United States, and had been one of the signers of the treaty of peace with Great Britain which put an end to the last war. For a short time he had been one of the professors at Harvard College, and had delivered lectures on public speaking which were greatly admired. Under Mr. Monroe, as I said before, he was Secretary of State.

From the very first, Mr. Adams had an uneasy berth. He chose Henry Clay to be his Secretary of State. The friends of General Jackson, who were very much annoyed at his having lost the election, set up a cry that Clay had sold himself, having induced Congress to elect Mr. Adams on condition that he was to be Secretary of State.

Politicians, you know, are not very particular what they say when their blood is up. It was not true that Mr. Clay had made any bargain of the kind charged; but all Jackson's friends declared he had, and the whole country rang with abuse of the great patriot.

He did not mind it much at first, being convinced that people would see in the end that it was all nonsense—did not worry himself half so much as Mr. Adams, who was sensitive, and felt very indignant with the authors of the story.

But when JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke, who was one of the most brilliant orators in Congress, spoke of the bargain, Henry Clay thought it was time to put a stop to such slander.

At that time the absurd old fashion of dueling still existed: Mr. Clay, who was from a fighting State, Kentucky, sent a challenge to Mr. Randolph.

They met in the usual way, attended by several fighting men; and all who were on the ground believed that one of them at least would not return alive. At the first fire neither was hit. COLONEL BENTON then rode up and begged both parties to desist, as the country could not afford to lose either. They would not, but fired again. Mr. Clay's ball

went through Mr. Randolph's clothes: Mr. Randolph cried,

"Mr. Clay, I do not fire at you;" and fired his shot in the air.

On this they shook hands and returned home. It was a great blessing to the country that the duel ended thus. But if Mr. Clay had boldly said he would not send a challenge, because dueling was an absurd, inhuman, and abominable practice, it would have been a greater blessing still.

Nowadays, you know, public men expect to be called pickpockets, and swindlers, and assassins, and all the hard names in the dictionary, and nobody minds it in the least.

But thirty years ago, politicians hadn't got into the way of abusing each other heartily; and when any one of them spoke ill of a public man, people thought it was a very serious matter indeed. Thus, when a fellow named Mix accused the Vice-President, John C. Calhoun, of having received bribes, Mr. Calhoun thought it was worth while to bring the matter before the Senate. Of course there was no truth in the charge, and the end of the matter was, that every body saw how foully Mix had lied. But it made a great noise at the time.

On the fourth of July, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, two Ex-Presidents, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, died. It was very singular that they should both die on the same day, and that day the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence, which they had taken so large a share in securing.

The day before his death, Mr. Adams had been asked for a toast to be drunk at the celebration dinner on the following day. He gave:

"Independence forever!"

One of his friends asking whether he would not like to add something to this sentence, he answered,

"No, not a word: simply, Independence forever!"

He died quietly and peaceably, as a good man should, saying almost with his last breath,

"Jefferson survives."

But Jefferson had been dead several hours. He too died peaceably and happily. For several days he had foreseen his end, and prepared for it calmly. He only hoped to live till the fourth, so as to die on that day; and his hope was gratified.

They were men of opposite views in many things, and different tempers; but they were both true friends to freedom, and thorough lovers of their country. In the hour of trial both had suffered; in the hour of triumph both had been rewarded. No man ever hated tyranny more sternly than John Adams; no one ever loved mankind more warmly than Thomas Jefferson.

They had their faults, of course, as all men have; and it has been the delight of mean minds to grub them out, and parade them before the public eye. But it will be time, when a perfect man shall have appeared on the earth, to let the small blemishes in their character stain the bright expanse of their memory. You shall love and honor them as two among those to whom you owe the priceless blessings of free government, free speech, free press, free

action; and as men whose private virtues, if they had never done any thing for you, would still raise them to the level of the heroes of history.

By this time nearly all the old Spanish colonies in South and Central America had followed the example of the United States, and thrown off the yoke of the mother country. It must have been delightful to think of the spread of liberty throughout the world, and very cheering to the people of the United States to see how useful their example had been to other races.

One among the many great men who rose to fame and honor in the South American struggle for liberty was SIMON BOLIVAR, the President of the Republic of Colombia. After the struggle was over, and his country was free, it occurred to Bolivar that, as the kings of Europe were banded together against their subjects and foreign enemies, it would be well for the Republics of America to do the same. A letter was accordingly sent to the United States Government inviting the President to send a minister to a Congress of all the American Republics, to be held at Panama.

President Adams approved the idea, and Mr. Clay was very warm in commending it; and two gentlemen—RICHARD C. ANDERSON and JOHN SERGEANT—were appointed to go to Panama. Unhappily, Mr. Anderson died before the Congress met, and Mr. Sergeant did not go.

Another Congress was called to meet at Tacubaya, in Mexico, and the United States sent agents to be present at it. But by this time the Spaniards, who

had not been used to liberty, were quarreling among themselves, and the Congress never met. Bolivar himself spent a life of continual wrangling with other political chiefs, who accused him of all sorts of absurd schemes. Parties arose in the other new Republics who took up arms against each other, and did little else but cut each others' throats. From these causes no other Congress was ever held or proposed.

I think it was a pity, for such a union of free States must have had a good effect on the rest of the world. Possibly, too, if a close intimacy had arisen between the United States and the other American Republics, the poor Spaniards, who were trying hard to secure the blessings of freedom, but were blundering terribly in the attempt, might have learned a useful lesson from the United States. Who knows even if the war with Mexico might not have been avoided?

The most troublesome business of Mr. Adams's Administration was a quarrel which broke out between the United States and Georgia. It was about the lands of the Indians who lived within that State. More than twenty years before, the United States had agreed to buy these lands from the Indians; but when a proposal was made to the chiefs, they said flatly they would not sell an acre.

On this the agents of the Government behaved, it seems, very dishonorably. After the Indian Council had given an answer and broken up, these agents induced two or three chiefs to make a treaty separately, selling their lands to the United States. The treaty was sent to Washington, and was ratified in

the usual way, no one supecting the trick by which it had been secured.

But when the Indians—they were the old Creeks—heard of it, they rose up in a body, and declared that it was a fraud, a trick, and no treaty at all, but merely a device to rob them of their lands; in which, I must say, I agree with them. They went farther than this, and shot dead the chiefs who had signed the sham treaty.

It was on this that the quarrel arose with Georgia. Governor Troup, of Georgia, a very violent man, was for holding to the sham treaty, and taking the lands of the Creeks at once. President Adams, on the other hand, having found out by what means the treaty had been made, said honestly that he would not act upon it, nor touch a foot of land until a new bargain was concluded with the Creeks.

On this Governor Troup flew into a terrible passion, and swore that the rights of Georgia were being trampled under foot, that nothing was left but death or victory, and many more things of the same peppery sort. He contrived to persuade many persons in Georgia to work themselves into a passion, as he had done; and for a short while the Georgians had some idea of making war on their own account.

After a time, however, they cooled down; and the President having concluded a new and an honest treaty with the Creeks, they took the lands quietly, and kept their fighting-tools for another opportunity.

The manufacturers did not think they were getting on as well as they ought. The woolen-spin-

ners especially sent word to Congress that their trade was nearly ruined, and that more taxes ought to be laid on foreign woolens for their protection. If this were not done, they said, great disasters would be sure to follow.

Mr. Calhoun, however, took a more cheery view of matters. He thought the manufacturers were doing pretty well, and would do better as time progressed, and their factories were improved. So he killed the woolen scheme.

This was the first time any thing had been refused to the manufacturers, and they were very much enraged indeed. Quite a number of very distinguished statesmen took their side, and thought that it was exceedingly unfair to allow foreign woolens to be sold in this country, when native woolens could not be made for the price.

They held a great Convention at Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania, and concerted their plans to make Congress pass the law they desired. All the manufacturers of the North were there; most of them owners of large factories, some in New England, some in Pennsylvania, and nearly all rich and influential. They said, however, that their business was going to ruin, and that native industry would perish if it were not further protected.

Some of the people murmured:

"Why, you told us so four years ago, and we gave you protection to native industry. It does not seem to have helped you much, and for our part we pay dearer for almost every thing we buy."

"Oh," replied the Protectionists, "that was be-

cause you did not give us enough. Let us have more protection, and then you will see."

In the Southern States men generally thought this was pure nonsense. They said protection to native industry amounted to this, and nothing more, that the people of the South, and the North, and the East, and the West should pay higher prices for the articles they bought, in order that the manufacturers of New England and Pennsylvania should be enriched. And they added that for their part they saw very clearly what the drift of the manufacturers was, and that they, at all events, would agree to no more protection.

It so happened, however, that most of the leading statesmen of the North believed that protection was the thing for the country. Their idea was that it was unfair that Englishmen should make all the spades, and the saws, and the cloth, and the cottons used in America, when Americans might just as well make them if they were protected by laws for the purpose.

Nowadays this idea is generally believed to be wrong. It is not considered proper by most people to tax every body who uses a spade some enormous sum, in order that the spade shall be made in this country and not in England. If men can't make spades here as cheaply as in England, it is because they can do something better; and it does not seem wise to pass laws to make them do one thing, when nature intended them to do another as good and as useful.

But, twenty-seven years ago, this was not the view

taken by Congress. Many of the greatest statesmen of the country were for increasing the protection to native industry, believing that it was for the best interests of the United States; and accordingly a new protective tariff was passed, granting to the manufacturers all they asked.

It has been said that this law was one of the most odious ever enacted in this country. You may fancy how severely it pressed on the people, from the fact that every school-boy paid one-third more for his penknife than it would have cost had there been no tariff; that every man who wore a coat worth ten dollars had to pay fifteen, so as to protect the maker of the cloth; that every boy who used a slate paid one-third more than the value for the same purpose; that every woolen garment worth a dollar was charged a dollar and a half, in order that the woolen factories might be protected.

It was a very lucky thing that the United States were large and fertile, and that every man easily got work and good wages, or mischief might have grown out of this foolish tariff. As it was, in several large cities the citizens met together and complained bitterly.

In parts of the South, Georgia especially, the people said the old Colonial Governors could not have done worse; and some even went the length of adding that, for their part, they would never pay such oppressive taxes. You will see in the next chapter how high this spirit rose at last among the bold men of the South.

Mr. Adams hoped to be elected again, as Wash-

ington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe had been. But, besides that he was not so able as most of these, the manner in which he had been elected the first time, and his signing the tariff bill, had made him many enemies.

General Jackson's friends had never been satisfied with Congress for choosing him, when Jackson had more electoral votes, and they resolved to make sure of their game this time. The Southerners were quite pleased to have a chance of showing how strongly they objected to the new taxes.

So, when the electoral votes were counted, it was found that General Jackson had 178, and Mr. Adams only 83. Mr. Calhoun, who had always opposed the schemes of the Protectionists, had 171 votes for Vice-President; his rival candidate, Mr. Rush, receiving the same number as Mr. Adams.

CHAPTER L.

YOU have heard a good deal already of Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States. Nothing which concerns him can be tedious.

When he was thirteen years old, he was already a soldier in the Revolutionary army. His father was dead. One of his two brothers died of fatigue in flying from the fierce Tarleton: little Andrew and his brother Robert fought bravely among those undaunted men who held out against the British to the death.

One of the bands of British soldiers, who used to scour the country like highway robbers, came upon Mrs. Jackson's house one day and made her two sons prisoners. The British officer commanding was a MAJOR COFFIN. He ordered the two Jacksons to clean his boots. Andrew said he would not—that he was a prisoner of war, and would submit to no such insult. The brutal Englishman aimed a blow at the poor boy with his sword, which laid open his hand, and only just missed his head.

Robert Jackson also said he would not clean Coffin's boots. On which this savage wretch smote him with his sword so fiercely that he died of the wound shortly afterward.

Little Andrew Jackson remained a long time a prisoner in the hands of the British, suffering great hardship.

When the war was over, he went to Tennessee and settled at Nashville, where he began to practice law. Tennessee was at that time a very wild sort of place, where fighting was quite common, and quiet people led a pretty hard life. Great numbers of fierce Indians still lived in the State; and worse than these, bad men from the other States, and from foreign countries, had fled thither to save their necks from the halter, and set all law at defiance.

Very soon after Jackson's arrival, these fellows saw that he would be likely to give them trouble, and determined to get rid of him. One or two of the strongest bullies set upon him, in the hope of beating and frightening him; but, slender as he was, he belabored them so lustily, that they did not try that game again. Then another of these fellows, whom Jackson had ordered the sheriff to arrest, took a brace of pistols from his belt, and, swearing that he would shoot the first man who laid a finger on him, asked who was going to arrest him.

Andrew Jackson said he was the man; and calling for a pistol, walked boldly toward the ruffian. But the fellow could not stand the look which Jackson fixed upon him, and cried at once,

"I will give myself up to you, Sir."

After this the rogues found out that the air of Tennessee did not agree with them, and went to a climate where there were no Jacksons.

With the Indians, also, he had trouble at first; but they too found it would not do to molest him. You can tell what they thought of him from the name they gave him. It was Sharpknife.

I have related already what he did as a soldier and a general.

One of his first acts as President was to dismiss a whole host of government clerks, postmasters, and other public officers. Not that he found any fault in them; but he said he wanted their offices for his friends.

Nowadays, you know, it is quite usual for each new President to turn out all the public officers, from the Secretary of State to the boot-blacks at the White House, in order to make room for his own friends. General Jackson was the first President who adopted this plan; and as it was something entirely new, and the poor fellows who were turned out howled dreadfully at being deprived of their livelihood, it made a great noise at the time, and many sensible persons thought Jackson was all wrong.

You will form your own opinion on the point. Some think it is a pity the offices of government are used to reward corrupt politicians, and the elections turned into a mere dirty scramble for the spoils. On the other hand, others say that it is a happy thing for the country that the service of the State is so very wretched a business, that nobody will take to it who can do any thing else. It is very hard, perhaps, for the poor fellows who work for the government to be turned out of their offices every four years; but it would be much harder for the nation if half the young men were brought up in the hope of feeding on the State, instead of becoming independent citizens, and earning an independent livelihood as merchants, or shoemakers, or doctors, or

tailors, as would perhaps be the case if the government offices were worth the notice of independent men.

Indeed, when you think of the thousands and thousands of hungry creatures who rush to Washington every four years to beg for a little office of some kind, you may perhaps come to the conclusion that if Jackson had hit upon some plan for making the government service still more pitiful and worthless, it would not have been a great injury.

General Jackson didn't in the least mind the clamor that arose when he sent postmasters and clerks to the right about. He said he had his ideas about the way the President should do his duty, and he intended to carry them out. If people didn't like it, why they need not elect him again.

The great men at Washington, who had had a good deal of their own way under former Presidents, were taken aback by this off-hand manner of dealing, and for some time a little private war was carried on between them and the President. Congress mixed in it too, and several of the members let General Jackson know that he had far better take their advice, and consult their wishes, than try to carve out a line of conduct for himself. But they might as well have talked to a stone wall as to Old Hickory.

He knew what he had to do, he would say: when he wanted their advice, he would ask it.

After a time, his cabinet got on so badly together, and gave him so much trouble, that he made up his mind, one fine morning, to get rid of the whole of them. So he inquired, had they not better resign?

And they, knowing very well what he meant, resigned at once.

You will find in the histories of the time a long story about the ladies and their share in this event. It seems that the wives of the secretaries quarreled among themselves—ladies will quarrel sometimes; and Old Hickory, in his blunt way, sent them word he would have no such work in his Cabinet, and that they must kiss and be friends. Whereupon the ladies flew into terrible passions, called Jackson a tyrant, and a bashaw, and what not, said they would quarrel if they pleased, and stirred up their husbands to resign immediately.

All which is no doubt true. But the fact was, quite independently of the ladies' squabbles, the Cabinet and Jackson could not work together. The Cabinet said they must be the masters; Jackson said he would be the master; and he settled the point in the way I have related. He chose a new Cabinet composed of very good men. EDWARD LIVINGSTON, who had been his aid-de-camp at New Orleans, was his Secretary of State; LOUIS M'LEAN was Secretary of the Treasury; LEWIS CASS was Secretary of War; LEVI WOODBURY, Secretary of the Navy; and ROGER B. TANEY (now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States), Attorney General.

Before this change was made, trouble was brewing for the Union. It was all owing to the tariff and the taxes laid on foreign goods.

The men of the North, who, as you know, are generally cool and cautious in every thing they do, were

content with saying that the new taxes were abominable, and must be taken off by Congress. But the Southerners, whose blood runs warmer in their veins, rose up in a fury, and said they would not wait till Congress took them off; they would not submit to them at all.

The old spirit of South Carolina was astir. In that State—where the people were still as turbulent and as bold as they had been when the old British Governors said they could not govern them at all—a cry arose that Congress had no authority to tax the people for the benefit of the manufacturers. Other States took up the cry, and all through the South people declared—some openly, some privately—that the taxes were unconstitutional, and must not be paid.

As most of the manufacturers lived in New England and Pennsylvania, the quarrel became a local one between the North and the South. The South said the Northerners were a parcel of grasping misers, who wanted to screw money out of the people by bad laws; and the North replied that the Southerners were factious enemies of the Union. You know very well that both were wrong; that all the Northerners were not greedy; and that the only thing the Southerners wanted was not to be ground to the earth by oppressive and needless taxes.

But men are not apt to be moderate in times of political excitement: the bad feeling ran very high. You will find an instance of it in the great debate in Congress, where COLONEL HAYNE, of South Carolina, spoke for the South, and DANIEL WEBSTER for the North. Their speeches are splendid models of

manly eloquence; they are the only good thing that ever sprang out of the miserable enmity between the two sections of the country.

President Jackson, in his plain, straightforward way, said the taxes were wrong, and should be taken off. A few of them were, accordingly, repealed. But others remained which the South deemed quite as oppressive, and it was not satisfied.

Congress went to work again to take off more of the taxes. But the Protectionists had a great deal of life and strength in them yet. They said the tariff had not been fairly tried; let it last a few years longer, and then, after their factories were soundly established and under weigh, they would agree to take off the taxes.

But the people generally replied, that this was a very foolish way of dealing with industry; that if the tariff were allowed to exist, and factories were established on the strength of it, their owners would be much worse off when the time came to do away with the taxes than they were now. And as there was much commotion on the subject, and the people were quite determined to have their way, Congress made a new tariff, which reduced the taxes on many foreign articles, and so made them cheaper. It was not as thorough a reform as people wanted, but in the North no objection was made.

It was hoped that this would satisfy the South. But it was not so. The bold men of South Carolina declared that Congress had no right to tax them for the benefit of the cotton-spinners or the woolen factories of Massachusetts, and that a tax of a cent was as bad as a tax of a dollar. They said if Con-

gress wanted money to carry on the government, they would give it; but as for giving their money to enrich Tom, Dick, or Harry, who lived at Lowell or Harrisburg, they would fight for it first.

So they called Conventions and summoned their Legislature; pronounced the last tariff as bad as the first, and gave notice to the President that he need not send any custom-house officers to South Carolina to collect duties, for they did not intend to pay any, and, if force was used, South Carolina would secede from the Union.

President Jackson said he was very sorry, for no man saw the folly of the taxes better than he; but, after all, he was President, and it was his business to see that the Union was preserved at all hazards. So he sent General Scott to Charleston to prepare for danger, and strengthened the United States forts on the coast.

The Governor of South Carolina, on the other hand, was busy enrolling militia and arming them to fight against the United States, in case it were attempted to carry out the tariff by force. A single spark would have set the country in a blaze.

In Congress, many sensible members were for altering the new tariff at once, so as to satisfy the South. But to this the Protectionists declared positively they would never agree. They said that the Palmettoes were a factious set of people, who were always making a noise about something, and that it would not do to give way to them.

I do not know any time at which the Union stood in more real danger than at this moment. If Gen-

eral Scott had not been a man of great prudence, a fight between his soldiers and the fiery men of Charleston might have taken place any day. And in Congress it seemed almost hopeless to devise any plan on which the Southerners, who were against the taxes, and Pennsylvania, the Western States, and most of New England, who were in favor of them, could agree.

It was then that glorious Harry Clay stepped forward once more with his eloquent voice and winning manner. He rose to heal discord, as he had done thirteen years before, when the question of slavery was nearly splitting the Union in two, and proposed a plan by which the taxes were to be cut down, little by little, every year for ten years. It was not what the Southerners wanted, as they thought the taxes were wrong altogether, and should be taken off bodily; nor yet what the manufacturers wanted, as some of them would not have been content if the taxes had been raised to double and treble what they were at the time; and would still have thought they needed more protection if Congress had taken all the property of the people and given it them in a lump. But rather than risk a civil war and break up the Union, the South agreed to the plan; and the Protectionists, who were determined not to be outdone in liberality and patriotism, declared themselves satisfied for the present.

So, after a sharp debate, Congress adopted Mr. Clay's plan. It is called in history the COMPROMISE TARIFF: another of those great compromises which have staved off the hour of danger from this glori-

ous Republic, and covered the name of Clay with renown.

It is a good deal the fashion to speak ill of the conduct of South Carolina at this time; but setting aside her right to nullify an act of Congress, which, you know, is a matter of opinion, people in the North are perhaps too apt to judge her harshly.

At first she decided to put a stop to the execution of the tariff on a certain day. Afterward, hearing that Congress was thinking over the matter, and anxious to avoid a too hasty step, the day was altered and a later one chosen. When Mr. Clay's Compromise Bill was proposed, she postponed the time again; and, in fact, the bill was passed and became a law on the very day the war was to have broken out.

When it was received in South Carolina, the people at once said they were satisfied. It was not what they wanted; but, like good citizens and loyal men, they agreed to give up a portion of their claims for the good of the country.

So ended the great quarrel of the tariff with the South.

Another great quarrel, which arose during these four years, was about the great bank. It had lasted a long time now, and every body but its own people saw pretty plainly that it made nobody rich, but a great many poor. Still, it had so much money, and so many of the great people at Washington were in some way or other very much its friends, that, as the time drew near when its charter was to expire, Congress passed a bill to renew it.

It is quite certain the people did not want it re-

newed, and that, if their mind had been taken upon the point, they would have said at once, "Away with it!" They were much alarmed, therefore, when Congress passed the bill. But Old Hickory was on the watch. He waited till they sent him the bill for his signature, then very quietly sent it back vetoed.

He dealt as vigorously with foreign nations as with politicians at home. During the old wars, at least half a dozen nations had seized the opportunity to plunder and capture American ships. After the peace, the Government demanded payment for the ships and cargoes from the nations which had taken them. But one set up one excuse, and another another, and no money ever came. General Jackson set about squaring these accounts.

He sent to Denmark, and let the King know that he wanted so much for ships taken and robbed, and if it was not paid on a given day, his Majesty might look to it; on which the King made desperate haste to pay over the money.

He sent likewise to Naples, and made the same demands. The King of Naples not recollecting the circumstances, an American fleet sailed into the bay just to refresh his memory; and he remembered all about it the very next day, and paid down the cash.

So with France, which owed the United States a much larger sum of money, and very dishonestly refused to pay. The King now promised to make all straight, but he did not; and, as you will see hereafter, Old Hickory was obliged to send him a second message. Spain and Portugal paid up at once, when they saw the sort of man they had to deal with.

Many new treaties were made with almost all the civilized nations, securing new privileges and favors to the people of the United States. The foreign intercourse of the country was never on so pleasant a footing.

President Jackson had made up his mind that American citizens should be respected wherever they went. Very soon he had an opportunity of showing the world how he intended to act in this respect.

You have noticed on the map a group of islands, called the Falkland Islands, lying near the southeast end of South America. For a long time these islands did not seem to belong to any State. Great Britain claimed them, of course, and so did other nations; but, in the end, the Government of Buenos Ayres took possession of them, and leased them to a sort of genteel pirate, named DON LOUIS VERNET.

Dón Louis Vernet made his living by levying tolls on vessels as they passed by. Three American ships, passing that way, refused to pay toll, asserting that Don Louis had no right to claim it. On this he seized the vessels and paid himself.

When Jackson heard of it, he sent off a squadron to settle accounts with Don Louis. The commander, CAPTAIN DUNCAN, made short work of him. He knocked his establishment about his ears, and took him and his men to Buenos Ayres to be tried by the courts there.

The Government of Buenos Ayres were terribly shocked when they saw their friend Don Louis brought in a prisoner. They said it was an insult

to their flag, and that the United States must answer for it. To which the reply was, that the United States had no objection to answer at any time; but that whenever citizens of Buenos Ayres, or of any other State, attempted to molest Americans, they would be served like Don Louis Vernet.

Far away on the coast of Sumatra, other pirates lived, who likewise plundered American ships. They were Malays, a very fierce, barbarous race, who had never heard of the United States, and felt perfectly safe in robbing American ships and murdering their crews.

Jackson dealt with them in a very short, summary method. He sent the *Potomac* to Sumatra, and she very soon battered down the Malay forts, and killed a few of the pirates. On receiving a solemn promise that the Malays would never molest Americans again, the *Potomac* sailed homeward.

Thanks to these vigorous acts, and to the tone of President Jackson's letters to the great powers of Europe, I do not think there ever was a time when American citizens were so much respected abroad as at this period.

At home, politicians were greatly confused about the coming Presidential election. The Protectionists—who were a strong party in New England and Pennsylvania—were of course much disgusted with Jackson on account of the last tariff, and resolved to defeat him if they could. They chose as their man Henry Clay. They could not have had a better. He honestly believed that they were right, and

that protection to national industry was the only policy for the country's good.

Another party arose during these four years, called the Antimasons. They sprang up in the State of New York. A man named MORGAN having suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, some one said the Freemasons had made way with him; and, like many other absurd fables, the silly story found many believers. On the strength of it, a party was formed expressly to put down Freemasonry; and, becoming very numerous, it undertook, when election-time came, to choose a President for the United States, which was very kind, certainly. The Antimasons chose WILLIAM WIRT as their man.

A third party were the South Carolinians and other violent men of the South, who were for very desperate measures, and would not have any thing to do with the Northern candidates. Their man was JOHN FLOYD.

Finally, the people—they called themselves Democrats, but I don't think there was much in the name—when they saw what General Jackson had done for them in the way of lightening the taxes, how firmly he had stood out against the politicians, and how boldly he had taught the world to respect American citizens and the American flag—declared that their man was Old Hickory.

And they elected him with a rush. He received 219 votes; Henry Clay, 49; John Floyd, 11; William Wirt, 7. MARTIN VAN BUREN, who had been Jackson's First Secretary of State, was elected Vice-President.

CHAPTER LI.

VERY soon after General Jackson's re-election, he traveled through the Northern States and New England. Every where he was received with delight. He was so brave an old man, that even those who did not agree with him in politics welcomed him with respect and pride.

In the course of this tour, he made up his mind on one subject: that was the great bank.

I have said enough to you about it to let you know what sort of a concern it was. It had a great many friends in its day, as every concern will have which has millions of money to lend; but, now that it has been dead and gone nearly twenty years, I think we may venture to say that it was a very shaky old establishment, and that there were fine pickings about it for its friends and acquaintances. By the law which set it agoing, the Government agreed to give it in keeping all the public money; and as these tariffs, which the Protectionists persuaded Congress to make, brought a vast deal of money into the public treasury, it had a very good time, and was never at a loss for a few thousands, or hundreds of thousands, to lend its particular friends.

It lent so much right and left—for it was a very generous concern, as most concerns are when they

have other people's money to lend—that General Jackson saw very plainly that the public money was not safe in its hands. If the people to whom it lent paid it back, all would be well; but if they didn't —and some people have a way of not paying their debts—where would the Government be?

Thinking over these points, Jackson came to the conclusion that it was better to take away the Government money at once, than to wait and run the risk of losing it. So he said, in his plain way, to his Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. DUANE (Mr. M'Lane had already been transferred to the State Department):

"Mr. Secretary, just write word to the great bank that we want our money back."

Mr. Duane, like ever so many of the politicians of that day, was great friends with the bank. I don't suppose he had any dealings with it, or had borrowed any money from it, as a great number of those who pretended it was a great and useful institution had done; but, at any rate, he thought the President had no right to make the bank hand over the money, and he said he wouldn't write any such thing. What was more, he said the President needn't ask him—as you remember he had asked his Cabinet once before—whether he didn't want to resign; because he had no such wish, and did not intend to resign on any account.

I think Mr. Duane was old enough to have known better than to deal in this way with Old Hickory. The President said it was all right; Mr. Duane need not resign unless it was quite convenient; but

there was nothing he knew of to prevent his dismissing him, and that would answer quite as well.

So Mr. Duane was dismissed, Mr. Taney appointed in his stead, and the bank was asked to pay over all the government money.

It paid over every dollar; which was much better than might have been expected. But to do so, it was forced to send to almost every one to whom it had lent money, and say, "You must pay us all you owe this very day."

Now as a vast number of merchants and others had been borrowing money of the bank for years and years, and some had bought houses, others lands, others goods, others ships, with the money thus loaned to them, you may easily fancy what turmoil was created by this message from the bank. The borrowers made answer that, if they were forced to pay up at once, it would ruin them. But the bank, being shaky and crusty, rejoined that it could not help it, and did not care: it was all the President's doing. So those who could were obliged to pay, and those who could not, having lost the money they had borrowed, were ruined and went to pieces.

Many rushed to General Jackson and besought him to do something to help them. But he answered them saying, that if they had lived on borrowed money, they deserved to be ruined; that if they wanted to do well in the world, they should in future be content with living on the money they earned, which was their own. In which opinion, I think, you will agree with him.

When Congress met, the friends of the bank were,

of course, in a deadly rage with Jackson. They induced Mr. Clay to propose a vote of censure against him, which passed the Senate. The House of Representatives, which is often nearer the truth than the Senate, being oftener renewed from the people, would not do any thing of the kind. And a year or two afterward, honest Tom Benton moved the Senate to wipe out their vote of censure, and it was done accordingly.

Having got the money back, the question was where to put it for safe-keeping. Somebody proposed to divide it among certain State banks, and let them keep it for the use of the government. The President thought the plan a good one, and adopted it. It was, no doubt, the greatest mistake he made in the whole course of his life, as you will see in the next chapter.

Before these events took place, a strange incident occurred, which I ought to relate.

One bright May day, the President was on board a steamboat, on his way to Fredericksburg, where he was going to lay the corner-stone of a monument to Washington's mother. All was gayety and good humor, and the President had just sat down at the table on which dinner was to be served, when a man approached him. General Jackson did not know him; but it was Lieutenant Randolph, who had just been dismissed from the navy. As he came forward, the President thought he had come to shake hands with him, and begged him to excuse him for not rising, as he had a pain in his side, adding politely,

"Never mind your glove, sir."

At that moment Randolph struck the venerable old man a blow with his fist.

A terrible scuffle followed, half a dozen men making a dash at Randolph; but he was hurried away. Every body crowded round the President, who said:

"Had I been apprised that Randolph stood before me, I should have been prepared for him, and would have defended myself. No villain has ever escaped me before, and he would not, had it not been for my confined situation."

The stout-hearted old man was thinking of the bullies of Nashville, whom he had whipped over forty years before.

The by-standers were so excited that one of them offered to kill Randolph in fifteen minutes; which is a much shorter time than professional murderers in Italy and other murder countries require to kill their man. But this benevolent offer was rejected, and Randolph, who was certainly crazy, dealt with as he deserved.

The King of the French had never paid over the money due to the United States. Year after year Jackson had begged and prayed that he would act honestly, and save trouble. But the French knew very little of the United States; as a general thing, they know very little of any country except their own; and every time they were dunned, the United States were put off with some excuse or other. At last Jackson saw he must make an end of the matter.

So he sent word to the minister at Paris, Edward Livingston, to demand his passports, pack up all his papers, and come home. He did so immediately.

But the French thought this was only done for show, and said to each other that the United States were so split up into parties that they could never agree upon any vigorous course of action. So they took very little notice of Mr. Livingston's going away.

Jackson had already sent a message to Congress advising them to adopt a short and easy plan with the French; which was to seize as many of their ships and cargoes as would cover the debt. He now got ready in earnest to carry this plan into effect.

But the English, who knew General Jackson perfectly well, having, as you remember, made his acquaintance at New Orleans, sent word in great haste to their friends the French, that they were all wrong if they expected him to back out of any resolution he had taken; that he never did so on any account, and would give them no end of trouble if they did not deal squarely with him.

Then said the King of the French:

"Oh! if that be the case, we had better settle with this troublesome Yankee, and have done with him."

The matter was settled accordingly, and ever since that time the French have had a very different opinion of the people of the United States. The King himself was so struck with the vigor and energy displayed by Jackson, that he sent orders to America to have his portrait painted, to be placed in his palace beside that of General Washington.

During these four years two more States were admitted to the Union—ARKANSAS and MICHIGAN,

one slave and the other free, as formerly. They swelled the number of the States to twenty-six.

The time coming for the election of a new President, the politicians were, as usual, terribly excited. The friends of the bank, sorrowing over its corpse, determined to have a President of their own way of thinking; they joined the manufacturers, and the remains of the old Federalists, and took the name of Whigs.

There is no particular meaning in the name as applied to politicians. It is the Scotch for sour milk, and long, long ago was used as a nickname for a certain party in Scotland. From Scotland it traveled to England, where it became quite respectable, and the great lords adopted it and flourished it proudly for nearly two hundred years. Before the Revolution, and while the war lasted, as you remember, the patriots who wanted this country to be free were called Whigs. And now the old name was dug up once more, and printed on banners, and at the head of scores and scores of newspapers, and became the distinguishing title of a large and very respectable party in the United States.

The worst for the Whigs was that they could not agree upon a man. Most of them were for GENERAL HARRISON, who had proved himself to be an excellent soldier in the last war, and was besides a sensible, virtuous citizen. But Massachusetts thought their great leader—Daniel Webster—ought to be the man; and some of the Southern States would not hear of any body but HUGH L. WHITE, of Tennessee. South Carolina, which was very sulky still,

had the pleasure of proposing and voting for a man —WILLIE P. MANGUM—all to herself.

These divisions made the game easy for the Democrats. General Jackson all along wished that his successor should be the Vice-President, Martin Van Buren; and he was accordingly nominated by the Convention chosen for the purpose.

When election-day came, it was found that Martin Van Buren had 170 votes; William H. Harrison, 73; Hugh L. White, 26; Daniel Webster, 14; Willie P. Mangum, 11. So Martin Van Buren was elected President.

For Vice-President, Richard M. Johnson had the most votes, though not a majority. The choice was, therefore, left to the House of Representatives, who selected him over his rivals.

Andrew Jackson withdrew, after the close of his term, to his home at the Hermitage, in Tennessee. He lived eight years longer, setting a beautiful example of piety to his neighbors and the people. He had led a very active life, and mixed far more in the affairs of the world than almost any man of his day. It is pleasant to think that the evening of his long and prosperous career was serene and happy.

He had no children. The Indian infant whom he had saved after the battle in the war with the Creeks, he adopted as his own, educated him, and settled him in life; but he died in early manhood. He had adopted other children, however, whom he loved with the fondness of a father; with these, and in doing good to the people of his neighborhood, he spent his last years.

His most constant companion was his Bible. When he grew so ill at last that he could not move about, and could hardly use his arms, he would have his Bible set near him in a frame made for the purpose, so that he could read it at his ease; and however great the pain he was suffering, he grew tranquil when he read the GREAT BOOK. Relying with a steadfast faith on its blessed words, he died perfectly composed and resigned. Almost his last words were—"I am ready to depart."

If ever you should, by any evil mischance, stand in danger of deeming lightly of that Great Book or forgetting its words, think of Andrew Jackson, one of the greatest heroes this country has produced—one of the greatest soldiers, the greatest statesmen, the greatest magistrates, and the most true-hearted men the world has known; think of him and remember how his last hours were spent in humble, childlike prayer, and were cheered and solaced by his thorough faith in the divine precepts and promises contained in the Bible.

CHAPTER LII.

ONCE upon a time, when a great part of America belonged to the Dutch, a roving Dutchman named VAN BUREN came hither, and settled himself down in one of the newly-opened tracts of land. He farmed, fed pigs and cattle, planted corn, and, I dare say, drove a pretty hard bargain with his Indian neighbors when he had a chance.

In course of years this roving Dutchman came to die, as all men must do, whether they rove or stay at home. His family, sons and daughters, were soon scattered, some on one side, some on another; they died in the fullness of time, and their children after them.

But so it came about—these old Dutch people being a tough set of fellows, and always taking care to leave a brood of young Dutch boys, and girls, and babies after them when they died—that just about the time the King of England grew tired of seeing his generals beaten and captured by the armies of the Revolution, and agreed to make peace with the United States, there lived in the pretty village of Kinderhook, in Columbia county, New York, an honest farmer named ABRAHAM VAN BUREN, one of the descendants of the roving Dutchman. About the same time there was born to this farmer a son,

to whom he gave the plain, honest old name of Martin.

Old Abraham Van Buren was a capital farmer in his way. He sowed his seed at the right time, and wrought from dawn till dark when the season for harvesting arrived. He was, besides, a very good man, much loved by his neighbors, and though he did not meddle much in other people's affairs, yet his common sense was so well known that people used often to come to him for advice when they were in difficulty.

But this honest old farmer was not rich. He had two other sons besides Martin, and he could not afford to pay for costly schooling for any of them. He had them taught just what the poorest boys in the United States now learn; and when Martin was fourteen years old, he sent him to a lawyer to study law.

Seven long years he toiled, reading and writing and learning to speak fluently in public; at last he was admitted to the bar, and set up as a lawyer at Kinderhook. He was very young; had not been to any college, as most lawyers have; his family were poor; his father quite unable to help him. I dare say he would have been satisfied then if any one had promised him enough to live on from his profession and a few dollars to spare.

Thirty-four years from that time he was President of the United States. It would take too long to tell you of all the steps by which he rose to that high rank. It will be quite enough to say that from the first he was industrious and honest. He had a

very sound, quick judgment, and from mixing early in politics, had acquired great skill in managing men. But his best qualities were his honesty and industry.

You see what they may do for a man. Every American boy at the present day has as fair a chance of success in life as Martin Van Buren had.

The year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven will long be remembered in America. It was a dark, gloomy, sad year.

You remember that when General Jackson made the great bank pay over all the government money, he gave it for safe keeping to the State banks. This would have been a very good plan if these State banks had been managed by wise, prudent, and honest men. But I am afraid that men who deal in money can not be wise, prudent, and honest. You know what the Bible says of money—that the love of it is "the root of all evil." It is certainly the root of covetousness, and covetousness is never wise or prudent, much less honest.

For when the State banks found the gold and silver pouring into their coffers from the government offices, they were thrown into such a paroxysm of covetousness that they lost their wits entirely. They began to lend money right and left, just as the great bank had done. On the strength of the sums they received from the government, they set to work, in the old way, to make paper dollars to any amount.

When a man wanted money he would go to one of these banks and say to the cashier,

"If you please, sir, I want so many hundred or thousand dollars."

Upon which the cashier would fly like the wind to his strong box, and count him out the sum required in his own paper dollars, always taking care to charge a pretty stiff figure for interest.

In this way every body got so much paper money that they did not know what to do with it. Some bought houses; others built; others bought up immense tracts of wild lands; others started absurd companies, with no end of capital, to dig canals across mountains, or found cities in the middle of lakes; others lived in grand style, and had ever so many servants in livery, gold and silver plate, and what not. In short, it seemed that boundless wealth had suddenly fallen upon the United States as if by enchantment.

You know very well that wealth never comes by enchantment, and that those who grow rich do so by long and patient work, industry, and economy. You know, also, that those who appear to grow rich on borrowed money, and spend more than they earn, are really poorer than the poorest hod-carrier, and must some day break down with a terrible crash.

This is just what happened with the State banks and the people to whom they lent money. The day came when the banks asked some of their customers to pay back their loans. They could not do so, having spent the money in lands, and fine houses, and grand living. The banks said they must. As they really had nothing to pay, they broke; and so many of them did so, that very soon the banks were no better off than they, and broke likewise.

Then came an awful time, when almost every one

was ruined, and thousands and thousands of families were reduced to misery and want. The streets in the large cities were filled with workmen seeking work and finding none, while their wives and children starved at home. It was a very unlucky beginning for Mr. Van Buren's Presidency.

General Jackson had foreseen the crash from afar off, and had ordered his Secretary of the Treasury to have nothing to do with the paper dollars made by the banks, and not to receive them as money on any account. This order had made a great deal of clamor at the time, and people said it was exceedingly harsh and ridiculous; but now they saw how wise it was; for if it had not been made, the Government would have been bankrupt as well as the banks and the merchants.

In their distress and misery a number of the latter flocked to President Van Buren, and entreated him to do something to help them. They said their ruin was all owing to General Jackson's bad policy.

But Mr. Van Buren answered that it was not so; that the mischief was their own doing, in borrowing so much money from the banks and spending it as if it had been their own; that he could do nothing for them but advise them to go home, live frugally, and be wiser in future.

Then they asked him would he summon an extra session of Congress? and he, being willing to oblige them, called one accordingly.

When Congress met, he said very plainly in his message that he did not think he could do any thing to relieve the distress of the merchants; but proposed

that for the future the money belonging to the Government should be kept by itself in an establishment which was afterward known as the Sub-Treasury.

But Congress was full of friends of the State banks and the merchants. They were, as you may well imagine, in very ill-humor with the President and every body else; would not listen to Mr. Van Buren, and adjourned without doing any thing worth mentioning.

That winter an event occurred which had very nearly plunged the United States into war.

The people of Canada had long been governed in a very tyrannical manner by Great Britain. Though they were enlightened and orderly, hardly any political rights were vouchsafed to them. All the power was in the hands of a few families, who divided the spoils among them, and had a very good time. It was very much like the story of the Old Colonies over again.

The Canadians bore all for a while; but at last, feeling themselves strong, and knowing that they were in the right, they rose in arms. The greatest of their leaders was Louis Josephi Papineau, a gentleman of French descent, and a man of great learning, wisdom, and eloquence.

When the rising took place, the American people felt great sympathy for their neighbors, the Canadians. It was quite natural they should. People who have fought for liberty themselves, are not apt to look on coldly when others fight for the same prize. And I am not at all surprised that a band of Americans, carried away by red-hot zeal for the

cause of the Canadians, started to join them, and got as far as a barren island in the Niagara, called Navy Island.

They intended, no doubt, to do their best to help their neighbors. But they had more zeal than brains, as is often the case with fiery, red-hot people. When they got to Navy Island, the question was, What should they do next? Some one said,

"Fire off a proclamation at the people of Canada."

And they fired one off accordingly, but it didn't kill any body, or even hit any one in particular.

Then they asked each other again, What shall we do next? And nobody seeming to know, they staid where they were, shivered a good deal from cold, and wished they were at home again.

Meanwhile the British soldiers were joined by numbers of the Canadian people, whose blood got up at the thought of an invasion from the United States. They stationed themselves opposite Navy Island, and watched for the landing of the Sympathizers, as the Americans were called.

While they were there, they saw a little steamer called the *Caroline*, plying to Navy Island, and probably carrying provisions to the Sympathizers assembled there. One dark night a band of Canadians secretly armed themselves and pulled across toward Schlosser, where the *Caroline* was lying. Nobody expected any trouble; the boat was full of people, and many boys were playing together peaceably on the deck.

All of a sudden the Canadian boats came alongside, the Canadians jumped on board and began to

drive the people ashore. Some resisting, blood was shed. One American was killed, and several were wounded. At length the Canadians, being well armed, drove every one ashore, cut the *Caroline* loose from the wharf, set her on fire, and sent her adrift. As the flames rose, the current caught her, and she was borne swiftly along toward the falls. Blazing like a wonderful meteor, she whirled on downward, downward, downward, till the mighty rush of waters overwhelmed her and extinguished every spark.

This outrage roused a terrible feeling in the United States. Men flew to arms on every side, and the air rang with cries for war.

Mr. Van Buren behaved with great good-sense and moderation. He sent word at once to the British Government that the outrage must be atoned for; and at the same time ordered General Scott to the frontier, not to make war, but to prevent it.

It was a very difficult matter. The people on both sides were much excited. Thousands were ready to invade Canada on the spot: and on their side, the Canadians, who have never known much about this country, blunderingly supposed that the United States were going to make war upon them, and bellowed in the most frantic manner.

Happily General Scott was as wise and as skillful in peace as he had shown himself brave and daring in war. By his exertions the warlike spirit of the people was kept down. No more attempts were made to cross over to Canada. When the Sympathizers, finding Navy Island too cold a place for a winter residence, returned home, he had them lodged

in jail; and thus, aided by the good sense of the British officers, he succeeded in averting the danger. It was, I think, one of his most glorious achievements.

During the whole of Mr. Van Buren's term the distress continued. Such wholesale suffering had hardly ever been known before. It seemed as if the whole country was ruined.

To add to all, the government having been rich for many years, and its accounts loosely kept, great robberies of public moneys had been committed by several persons who had them in charge. These now came to light, and created a fearful panic. Day after day the news came that such or such a public officer had run away with ever so much money belonging to the government in his pocket; and people wondered in fear and dismay where all this was going to end.

At last Mr. Van Buren persuaded Congress to agree to a plan for keeping the government money by itself in the Treasury; and the beginning of a sound system was thus made. The principal object of the plan was, as you know, to keep the government clear of the banks: a very good and proper thing. It is still in existence; and, with all its faults—every human device has its faults, of course—it is by far the best scheme that has ever been tried.

But the people were too unhappy to be pleased with any thing at the time. When a man can not earn a living, he is not likely to be in a good humor; and he is pretty certain to fall foul of the nearest person with whom he can reasonably quarrel.

As the time for the Presidential election drew near, the Whigs began to manœuvre with great skill and adroitness. They said every where that the suffering and the ruin had been caused by the Democrats; that Jackson had begun it, and Van Buren carried it on; and that if the Whigs had had their way, nothing of the kind would have taken place.

There was, perhaps, a little truth in a part of this, as General Jackson had been the means of putting the public money into the hands of the State banks, and so tempting them to break their necks. But I would not advise you to be too sure of any thing you hear politicians say at election time. They do draw the long bow a leetle.

The question was, for the Whigs, who should be their man for President? I know very well whom you would have chosen; no other than glorious Harry Clay—glorious with all his faults. And so would most of the Whigs, if they had been left to themselves.

But when the politicians met together, all sorts of objections were made to him. One man said that he was too much a friend of the manufacturers, as if all the others were not their friends, too, at a pinch. Another said he was a free-mason, and that that unspeakably small-minded body called the anti-masons would oppose him. Another said he had declared himself against people stealing other people's lands, and that all the land thieves would vote against him. And so, with reasons of this sort, Mr. Clay nobly declaring that he was quite willing to be set

aside, if they thought it best, they dropped him, and took up General Harrison in his stead.

The Democrats were all of one mind about the choice of a President. Their man was Martin Van Buren once more.

But the distress of the last four years, and especially the idea—which was quite a mistake—that it had in some way been caused or helped by Mr. Van Buren, had broken up the party to bits, and not left them a ghost of a chance.

The Whigs won the day, and had plenty of votes to spare. General Harrison received 234 votes, Mr. Van Buren only 60. The Whig candidate for Vice-President, John Tyler, of Virginia, received also 234 votes, the highest Democratic candidate only 48. So it was settled that Harrison and Tyler were to be the next President and Vice-President of the United States.

Mr. Van Buren gave up his office in March, one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, and retired to private life. He lives still, and is universally respected. It was long the fashion to abuse him, on account of the circumstances I have mentioned; but though he only served one term, I think he will compare very favorably both with most of the Presidents who went before, and with all those who succeeded him.

CHAPTER LIII.

GENERAL HARRISON, the ninth President of the United States, had been, as you remember, a distinguished soldier; had fought bravely at Tippecanoe and in Canada, and shown great military skill. He had also figured as a politician with credit and honor. But the best thing I can say of him is, that he was a good and honest man.

It does not often happen that men who lead armies or political parties are poor. Even if they begin poor, they usually manage in the end to secure pickings enough to become rich. But William Henry Harrison was so poor, after all his services as a soldier and a statesman, that when he retired, a Major-General in the United States army, to his farm on the Ohio, he was very glad to accept the office of clerk to the court of the county.

He was still clerk of this court, getting a few hundred dollars a year for his services, when the Whigs elected him President of the United States. Politics apart, he was very much beloved and esteemed by the people generally. He was a fine, manly, open-hearted old man; and every body was glad when he rode up to the Capitol on his white horse, surrounded by his old soldiers, his white hair streaming in the wind as he bowed to the people in return for their cheers.

He chose as the members of his Cabinet, DANIEL WEBSTER, Secretary of State; THOMAS EWING, of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury; JOHN BELL, of Tennessee, Secretary of War; GEORGE E. BADGER, of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy; FRANCIS GRANGER, of New York, Postmaster General; and JOHN J. CRITTENDEN, of Kentucky, Attorney General. They were all good men; but the greatest of all was Daniel Webster.

People flocked to Washington to see the new President, and all day long the White House was full of visitors. General Harrison was friendly to every one; and he was loved more and more every day.

In the midst of his receptions, he was struck down by illness. The disease made such rapid progress, that on the fourth of April, just one month after his inauguration, it had done its work, and the good old man died.

A few hours before his death, when the doctors were standing round him, he cleared his throat to speak, and said to one of the doctors,

"Sir, I wish you to understand the principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

He fancied he was speaking to one of the secretaries, or some other statesman. You see from the speech the things his mind was running on, and how honest he was in his views and purposes. His death was a cruel loss to the country, and the whole nation mourned him with deep sorrow.

A messenger was sent off in all haste to Mr. Tyler, the Vice-President, who was then at home in

Virginia, to tell him what had happened. He hurried to Washington, and immediately became, in virtue of the constitution, President of the United States.

John Tyler was an old politician, and had been a very long time in public life. His election as Vice-President by the Whigs was altogether a queer business; for he had been a friend of the Democrats, and a firm foe to the Whig principles. Somehow—it is hardly worth while inquiring how—he had gone to the Whig Convention, and there, being a great friend of Mr. Clay's, and a leading man in Virginia, the Whigs had picked him out as a very proper man to run with Harrison. Between you and me, I think it was rather a mistake on their part; and as for Captain Tyler, I am afraid he was not particularly straightforward or honest in the matter.

Being President, however, he set to work to turn out the Democrats (Jackson had set him the example), and made plenty of room for the Whigs. This was very gratifying to the hungry fellows, who, having tried to be lawyers, and tailors, and shoe-blacks, and having failed, desired to quarter themselves upon their country for a living.

You must not suppose that there was any thing in this that was peculiar to the Whigs. On the contrary, there have always been more hungry fellows of the sort among the Democrats than in any other party ever known. Indeed, when you hear a man shouting in a particularly loud voice, and in all sorts of public places, that he is a Democrat, and goes in for Jefferson and glorious ninety-eight, and that he will

give up every thing for the Democratic party, ten to one he is one of those same hungry souls, and wants a berth in the Custom-house or the Post-office.

When the Whigs saw how Tyler had rewarded them, they made up their minds they were going to have their own way in every thing, and at once set about knocking Mr. Van Buren's Sub-Treasury scheme on the head, and setting up the great bank once more.

Then followed a great deal of shuffling and squirming on the part of the President and the politicians. First he said he would have the bank: then he said he wouldn't; and then he would again; and then he wouldn't. The Whigs did not know what to make of him. They altered their plan, cut off a bit here, stuck on a bit there, gave it a new name, and shifted it in every possible way they could think of, so as to suit the President.

But, at bottom, he hated the bank and every thing that looked like it; and so, at the last, he would not agree to the plan in any shape, and it was killed.

The Whigs were in a terrible rage with him, and called him traitor, and all sorts of other hard names. All the Cabinet resigned except Daniel Webster, who was a far-seeing wise man, and did not care about small party squabbles. The President appointed new men, however, and the public business went on as before.

Next came the manufacturers, who, as you remember, had called themselves Whigs: they said, when they won the day, that their time was come

at last, and that they would have plenty of protection to native industry once more.

Congress was quite ready to give it them, and passed a law immediately to lay heavier taxes on foreign goods. President Tyler began to shuffle as before: first he would and then he wouldn't; then he would again, then he wouldn't; but last of all, he would, and the act was signed and became a law.

A very troublesome quarrel had broken out with Great Britain. It was about boundaries. Far away on the north and east of the State of Maine there lay a miserable barren tract of land, mostly covered with mountains and dense forests of dark pines. There is no doubt but this tract belonged to the United States, and formed part of Maine.

But the British have a way, as you know, of snapping up every bit of ground they can find any where without an owner on it, hoisting their flag over it, shouting God save the Queen! and then saying it is theirs forever. In this way they snapped up this barren tract. On their side, I dare say, the people of Maine stretched their boundary a little farther than it really went, and a good deal farther than it was likely people would ever go.

On this the quarrel broke out. The feeling between the British people and the people of the United States was not particularly friendly at the time. A British subject named M'Leod, who was said to have had something to do with the burning of the *Caroline*, boldly came into the State of New York and boasted of the deed. On this he was seized and put in prison.

When the news reached England, the Queen's ministers wrote to Washington, demanding that he should be delivered up immediately. President Tyler said he would do as they wished. But when he sent to New York for him, GOVERNOR SEWARD refused to let him go. He was charged, he said, with having murdered an American citizen (the man who had been killed on board the *Caroline*), and he should stand his trial.

The President and the British Government argued, threatened, entreated; but it was of no use; Governor Seward was firm as a rock. So long as he was Governor, he said, the rights of the State of New York should be preserved, no matter what it cost.

So they were obliged to make their minds up to it. M'Leod had a fair trial, and was acquitted; a result very creditable to the honesty of the jury, for the excitement was tremendous, and the people, who believed M'Leod guilty, were all for having him hanged. But he went away in safety.

This affair was the cause of much angry feeling between the two countries, and made the boundary dispute very difficult to settle. Happily there were in both nations men of great sense and discretion, who knew very well that it would be sheer folly for the United States and England to fall out once more about nothing.

One of these was General Scott, who was sent to the territory in dispute when the quarrel first broke out. He prevented any thing like a fight; and with SIR JOHN HARVEY, the British Governor, who was

likewise a sensible man, an arrangement was made for the time.

The quarrel was finally adjusted by Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton; both of them men of large minds and true lovers of their country. The act has been accounted to both as a glorious work. I am sure you will agree that it was.

Men like your countrymen and the English have something better to do in this world than to cut each others' throats. There are enough ships to be built, and canals to be dug, and railroads to be laid, and corn to be sown, and books to be written, and truths to be found out, and ignorant persons to be taught, to occupy both the American and the British people for ages and ages to come: when all these things are done and settled, it will be time enough to think of fighting.

The next excitement was about territory at the other end of the Union. For many years citizens of the United States had been running over into Texas, which was then one of the Mexican States, and was, as it is still for the most part, a wild, unwholesome place to live in, full of noxious animals and fierce Indians.

However, the Americans who went there came in course of time to like it so well that they determined to have it all to themselves. So they sent word to the President of Mexico, Santa Anna, that they would have nothing more to do with him. On this Santa Anna, who was a terrible fighting man, and in no very good humor with the Texans, made war upon them directly. But the Texans, under their brave

leader, SAM HOUSTON, fought so stoutly, that in the end the Mexicans were beaten, and Santa Anna taken prisoner. After this he agreed that Texas should be free, and have no more to do with Mexico.

They do say, however, that when Santa Anna agreed to this he was a prisoner, and not quite free to say what he liked. Whatever the truth was, trouble soon grew out of this business.

As soon as the Texans were free, they sent to Washington, and said to the President:

"If you please, we would like to be admitted to the Union: will you let us in?"

"Let you in!" cried Mr. Tyler; "why, we shall be perfectly delighted."

And a treaty was made accordingly by John C. Calhoun, Secretary of State, for the admission of Texas.

But when it was sent to the Senate to be ratified, that body would not hear of it. The Senate said that Mexico had still claims on Texas; that it was not honest to rob her of her territory; and that they would not agree to admit Texas unless Mexico declared she was willing.

The Texans repeated over and over again that they were free, as free as the people of the United States. Mr. Calhoun and the President were desperately anxious that their prayer should be granted. But the Senate would not budge an inch. Then the President sent to the House of Representatives and begged them to try what they could do to get Texas in. For which old Tom Benton declared that Mr. Tyler ought to be impeached, and lashed him in a

speech which contains more strong words and stiff epithets than any speech I ever read.

The House would not do any thing with the matter. Members said—and very properly too—that the election was coming on, and that then they might manage in such a way as to find out whether the people wanted to let Texas in or no. And so they did.

The Whig politicians met first, and they chose this time for their man Henry Clay. He was for saying No to Texas, and obliging the Texans to get the consent of Mexico before entering this Union.

When the Democrats met, there was great discussion as to who should be their man. A great many said Martin Van Buren should be chosen again, just to show the world that he had not been the cause of the troubles of his former term, as the Whigs pretended. But when they asked him what he thought about Texas, he answered pretty nearly in the same way as Harry Clay. Most of the Democrats, on the contrary, were for grabbing Texas at once, and asking no questions.

So they chose in his stead JAMES K. POLK, who was of their way of thinking on this point. Now, said they, we shall see what the people want us to do with Texas.

In all this discussion nobody thought of poor President Tyler, who was very much neglected indeed, and very unhappy, and used to talk about posterity in a feeble way, as though posterity would like shuffling tricksters any better than the people of the present day. At the last, he induced all the hungry

fellows to whom he had given offices to do something for him. He gave them a holiday, and they ran off to Baltimore, where they met together, called themselves a Convention, and nominated Captain Tyler for President, as seriously as if the thing had not been the best joke in the world.

I dare say, when the time came, they would have deserted him in order to curry favor with the other candidates, in the hope of keeping their offices. But they were not put to the test. Very soon after the nomination President Tyler saw he had no chance, and gave up the contest.

The tussle was between Henry Clay and James K. Polk, and the question to be decided by the votes was:

Shall we let Texas in or not?

The answer was: Let her in.

For, though Mr. Clay was very much beloved by the people, he had only 105 votes, whereas Mr. Polk had 170, and was accordingly elected, with George M. Dallas for Vice-President.

Shortly after this FLORIDA was admitted to the Union, and an act of Congress passed to admit IOWA at the same time. Owing to a difficulty raised by the people of that State, however, it was not admitted till the year following.

Mr. Tyler went out on the Fourth of March.

CHAPTER LIV.

JAMES KNOX POLK, the eleventh President of the United States, was a lawyer and a politician. He was none the worse on that account: on the contrary, he was as upright, straightforward, and blunt a man as ever lived in the White House. But he had been more than twenty years in public life, among the squabbles, and the tricks, and the crooked shifts of politics, when he was elected; a very trying thing for any man.

The first thing he would have to do, as he supposed, was to let Texas into the Union as the people wanted. But when he became President he found, rather to his surprise, that the whole affair was done and ended. For queer Captain Tyler, in his funny way, had got Congress to pass resolutions patching up the annexation of Texas; and the very last thing he did, was to send off post-haste to Texas to say that every thing was arranged, and the Texans might come in when they pleased.

The Democrats grumbled a good deal when they found it out, saying that Tyler wanted to get the credit of bringing Texas in, whereas it ought by right to belong to Mr. Polk. But it didn't matter much. In the end, Mr. Polk bore the brunt of the business.

A greater question than this of Texas kept Mr.

Polk's hands full. It was another quarrel with England about boundaries.

Far away on the northwest, as you will see on the map, lies the great territory of Oregon. It was not divided up then as it is now, and was perhaps as large and as fertile as all the Northern States put together.

After the last war, when peace was made with England, the question arose:

"To whom does Oregon belong?"

During the whole course of her existence, England has always said, in answer to such questions,

"To me, of course."

But the Americans felt quite sure that they were wrong in this case, and that they too had some claim to Oregon. As the English would not give it up, nor the Americans either, and as it did not seem likely that any body except hunters would ever go there for many, many years to come, both parties agreed to a bargain by which Oregon was to belong to both jointly. A very foolish bargain, you will say, and I think it was.

For as soon as ever Oregon became of any importance, of course both parties pretended it ought to belong to them alone. And thus once more the two nations were on the brink of war; and the foolish people in both, and all who wanted something of Government, and all who could not make an honest livelihood, were mad for fighting and throat-cutting.

What made the quarrel more bitter, was the silly conduct of the British agents in Texas and Mexico.

They left no stone unturned in their endeavors to prevent Texas entering the Union. It seemed as though the fulfillment of Texas's destiny, and the natural growth of this country, were grave injuries to England, which it was the duty of all good Englishmen to prevent if they could.

Mr. Polk at first offered a fair division of Oregon to the English. But they, supposing him to be scared by their loud talk about war, said that would not do; they must have more. To which Mr. Polk very quietly answered: "Oh, very well; if that is the case, the United States claim the whole of Oregon, and mean to keep it."

This bold tone quite astonished the English lords, who had no idea that the new President was so determined a man; and after a while they sent word saying, if he had no objection, they would agree to the division he proposed at first.

Mr. Polk replied that he had no objection, and the treaty was accordingly made, dividing the country as it now stands. In this way war was once more prevented.

Every body, except a few ragged fellows who had no brains, and no money, and no principles, and wanted war for the fun of the thing, was much delighted at this end of the quarrel. Disputes with great and civilized nations like England should always end so. In former days, when the great lords in England had every thing their own way, they used to carry things with a high hand, and very often the only way of bringing them to their senses was by beating their armies in war. But nowadays the

British people manage very differently, and any quarrels or disputes that may arise between them and the United States can always be settled by sensible men in a peaceable way.

It is greatly the fashion among a certain set of people to abuse England. Between you and me there is a great deal of nonsense and folly in this. The people of the United States have no cause to hate England, but many to admire and respect her, and seek her friendship. Depend upon it, the greatest misfortune that could happen to civilization, to religion, to truth, and to the progress of the human race, would be a war between this country and Great Britain.

In the very first session of Congress after Mr. Polk's election, the old plan of protection to native industry was discussed once more. Mr. Polk sent to Congress to say that he did not think it was right that such and such things should be taxed, all for the good of the manufacturers, and Congress replied that they did not either.

So they put an end to the old tariff, and made a new one, which was better for the people. It was very favorable to the manufacturers (though less so than the old one), and still laid heavy taxes on a great many foreign articles, to protect the like manufactures here. But it was a step in the right direction; and though the rich men of Pennsylvania, who counted their fortunes by hundreds of thousands and millions, declared positively that they were in beggary, and had not a bit of bread to put in their children's mouths, nobody believed them,

and every body was glad when the new tariff was passed.

Congress likewise adopted Mr. Van Buren's old scheme for a Sub-Treasury; and thus the question of the great bank was also set at rest.

In the mean time war had broken out between the United States and Mexico. It was all on account of Texas. Mexico refused to admit that Texas was free; and when General Taylor marched into the State at the head of a small army, the Mexicans determined to drive him out.

The two armies encamped for some time in sight of each other, on either bank of the Rio Grande. General Taylor moving toward the sea-coast to make sure of his train, the Mexicans fancied he had run away, and burst into frantic cries of triumph. They were over the river in no time, and scoured the country far and wide in search of the "runaway Taylor," as they called him.

The "runaway Taylor" very soon settled what he had to do on the sea-coast, and marched back toward the river. The Mexicans heard of his coming, and their general drew out his army in order of battle, to meet them at a place called Palo Alto.

Taylor just gave his men time to take a drink at the pools by the wayside—it was a very hot, sultry day—and the battle began. It lasted till night. While it was raging, the dry grass of the plain caught fire, and both armies were wrapped in smoke. Even then the cannon thundered, and the men rushed backward over the field, half stifled by the smoke, and with faces black as negroes, but still eager for

the fight. In the end, as night came on, the Mexicans, very much discouraged, retreated, and left Taylor on the field of battle.

Next day Taylor buried his dead as quickly as possible, and hurried on. During the night more Mexicans had crossed the river, and their general, Arista, had prepared for another battle. He had drawn out his men at a place called Resaca de la Palma; and as the Mexicans were about three times as numerous as the Americans, he made pretty sure of the result.

It was late in the afternoon when Taylor came up; but there were three or four hours of daylight left—quite enough, in old Rough and Ready's opinion, to win the day. So he gave the word of battle, and again the cannon roared, and the rifles cracked, and the soldiers rushed fiercely at the foe with the bayonet.

This time the Mexicans were utterly defeated. General Arista scampered away to the river, and never stopped till he was safe in Matamoras once more. His men followed him, and all of the Americans who had strength to run, ran after them, close on their heels. Vast numbers of the poor Mexicans, not finding boats to convey them across the stream, leaped into it to escape the shots that were flying after them, and were wretchedly drowned.

This victory drove the Mexicans out of Texas. But Congress had resolved to punish them for invading the territory of the United States. Taylor stayed long enough in Texas to refit his army, then crossed over the Rio Grande, and quietly walked into Mat-

amoras. The Mexicans deserted it and flocked to Monterey, the Queen City of the North, and a very strong place indeed.

Old Rough and Ready reviewed his army before marching to the South, and sent every body who was discontented back to the United States. Then he set out, and never stopped till a cannon-ball from the fort at Monterey whizzed past his head.

The Mexicans were very numerous, and their defenses were wonderfully strong. Not strong enough, however, to keep out bold Worth or tough old Taylor. For three days they battered the town, taking fort after fort, and firing away night and day. Ever so many fine fellows were killed in those three days, and many and many a young soldier who survived the fight carries to this day the scars of the wounds he received in that fierce tussle.

But in the end there was no resisting Taylor. On the fourth day the Mexicans surrendered, and the stars and stripes waved bravely over Monterey.

It was a dreadful blow to the Mexicans, who had made pretty sure of beating Taylor. But they are a people of great spirit, and after some time they made up their minds to risk one more fight for the dominion of the North. To be sure of victory they raised a very large army, and put it under the command of their bravest general, Santa Anna. He marched northward in January, and toward the latter days of February came in sight of Taylor's army.

It was a very small, poor little force; about a quarter as many as the Mexicans, and all, except a mere handful, volunteers. Yet no man talked or

thought of retreating. Taylor took up a very strong position at a pass in the mountains, called La Angostura, not far from a little settlement named Buena Vista. The pass was so narrow that a few men of spirit could defend it for a long time against almost any force. On one side of it, it is true, there stretched a plain to the mountain side, by which the pass could be turned; but Taylor felt sure that his volunteers would hold it.

The battle began on the twenty-second of February, Washington's birth-day, and raged all that day and all the next. Over and over again the Mexicans rushed furiously upon the plain, charging the little American army and driving it back before them. Once, at least, in the course of that fearful fight, it would have been all up with the Americans had it not been for gallant JEFFERSON DAVIS with his Mississippians.

He shouted in the midst of the fray, to the men who were flying, to stop and form behind "that wall," pointing to his volunteers. And a wall indeed they were, which the Mexicans could neither get over nor move. Other brave men, the gunner O'BRIEN chiefest of all, stood their ground against the clouds of Mexicans that darkened the plain, with a dauntless courage which is beautiful to remember.

On the evening of the second day both armies ceased firing, and many of the soldiers dropped down from fatigue where they were. It would have been a terrible thing if the Mexicans had attacked them again in the night. But there was no fear of that.

Santa Anna had had enough. Long before daybreak next morning he retreated with all his army.

Thus was won the battle of Buena Vista, one of the most glorious in the history of the American people. It was one of the bloodiest battles on record; and the only one in modern times where less than five thousand volunteers defeated over twenty thousand regular soldiers.

This was the last exploit of General Taylor's campaign.

A new attack had just been planned; General Scott was to lead it. He landed near Vera Cruz, which is a very strong place, and was supposed by the Mexicans to be able to resist almost any force. But Scott laid siege to it, and his guns very soon made such havoc in the city and the walls that the Governor surrendered.

On went Scott toward the City of Mexico. The Mexicans—Santa Anna leading them—fought him whenever they had a chance. Inch by inch the way was disputed. Battles were fought at Cerro Gordo, at Contreras, at Churubusco, at Molino del Rey; all of them very bloody affairs, and all ending in the defeat of the Mexicans and the steady advance of Scott.

On, on he marched till he stood close to the capital of Mexico. On its outskirts the last battle was fought; and a desperate one it was. Oh! the scores and hundreds of fine fellows who rose up that morning full of hope and strength, who lay at night stiff, and cold, and besmeared with blood on the dewy plain!

As usual, the Mexicans fought very bravely, but they were badly led. Their generals were constantly quarreling with each other; and instead of obeying orders, and combining their efforts to keep out the enemy, they seemed to think of nothing but doing a mischief to their own friends. This helped Scott a good deal, and, with the bravery of his men, enabled him to take the City of Mexico.

It seemed then as though the Republic of the South was broken and destroyed. Besides Taylor and Scott, other expeditions had invaded other parts of the country, and had beaten the Mexicans and driven them away.

There was nothing for Santa Anna but to make peace on the best terms he could. A treaty was signed accordingly with the United States agent, Mr. Trist, which I think is quite without parallel in the history of treaties. It agreed that matters should remain as they were before the war; that Mexico should not meddle any more with Texas; and that the United States should buy from the Mexicans the provinces of Upper California and New Mexico for fifteen millions of dollars. You may look a long time in history before you will find a conquering army making such easy terms with its vanquished foe as these.

It was approved on both sides, and so the war ended. I hope it will be the last war between the United States and their neighbors the Mexicans. The latter are trying very hard to set up a free government; but as they have not been long used to liberty, they find it very difficult work, and bad men

give them a world of trouble. For liberty's sake, they ought to have the good-will and sympathy of every American; and the more when their hour of trial seems the darkest, and their young liberties are assailed by the rudest shock.

While the war was going on in the field, a war of a different kind was breaking out at home. It was on the old subject—slavery.

Somebody said in Congress, "Suppose we beat the Mexicans and take such and such provinces from them, how shall we govern them?"

And DAVID WILMOT answered: "We must never let slavery exist there."

The South exclaimed that slavery was a matter with which Congress had no right to interfere; that it was for the people of the new territories which might be acquired to say whether they would have slaves or no; and that Mr. Wilmot's plan—which was called the Wilmot Proviso—was an insult to the South, a slur upon its character, and an attack upon its institutions.

To all which David Wilmot and his friends replied that they were very sorry, but they had determined, with the help of God, to let no more slave States into the Union, and that the South must make up its mind to it.

The country was rent in twain by the quarrel. Never had the North and South seemed so bitterly opposed to each other. Hard names and galling threats flew like hail; and many mischievous persons did their best to stir up civil war. However, the only apparent effect of the quarrel at present

was to prevent the admission of California into the Union.

Wisconsin was admitted to make up for Texas, which was a slave State, according to the old rule; but the territories bought from Mexico were not provided for at all.

In the midst of the excitement the time for choosing a new President arrived. The Democrats had their Convention, and, passing quietly over Mr. Polk, nominated Lewis Cass, with William O. Butler, of Kentucky, for Vice-President.

But there were men in the North who thought that every thing should give way to the slavery quarrel. Mr. Cass was for not meddling with slavery; at all events, the South was satisfied with him, and that was quite enough for the red-hot Northerners who desired to see slavery abolished in the United States, and, above all, kept out of the new States and Territories.

These, therefore, who took the name of Free-Soilers—because they insisted on all future additions of soil being free—would not agree to support Mr. Cass, but met at Buffalo to choose a candidate of their own. Old Martin Van Buren said he was for having all new soil free; so they chose him, and agreed to run him for President, with Charles Francis Adams as Vice.

The Whigs met in the usual way, but this time at Philadelphia; and there was great discussion about the choice of a man. Some were for Harry Clay once more; others thought of General Scott, who had been so brave and triumphant in war, and so

wise and skillful in peace; a few said it would be a proud thing for the Union to choose for President so great a man as Daniel Webster. But others—and they were the most numerous—preferred old ZACHARY TAYLOR to all. And in the end he was the man chosen, with MILLARD FILLMORE for Vice-President.

The Whigs had the best of it. General Taylor was a very popular man. Every body liked to talk of his victories in Mexico, and felt that some reward was due to the brave old hero who had beaten Santa Anna with only one-fourth his force. General Cass, on the other hand, was a very respectable man, but people generally did not know or care much about him.

Besides which, Martin Van Buren, who had a great many friends still, took away a number of votes from him.

So, after a close contest, Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore were elected. They had 163 votes, while Lewis Cass and William O. Butler had only 127. Mr. Van Buren did not succeed in carrying any State; but nearly three hundred thousand citizens voted for him on account of free soil.

CHAPTER LV.

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR became President of the United States on the fourth of March, one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine. He was a good and honest man, very modest and distrustful of his own talents and powers, and very anxious to do right in all things.

On the ninth July, in the following year, he died. He met death as he had met every danger in life, saying:

"I am prepared; I have endeavored to do my duty."

The Vice-President, Millard Fillmore, then became President of the United States, and chose a new Cabinet, with Daniel Webster for Secretary of State.

When the time for election came round, he was not chosen again by the Whigs. They put forward General Scott instead, believing that his military glory and bright fame would give him the victory.

The Democrats were a long time in Convention before they could choose a man. At last they hit upon FRANKLIN PIERCE, of New Hampshire, who had been a senator, and a general in the Mexican army.

He was elected by a very large majority, and became President of the United States on the fourth March, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three.

It is too soon yet to write even a Child's History of the four years during which Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore were Presidents.

The chief event of the period was a dreadful strife between the North and the South on the subject of slavery. Both sections of the country were greatly excited, and very bitter in their language against each other. Great numbers of persons in the North made a solemn vow to prevent, so far as they could, the admission of any more slave States into the Union. On the other hand, several States in the South plainly declared that they would put up no longer with the insults of the North, and would secede from the Union.

I am sorry to say that gallant old South Carolina, which in times past had fought so bravely and suffered so much for the national cause, was one of these. But I am pretty sure it was only a momentary burst of ill-temper; and that no State is more firmly attached to the Union, or more zealous for its prosperity and duration, than that which owned Marion, Charles C. Pinckney, Légaré, and John C. Calhoun.

When the strife grew fiercest, and all hope of peace seemed vain, glorious Harry Clay stepped forward, just in his old way, and proposed another Compromise. It was not carried without a hot fight, violent men on both sides being opposed to yielding any thing to the other. But in the end the wisdom and eloquence of Clay, Webster, and other great and good men prevailed, and the compromise measures were passed.

The effect of these was to admit California to the Union, being the thirty-first State. The matter of slavery was left to the people of the State, and they decided by a general vote that there should be no slavery there.

Gold had been found there, and a great rush of people from all quarters of the globe had followed. Very soon the gold began to come by the million, and short-sighted people supposed that a State which produced so much gold must become vastly rich and prosperous. You know very well that gold is a very poor resource to rely on for prosperity, and that iron and coal are better in every way.

Happily for California, many wise men who went there saw this quite plainly, and set about building up a great foreign trade, and tilling the fields, and employing the people who were there in a useful manner. Thanks to them, California, though not by any means so rich or populous a State as some people, when the gold was first found, expected it would be, is doing very well; and will no doubt, one of these days, be the dwelling-place of a powerful and wealthy nation.

It was during these four years that trouble first began with Cuba. The Spanish governors ruled the island harshly and unjustly, and the people began to think of following the example of the United States, Mexico, and the Spanish colonies in South America, and setting up for themselves. In this project, as you may readily suppose, the people of this country wished them well, and many ardent youths, burning

to strike a blow for freedom, were ready to help them when the time came.

But every thing went wrong for the Cubans. They had no common schools, and were ignorant, and therefore divided and rather helpless. The Spaniards, on the contrary, were intelligent, kept a large force of soldiers on the island, and thought nothing of choking any one who spoke for liberty.

A very brave fellow, named LOPEZ, collected a small band of men in this country—they were chiefly Creoles—and landed on the island to upset the Spanish Government. But he was more brave than wise. The Spaniards collected a much larger force than his, attacked him, and, though he fought gallantly and killed a great many of the soldiers, defeated him utterly and cut his army to pieces. He fled to the woods with seven men, and endured dreadful misery from hunger, but was caught at last by means of blood-hounds, and publicly choked by that horrid instrument called the garote.

The people of this country were sorry for Lopez; though, of course, he had no business to make war on Spain, and fit out expeditions against Cuba from American ports when the United States were at peace with Queen Isabella. But they thought he was a martyr to his intense love for liberty, and they mourned him.

This irritated the Spaniards very much, and they began not only to crush down the Cubans more cruelly than before, but to annoy the people of the United States by every means in their power. Sometimes they would seize an American ship on some silly pre-

tense; or they would fire a shot across the bows of a United States mail steamer; or they would lay hold of an American citizen, and lock him up in jail on some ridiculous charge. When the United States Government sent to know what these acts meant, and to say that they must not be repeated, the Spaniards would pretend they must send to Madrid for advice, or that they had not got the papers, or give some other shuffling answer. And all the while they talked of the United States as if they were a nation of pirates, and never once seemed to think that if they had not been vile tyrants and quarrelsome neighbors, there would have been no trouble at all.

Another event which made some stir during these four years, was a dispute which arose between the United States and another tyrannical power, Austria. The brave men of Hungary had risen up in rebellion against the tyranny of the Austrian Emperor, and fought a good fight for freedom. But these tyrants of Europe always help each other at a pinch. The Emperor of Russia helped the Emperor of Austria, and the Hungarians were beaten and crushed.

Their leader, LOUIS KOSSUTH, fled to Turkey. The Austrian Emperor sent word to the Sultan that he must give him up at once. But the Sultan made answer that he would do no such thing. And the Austrian, after blustering a good deal, gave up the point.

The people of this country had wished well to the Hungarians and to Kossuth. They sent him a ship to convey him to America, and when he came he

was received with honor by every one as a brave man and a true friend to liberty.

On this the Austrians were much disgusted, and their Minister at Washington wrote several very high-sounding letters to the Government on the subject. But he had better have saved himself the trouble; for Daniel Webster took him in hand, and crushed him and his letters as an elephant might crush a fly, winding up with saying that he was very sorry if MR. HULSEMANN (this was his name) did not like the way the Americans behaved, but that it was his belief they would continue to behave so throughout all time, and that no emperor or monarch in the world would ever prevent them from honoring and loving brave men who fought for liberty.

The Austrian was more disgusted than ever at this, and even went home in a huff. But nothing came of it. In the end, the Austrian Emperor had the sense to see that as he liked despotism, so the people of the United States liked freedom, and if they did not trouble him in his country, he had no business to trouble them in theirs.

During these four years the United States lost three of their greatest men—John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster. They were all three true lovers of their country, and of truth and right; men of pure souls and great hearts; spent their whole lives in the service of the people, and left, when they died, a place which will not easily be filled again. The people mourned them as it had mourned Washington, Hamilton and Jefferson; and it seemed, so many great and good men being taken away so soon

one after the other, that the glory and the fame of the nation would be dimmed. It will rest with you to say whether other great men, as honest, as brave, as true, as sincere lovers of their country as they, shall be found ready when they are wanted.

And now I have brought this Child's History to a close.

I have tried to recount how a few straggling bands of poor wanderers, seeking a scanty living on the wild sea-coast of America, have grown to be one of the greatest nations of the earth. It is a beautiful and a wonderful subject to write about, and I wish, for your sake, that I had written the story with more skill.

No other people, since the world began, ever grew out of so small a beginning to so towering a height of power and prosperity in so short a time. If you seek to know why your countrymen have outstripped all the nations of the earth in this respect, the reason is easily found. The founders of this nation were honest, true men. They were sincere in all they said, upright in all their acts. They feared God and obeyed the laws. They wrought constantly and vigorously at the work they had to do, and strove to live at peace with their neighbors. When they were attacked they fought like men, and, defeated or victorious, would not have peace till their point was gained. Above all, they insisted, from the very first, on being free themselves, and securing freedom for you, their children.

If you follow the example they set, and love truth, honor, religion, and freedom as deeply, and, if need

be, defend them as stoutly as they did, the time is not far distant when this country will as far excel other countries in power, wealth, numbers, intelligence, and every good thing, as other countries excelled it before Columbus sailed away from Spain to discover the New World.

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